# THE FAMOVS HISTORIE OF HELIODORVS.

## AMPLIFIED, AVGMENTED, AND DELIVERED PARAPHRASTICALLY in verse;

this for my mother.

BY

Their Majesties most humble Subject and Servant, WILLIAM LISLE.

Whereunto is added divers Testimonies of learned men concerning the Author.

Together with a briefe summary of the whole History.

Divided into tenne Bookes, with the Contents of each severall Booke set downe in the pages immediatly following.

---

LONDON,
Printed by *Iohn Dawson* for *Francis Eglesfield*, and are to be sold at the signe of the Marigold in Pauls Church-yard.
1638.

# Teſtimonies of Learned men concerning *Heliodorus*.

## *Martin Cruſius*.

HEliodorus borne at *Emeſa* a Citie of *Phœnicia*, was ſonne of one *Theodoſius* of the *Helian* Familie; having in his youth written this preſent Æthiopick Hiſtory he came into Greece, and there in time was made Biſhop of *Tricca*, but a provinciall Synode being aſſembled, and ſeverely cenſuring this worke of his, Decreed, that either hee ſhould burne the worke, thereby utterly to aboliſh it, or elſe bee deprived of his Biſhopprick, which he choſe rather to ſuffer, then to loſe the glory of ſo excellent a piece.

---

## *Philippus Melanæthon* to his friend *Oporinus*.

I Send you the Hiſtory of *Heliodorus* Tranſlated into Latine, an Author I doubt not well knowne unto you. His ſtyle is neat, not

smelling, full of excellent variety, delivering counsailes, occasions events, and affections even to life, and therefore must needes afford both profit and delight to any reader.

---

## *Stanslaus Warschewiczki* a Knight of Poland, of *Heliodorus* Æthiopick History.

WHy Learned men should thinke this Æthiopick History to bee worth the reading, and worthy to be commended to posterity, is a matter in it selfe evident, seeing it is composed no lesse for the delight of the Reader then for the profit, being framed with an admirable elegancy and sweetnesse of style, and exhibiting the changes of Fortune, and examples of Vice and Vertue, in a very lively representation.

---

## *Thomas Dempster.*

HEliodorus the Phœnix of *Phœnicia*: and Elegant writer of chast Love, and in the contexture of this History a most elaborate Author.

# The Contents of the ſeverall Bookes:

## Booke 1.

*After the Authors Preface, and Dedication: it ſheweth how* Theagenes *wounded, and* Chariclia *lamenting him, are found upon the ſhore of two troups of robbers: the Shippe rifled by one, and they two and the goods carryed away of the other unto their Caves in the fennes: where they are committed to the keeping of* Cnemon *an Athenian their fellow-captive; who relateth the ſtory of his owne misfortune, the cunning malice of* Thisbe *and his ſtepmother and her diſaſtrous death; and cureth* Theagenes. *How* Chariclia *being required in Mariage of* Thyamis *the arch-robber doth wiſely put off: who himſelfe being ſuddenly aſſaulted by a troupe of enemies, incloſeth her in a cave, and afterward (in a fury that none elſe ſhould enjoy her) thinking to kill her, killeth* Thisbe.

## Booke 2.

Theagenes *twice ſtayed by* Cnemon *from killing himſelfe, for his miſtreſſes ſuppoſed death, they both come to the cave, and finding her well, all mutually congratulate. They finding* Thisbe *there ſlaine,* Cnemon *relateth her prankes, and by a writing findeth how ſhe came thither.* Thermutis *comming to looke after* Thisbe, *and finding her ſlaine, is ſtayed from his intended outrage. They three appoint to meet in* Chemmis, *and deviſe that* Cnemon *ſhould goe out with* Thermutis; *who*

# The Contents of the ſeverall Bookes.

*(* Cnemon *ſlipping from him) ſleeping is ſtung by an Aſpe to death.* Cnemon *meeteth with* Calaſiris; *who inviteth him to his lodging, and by the way relateth to him his owne fortunes, and* Chariclia's.

## Booke 3.

Theagenes *and* Chariclia *fall in love mutually at the ſolemnity in the Temple, firſt* Theagenes *diſcovereth his love to* Calaſiris, *imploring his aide; whom* Charicles *likewiſe imployeth to ſolicite the Maid to mariage.*

## Booke 4.

Theagenes *victor in running cauſeth a deeper impreſſion in* Chariclia, *who is now ſicke of love:* Calaſiris *comming to know her diſeaſe, by his cunning extorteth a confeſſion from her, of her love to* Theagenes, *but abhorring the love of* Alcamenes; Calaſiris *plotteth a courſe for their departure.*

## Booke 5.

Theagenes *and* Chariclia *before parting out of the cave, give each other a watchword, and call themſelves* Pythius *and* Pythia. *Shee is taken and carryed away of* Nauſicles *the Merchant, hoſt of* Calaſiris, *who redeemeth her with a Ring of great price.* Calaſiris *relateth their departure from* Delphos, *and ſurpriſall by the Pyrats: The Captaine whereof* Trachinus *will needs marry* Chariclia: *but* Pelorus *his Lieutenant informed of her ſuppoſed love to him, raiſed a tumult; in which* Trachinus *and all the reſt are killed upon the ſhore, but* Pelorus: *whom* Theagenes *killeth, himſelfe being wounded.*

## Booke 6.

Calaſiris *and* Cnemon *going out to looke after* Theagenes *ſee a Crocodile, which is deſcribed with* Trochilus, *which picketh his teeth.* Cnemon *at his returne on a ſudden marrieth the Merchants Daughter.* Theagenes *being taken is ſent by* Mitranes *to* Orontades, *but intercepted in the way by* Thyamis, *who is now Captaine of the* Boſſæans. Calaſiris *and* Chariclia *goe in beggers weed to find out* Theagenes: *They meet with an old woman, who lamenting her ſlain ſonne, acteth ſome prankes of ſorcery, and killeth her ſelfe; where the man in the Moone is deſcribed.*

Booke 7.

# The Contents of the ſeverall Bookes.

## Booke 7.

Theagenes *joyned with* Thyamis *beſiegeth* Memphis; *which* Arſace (*before in love with* Thyamis, *but now much more with* The[illegible]) *hearing, and the cauſe enquired, adviſeth the two brethren* Thyamis *and* Petoſire, *to decide the buſineſſe by a duell: whereunto* Petoſire *though loath is forced to conſent: They entring the combate, their old father* Calaſiris *in the inſtant commeth, on the one in flight, and the other in chaſe; diſcovereth himſelfe to them, and taketh up the matter betweene them.* Chariclia *meets there alſo with her beloved* Theagenes. *All enter the towne in triumph. That night the old man conſecrateth his ſonne* Thyamis *Prieſt, and is found dead in the morning. The young paire are brought into the Court, by* Cybele *the Nurſe of* Arſace, *which now lyeth ſicke of luſt: hee both allured by promiſes, and threatned by torments to aſſent unto her, but in vaine.* Achæmon *the Nurſes ſonne being promiſed* Chariclia *for his wife, and diſappointed, poſts in haſt to* Orontades *and acquaints him with his wives diſloyalty.*

## Booke 8.

Orontades *in haſt ſendeth for theſe two; in the meane time* Theagenes *is tormented to conſent, but all in vaine.* Cybele *undertaketh to poyſon* Chariclia, *and by her Maids miſtake, drinketh the cup her ſelfe, and dyeth: for whoſe death* Chariclia *is arraigned, condemned, and caſt into the fire; but by vertue of the* Pantarbe *is not touched thereby.* Arſace *expounding that to bee by witchcraft, ſhee is the next morning to ſuffer another death: But then comes* Orontades *his Eunuch in all haſt, and brings away them two: whom* Arſace *ſeeing to be gone, and her luſt detected, hangs her ſelfe. They in their way to* Orontades *fall into the hands of the Moores.*

## Booke 9.

*Being preſented to* Hydaſpes *the Æthiopian King hee giveth charge concerning them: being then warring againſt* Siene, *wherein was* Orontades, *and forcing a ſurrender, by letting in the river about the City: yet* Orontades *eſcapeth with the moſt of his Army to* Elpentine; *from whence hee came back*

*upon*

*upon* Hydaſpes, *with his forces renewed: which of* Hydaſpes *is diſcomfited, and he taken captive, but graciouſly and freely diſmiſſed of* Hydaſpes.

## Booke 10.

*The King victorious haſteth over* Nilus, *with his two captives devoted for ſacrifice at* Meroê: *ſendeth to have his victorie congratulated. They being come to* Meroë, Chariclia *diſcovers her ſelfe: After the caſe is fully diſcuſſed and advocated, betweene the wiſe and juſt King, and his reverend Metropolitane; and their chaſtity tryed by the fire: at laſt being convinced by ſufficient evidences, he acknowledgeth his Daughter, and by the peoples interceſſion freeth her from being a ſacrifice.* Theagenes *ready to be ſacrificed, ſheweth many acts of incredible valour, in conrſing on horſeback a wilde Bull broke looſe by chance; at laſt overcommeth by caſting him on his back; and a Gyant by wraſtling: and accuſed by* Charicles *for rape of the Virgin, is reconciled to the King and Queene, who crowne them both, and all ride in triumph into the Towne, where they celebrate the nuptials joyfully.* The Epilogue.

# A briefe ſummary of the whole Hiſtory in order as done.

*Perſina* wife to *Hydaſpis* King of Æthiopia, and ſonne to *Candace*, conceiving with child, by occaſion of the picture of *Andromeda* bringe forth a faire Daughter: ſhee afraid of the ſuſpicion of adultery, becauſe the childe was white and her parents Blackmores, feigned the child to be ſtill-borne, and expoſeth her by meanes of *Siſimithres* one of the Prieſts with a ſilken ſcarfe, and many rich jewels in it; who kept her at nurſe and boording, till ſeven years of age: then going Ambaſſadour, carrieth her into Ægypt, giveth her unto *Charicles Apollo's* Prieſt at *Delphos* (there met by chance:) where ſhe is brought up as his Daughter and prieſteſſe to *Diana*; till *Theagenes* a Prince of *Theſſaly* comming thither on an Embaſſage, at the time when the Pythian games were celebrated; and there being victor, fell deeply in love with *Chariclia*, (ſo *Charicles* named her) and ſhee with him: which was diſcovered by *Calaſiris*, ſometime Prieſt of *Memphis*, who thence by voluntary exile came thither: and was employed of *Charicles*, to perſwade the Maid to marry his ſiſters ſonne *Alcamenes*: But he perceiving her and *Theagenes* accord in affection, and the Oracle accord to their deſires, departed with them two (after that *Theagenes* had privily gotten her out of *Charicles* his houſe) in a Tyrian ſhip towards *Ægypt*. By the way they are

purſued and ſurpriſed by Pyrats; who notwithſtanding toſſed with a ſtorme, yet all land ſafely in *Ægypt*. Where being landed and the Pirats falling into a tumult for the Maids cauſe, kill one another. *Calaſiris* retyreth unto a hill, and from thence to the City *Chemmis*: *Theagenes* and *Chariclia* are found upon the ſhore (he wounded, and ſhe lamenting him) of robbers: the ſhip rifled by one troup, all the goods and they two ſurprized and carried away of another (the Captaine whereof was *Thyamis*, *Calaſiris* his eldeſt ſonne) unto their caves in the Fennes: where they meet with *Cnemon* an Athenian, who had beene exiled his countrey, by meanes of the crafty malice of his ſtepdame *Demenet Thiſbe* (who both are afterward by divine hand rewarded) their accuſations to his father *Ariſtippus*: and is here likewiſe kept captive of the robbers: as alſo *Thiſbe*, but unknowne to him. Whence they all eſcape, but diverſly: *Thyamis* himſelfe taken alive and carryed captive of *Mitranes* Captaine under *Orontades* the Kings Deputy there; after that the ſaid *Thyamis* had in his fury killed *Thiſbe*, (which was kept up by *Thermutis*) thinking it had beene *Chariclia*, leſt any other then himſelfe ſhould enjoy her. *Chariclia* is taken for *Thiſbe*, & brought away of *Nauſicles* the Merchant, who imployed *Mitranes* in this expedition: who likewiſe entertained in his houſe at *Chemmis*, *Cnemon*, and *Calaſiris*, who redeemeth the Maid from *Nauſicles*, whoſe Daughter *Cnemon* his gueſt on a ſudden marrieth. *Theagenes* likewiſe is taken in *Thyamis* companie, and is ſent to *Babylon*, but intercepted by *Thyamis*: who by the aſſiſtance of the Beſſæans overcomming *Mitranes*, taketh in his company *Theagenes*, and beſie-

geth

geth *Memphis*, to recover his prieſthood from his younger brother, who by ſcandalous reports, had cauſed him to bee thruſt out. *Arſace* the Governours wife being advertiſed, and the cauſe enquired, adviſeth the two brethren to decide the buſineſſe by a duell. *Thyamis* willingly, and *Petoſire*, though loath doe conſent, and enter the combat; whereupon commeth their old father *Calaſiris*, and with him *Chariclia* both in beggers habits: hee diſcovers himſelfe to them, and taketh up the matter betweene them: ſhee meets her beloved *Theagenes*, with whom is now *Arſace* likewiſe enflamed. They all enter the towne in triumph. The old man conſecrateth his ſonne *Thyamis* Prieſt, and dyeth the ſame night. The young paire are by the ſubtle enticing bawd *Cybele* brought into the Court: and hee both allured by promiſes, and threatned by torments to aſſent to *Arſace's* luſt, but all in vaine. The deſperate Bawd dyeth by the cup (by her maids miſtake) which ſhee had provided to poyſon *Chariclia*; who is therefore arraigned, condemned, and caſt into the fire, but by vertue of the *Pantarbe* is not touched thereby. *Achæmon* the Bawds ſonne being fruſtrated of his promiſed match accuſeth *Arſace* to her husband; who ſendeth in haſt for theſe two: *Arſace* ſeeing them gone and her luſt detected, hangeth her ſelfe; they in their paſſage to *Orontades* are taken captives of the Moores their friends, yet ignorant; who change their yron gives into golden fetters, and carry them to her father *Hydaſpes*, who had then beſieged *Siene*, and by letting in the river about the Towne, forceth it to ſurrender: yet *Orontades* and moſt of his Army eſcaped after the ſurrender unto *Elpentine*:

from whence renewing his forces, he came backe with his Armie against *Hydaspis*; but it is discomfited and hee taken, and yet graciously and royally dismissed of *Hydaspis* freely. The King victoriously hasteth over *Nilus* homeward, with his two captives devoted for sacrifice at *Meroë*, where being arrived *Chariclia* discovers her selfe to her Parents: after the case is fully discussed and advocated betweene the just and wise King, and his reverend Metropolitane, and their chastitie tryed by the fire; at the last convinced with sufficient proofes and evidences, he acknowledgeth his Daughter, yet stands in need of the peoples intercession to free her from death. *Theagenes* ready to be sacrificed sheweth many acts of incredible valour, in coursing on horse-back a wilde Bull, broke loose by chance, whom at last hee overcommeth by casting him on his back, and a Gyant by wrastling: and accused by *Charicles* for rape of the Virgin, is reconciled to the King and Queene, who crowne them both: and all ride in triumph into the towne; where with rejoycing they celebrate the Nuptials.

---

The

# THE
# Faire Æthiopian.

ABout the Tongues when diuers with me wrangle,
And count our Engliſh but a mingle mangle,
I tell them, all are ſuch; and in concluſion
Will grow ſo more by curſe of firſt Confuſion.
The Latine, Greeke, and Hebrew are not free;
Though what their borrow'd words are know (not wee;
Becauſe their neighbour tongues we neuer knew;
Nor what they keepe of old; nor what haue new:
But count that language good, which can expreſſe
The more of ſenſe, in doubtfull ſpeech the leſſe;
How euer now diſguis'd with noueltie,
Yet, framing all to prop'r Analogie;
For Proſe and Poetrie hath words to ſpare,
And all that man can thinke-on can declare;
Will licence aske no more than others take,
And line as ſtrong, and verſe as nimble make.
Nor might we glorie more in ſword than tongue,
But that we Trewants are, and ſtand not long
To file our Phraſe: O all you Criticke blood;
Rude worke, and verſe that was not blur'd a good,
Nor oft hath been with cunning finger ſcand,
Reproue and marke with peremptorie brand.

Yet iudge me not, as if I thought that I
Could mend the fault; but, what I can, to try,
I'le ſing the Faire-One borne of Parents ſwart,
And her true Loue, and his that won her heart;
How each for other manifoldly croſt
In warre and peace, at Sea and Land were loſt;
Before they could in ſafetie ſet them downe,
Inioy their right, and weare th' *Abiſſen* Crowne:
And how *Hydaſpes*, Queene *Candaces* ſonne,
From Perſian King *Phile* and *Siene* wonne.
Yet ſometime tell I leſſe, and often more,
Then read is in Greeke Proſe of *Heliodore*:
That Poetrie may ſhorten Oratorie,
And with a Muſes vaine improue the Storie.
O Branch of flowring Gold the beſt that growes
On face of Earth, conſorted now with Roſe
Both white and red; Sith *Helicon* is thine,
Me grant a ſip of liquor *Caſtaline*;
That I in verſe this Romant ſo endight,
As may thee and thy daintie Buds delight:
Thy rare endowments euer will I ſing;
For Queene is Patroneſſe where Patron King.
Blacke-winged night flew to th' *Antipodes*
At ſight of Morning Starre, and the Eaſterne ſeas
With-held the riſing Beame, vntill it guilt
The top of trees, and turrets higheſt built.
Then armed Band of ſuch as liue by ſpoile,
(A trade more old than iuſt) by ſeu'n-head *Nile*,
Began to proule; and clambring vp the ſteepes
Of *Canopæan* Outlet view'd the deepes.
But ſeeing nought there might giue hope of pray,
To neereſt Strond looke backe; and thus it lay:
A ſhip unmann'd full-fraught as ſeem'd to view,
(For vp to th'vpper guyrt it water drew)
With Cable groſſe is anchor'd faſt to ſhore,
And ground there all about embrew'd with gore;

Yea

Yea ſtrew'd with bodies wounded, ſome full dead,
Some mouing ſtill, or leg, or hand, or head;
An argument of but-late-ended fight;
Yet warlike weapon lay there none in ſight.
But luke-warme reliques of ſome diſmall feaſt,
That had ſuch end. The tables richly dreſt
Remaine yet ſtanding ſome; and ſome are found
In dead mens hands, and ouerturn'd aground;
As vs'd for weapons at vnthought-on field;
And ſome the men thereunder ſeeme to ſhield.
The boules of gold from hand of ſome that drunke,
And ſome that meant to throw them, downeward ſunke.
For ſodaine broyle, neglecting proper parts,
Their boords their bucklers made, their pots their darts.
Here tumbleth one with ſhip-axe wounded ſore;
Another brain'd with beach-ſtone found at ſhore;
A third his bones hath broke with woodden Mawle,
And ſome with blocks halfe-burnt are made to ſprawle.
And others otherwiſe: the moſt were ſhot,
But knew not whence, with arrowes erring not.
So fight with feaſting, ſacrifice with ſlaughter,
And wine with blood was mixt, and grones with laughter.
Th'Ægyptian theeues beheld this from the Mount;
But knew not how it came: they ſee and count
A number ſlaine; who ſlew them they ſee none;
A conqueſt plaine; and yet no Victor knowen,
Nor ſpoile yet gather'd: though vnmann'd the ſhip,
Yet fraught with ware, and no man gan it ſtrip.
As ſafe it ſeem'd there wauing all alone,
As if it were maintain'd with garriſon.
Though caſe as yet they know not, downe they run,
For ſpoile and gaine, as they the day had won.
But comming neere the ſhip, and men ſo lying,
Much more agaſt they were, a Mayden ſpying
Of wondrous beautie, ſet vpon a rocke,
And Goddeſſe-like; bewailing yet rhe ſhocke

There late befall'n; but with ſo braue a ſprite,
As nothing could her Princely minde affright.
With lawrell crown'd ſhe was, and at her backe
Rich quiuer hung, her left arme falling ſlacke
With bow in hand, her right, with elbow bent,
And hand vpholding face, on knee ſhe lent:
Her head not mouing, downeward glance her eyes
Vpon a Gallant that among them lies
Extremely wounded; yet as from a deepe
Began looke-up, as from a deadly ſleepe;
Of manly beautie ſtill, and purer white
Doe ſeeme his cheekes, for bloud on them allight.
His eyes oppreſt with paine to her drew ſhee;
Nor ſee he would, but only her to ſee.
Reuiu'd a little, ſtraight he gan her greet,
And thus with feeble voice ſaid; O my Sweet,
And art thou ſafe indeed, or made a part
Of this dayes ſlaught'r, and wilt not from me ſtart?
Is this thy ſelfe aliue, or but thy ghoſt
Me ſtill attends in this diſaſter'd coaſt?
In thee (quoth ſhe) is all my loue of life;
Behold, (and ſhew'd him on her knee a knife)
This had I vs'd, if thou hadſt deadly ſlept,
And ſaying ſo from off the rocke ſhe leapt:
They daunted then with feare and admiration,
As ſtrucke with lightning, ſundrie in ſundrie faſhion
Them hide in ſhrubs; for more ſhe ſeem'd diuine
Vpright now ſtanding; ſo her garments ſhine
With glittering gould reflecting th'early Sun,
So claſht her arrowes like a ſudden gun.
Her haire from vnder garland plaid vntide
With pleaſant wind; yet all her backe did hide:
What now they ſaw done terrifi'd them more
(The cauſe vnknowen) than all was done before.
Some ſay 'tis *Iſis*, Goddeſſe of the place;
But ſome, obſeruing well her beauteous face,

Swearc

Sweare 'tis *Diana*; ſome will wager ods
A Virgin Prieſteſſe of their Heathen Gods;
Who, for reuenge of ſome vnlawfull trade,
(Not thinking on their owne) this ſlaughter made,
With holy rage inſpir'd. But ſhe forth ſtept
Vnto that wounded Gallant, wail'd and wept,
In diuers poſtures on the goarie ground;
Him kiſt, and cheer'd, and wip'd his euerie wound.
And, for his life, with much adoe repreeues it:
But, though ſhe holds him faſt, ſhe ſcarce beleeues it:
Vnfained loue ſo reignes her heart th'rowout,
That of her ioy poſſeſt ſhe ſtands in doubt.
The theeues obſeruing all, one t'other ſed;
Is this a Goddeſſe part to kiſſe the dead
With ſuch compaſſion? courage we, and goe
(What'ere it be) the certaine truth to know.
So getting heart, they forward went, and found
The Virgin buſie about his ſoreſt wound.
Yet all behinde her backe amazed ſtay,
And gazing on her nothing doe they ſay:
But at their armours ſound and ſhadowes ſight
She rais'd her ſelfe, lookt backe, and nought affright,
Or at their vgly ſhape, or theeuiſh plight,
Bowes downe againe to cure her wounded Knight.
*All other good, or bad ſo Loue deſpiſes,*
*And only that it loues, to keepe deuiſes.*
The Robbers paſſing by before her ſtand,
Attempting ſomewhat: ſhe leant on her hand,
And ſeeing faces blacke and ghaſtly, ſaid;
What would you haue that looke thus ill apaid?
If yee the ghoſts been of the men here laine,
You doe vs wrong; for you your ſelues haue ſlaine
Each others all: or, in caſe any wee,
'Twas in defence of ſacred chaſtitie.
But, if you liue, a theeuiſh life you lead,
And come in time to ſend vs to the dead,

Then make an end of all our miſeries;
Lamenting ſo, downe by her Loue ſhe lies.
They knew not what ſhe ſpoke, and nothing ſpeake;
But, ſeeing both ſo ſafe, becauſe ſo weake,
Them leaue a while, and haſte the ſhip to rifle,
And (all ware elſe accounting but a trifle,
Though much there was) with ſilke and precious ſtone,
And gold, and ſiluer, load them euery chone.
So much they had, they could deſire no more,
And all they lay in ſeuerall packs a ſhore;
Not ſhared out by worth of things, but way'd
For equall portage; as for Youth and Maid,
They after thinke take order: but, behold,
Another troope of theeues, more ſtrong and bold,
With Leaders two on horſe, came on, and then
The former fled; for why? they were but ten,
And thirtie theſe: nor take the gold or gem,
For giuing th'other cauſe to follow them.
So twice is taken, yet not captiue ſhe,
At leaſt in minde, now well reuiu'd is he.
Theſe theeues, though bent to ſpoile, a while forbeare,
In part to know the cauſe, in part for feare:
And all that ſlaughter thinke was done by thoſe
That ran away: When they the Maid diſcloſe,
In gliſtring habit ſtrange, and not diſmaid
With that befell; nor at their ſight afraid;
But wholly bent the wounded Knight to cure,
And ſeeming all his griefe her ſelfe t'endure;
Her minde and beautie moue them wondrouſly,
And his long body there that lay her by.
At length comes he that chiefe was of the Crew,
Layes hand on her, and bids her come; ſhe drew
(Though knowing not, but gheſſing what he ſaid)
The Knight with her, and he faſt held the Maid;
To ſhew themſelues vnwilling both to part;
And, more to ſigne, ſhe ſet knife at her heart:

Whereby

Whereby th'Ægyptian ſaw the Maid was loth
To liue without her loue; ſo tooke them both;
Withall, conſidering what good vſe he may
haue of ſo braue a Youth another day;
Alights himſelfe, and makes his Squire alight
And ſets vp firſt the Lady, and then the Knight.
Commands the reſt to take and bring the pray;
Saith only theſe ſhould be his charge to day.
So runs them by on foot, and all the way
Doth him with left and her with right hand ſtay,
Leſt either chance to fall: how theſe diſtreſt
Yet rode in pompe! the Conquerour is preſt
To ſerue the Captiue; beautie and noble ſtate
Is able ſaluage heart of theefe to mate.
Now in this equipage a mile and more
They trauelled along the Mid-ſea ſhore,
T'a hill-foot turne; at right hand leaue the Maine,
And ore the Mountaine paſſe t'a watrie plaine
On th'other ſide; a graſſie fen in ſtile
Of Ægypt call'd; where th'ouer-flouds of *Nile*
Fall int' a Dale vnmeatly midward deepe,
Though nigh the banks to muddy fen it creepe.
This Stouer breeds, which ſome for paſture take,
And as the Marſh to Sea, is Fen to Lake.
Here all th'Ægyptian Robbers make their Fort,
And baſtard Common-wealth hold aft'r a ſort.
Some euer fiſhing ſeldome come off hatches,
Some walke the paſture ſix foot high on skatches.
If Iſlet any aboue the water peepe,
Some build a Lodge there; ſome in boat on Deepe
Both carried are and dwell, and only there
Their women ſerue them, and their children beare.
The new-borne babe with mothers milke at firſt,
Then with Sun-roſted fiſh and fowle is nurſt:
And when he ſtronger growes, is tide by th'heele
With rope to ſhip, that out he cannot reele,

Not.

Nor ſlagger farre: what men elſe euer tri'd
So new deuice, with bonds the feet to guide?
Though Kings of Ægypt would this Fen haue drain'd,
Theſe would not ſuffert't, thinking better gain'd,
With eaſe, ſome fiſh, or fowle, or flag, or reed,
Than with due care the grazing herds to feed.
Where now a Pike, well might they feed an Oxe;
Yea meat, drinke, cloth, haue from their bleating flocks.
Yet ſome they graze, and Herdmen are they call'd,
Though from all hand of Iuſtice water-wall'd.
A theeuiſh Fort, and thither ſtill recoyle
The lawleſſe Crew, and ſuch as liue by ſpoyle.
Their wondrous ſtore of Cane, that on the marge
Of this their Lake ſhoots-out both long and large,
For Bulwarke ſerues them; hauing cut ſome wayes
To them, not others knowen, with crooked bayes:
That from aſſaults and ſudden ouertures,
As Labyrinth, their dwelling-place ſecures.
And more than lake-fiſh hungry maw to ſoule,
Fruit, herbe, and root they haue, and ſtore of fowle.
The Swan both ſwimming there, and flying freely,
The loftie Sternet crying *t'Ely, t'Ely*,
Th'Ibis, Halcyon, Crane with tufted rump,
Storke, Shov'ler, Herneſhaw, Bittour ſounding Bumpe,
Coot, Red-ſhanke, Sea-mew, Teale, Di-dapping-Chucke,
Gooſe, Sea-pie, Moore-hen, Oſprey, Widgen, Ducke:
I had almoſt forgot that moſt of all
Remarkabl'is, the bird that here we call
The Cormorant, Embleme of Penall Law,
With long, ſharpe, hooked bill, edg'd like a ſaw,
To hold an Eele, but great one ſeldome takes,
Theſe are the fowle that haunt the fenny Lakes.
Now, as the Sunne declining lower goes,
To th'eye of man he great'r and greater ſhowes;
And farther makes to ſhoot forth on the ground
The ſhade of things, till all in darke be drown'd.

But ere the Set came Captaine theefe to Lake,
Where his prey-loden men him ouertake.
The Knight and Lady ſome of them diſmount;
Some beare aboord the ſpoile; but ſee th'account
They of their Captaine made! the moſt him meet
That went not with him, and as King him greet.
And when they laid to heart the goodly pray,
And her diuine aſpect, they thought that day
Their Complices, who care not what they lurch,
Had got the ſpoyle of ſome well-furniſht Church,
And brought away Shee-Prieſt, or Goddeſſe ſelfe,
In whoſe compare they count the reſt but pelfe.
So they the Maſter-theefe congratulate,
And to his home attend him all in ſtate.
His home an Iſlet was, of all the beſt,
For him and his diuided from the reſt:
He thither brought, with thanks commends their care,
And bids them come to morrow for their ſhare.
They ſo diſmiſt, ſhort ſupper, but no feaſts,
For him prepar'd is, and his two young gueſts:
Whom after ſupper (for they could not ſpeake
His language yet) he gaue in charge t'a Greeke,
That late was taken pris'ner, faire and young,
And had by this time learn'd th'Ægyptian tongue:
So might interpret for them; bids him cure
The wounded Knight, and keepe the Lady ſure;
So, wearie and carefull, went to ſleepe: but ſhe,
Now of the Greeke they alſo lodged be,
In bed full hard by ſtraight command alone,
When all were huſht time finding fit to mone,
With many a deepe-fet ſigh, and ſhowre of teares,
Thus unto Heau'n her piteous plaint arreares.
*Apollo* whom ſo carefully we ſerue,
Thou vs afflicteſt more than we deſerue:
Is't not enough that we are diu'n from home,
Bereft of friends all ore the ſea to rome;

By tempeſt toſt, with roaring billowes ſhaken,
And, fearing worſe than death, by pyrats taken;
But now at land (which moſt of all me greeues)
Are made a prey to firſt and ſecond theeues?
What yet remaines? if death; ſo void of ſhame,
Content I am, and thereto will me frame;
Ere any get that of me, which I keepe
For one deſerues it: he, not yet aſleepe,
Her heard, and (Sweet) thou mayſt bemoane thee ſaid;
But not accuſe the Gods: they muſt be prayd.
You warne me well, quoth ſhe; but (pray) what reſt?
The more (quoth he) ſince this young man me dreſt.
And more you ſhall haue, truſt me, (quoth the Greeke)
To morrow morning ſuch an herbe I ſeeke,
Where heretofore I often haue it found,
That after dreſſing thrice ſhall cloſe your wound:
And maruell not that I ſhould thus comply;
Your caſe is mine: you Greekes are, ſo am I.
A Greeke? (quoth they) and thereat much reioyce.
A Grecke, quoth he, both by my birth and voyce.
Thinke, after ſorrow, hope there is of game.
Then, quoth *Theagenes*, but what's your name?
(He *Cnemon* ſaid) Of whence? and how came here?
O aske no more, quoth he; too long it were
To tell, and matter ſad; the night is deepe,
And after trauell you haue need of ſleepe.
They inſtant are, and thinke it ſomewhat ſmothers
Their owne miſ-haps, to heare the like of others.
Then he began; My father *Ariſtippe*
Athenian was, and, both by land and ſhip,
Of good eſtate; and when my mother di'd,
Thought much, for one ſons ſake, in world ſo wide
And full of change, to lead a widdow life;
But ſets his minde to marrie a ſecond wife.
So did, a handſome, but a cunning Daine
As euer liu'd; *Demenet* was her name.

She wrought my father ſoone to what ſhe liſt,
And in his preſence me full often kiſt.
I thought and tooke it as a token kinde
Of one that lou'd me with owne mothers minde:
But worſe it was; and, when right well I komm'd it.
I hated it, and turn'd away, and ſhunn'd it.
Herewith enrag'd ſhe turnes her loue to hate;
And one day, when my father came home late,
She faines her ſicke a bed, and he bewailes her
(Good man) and askes her often times what ailes her.
Your goodly ſonne (quoth ſhe) whom (I proteſt)
I lou'd more than your ſelfe hath thus me dreſt.
For when ſome tokens were to him reueal'd,
That I was quicke with childe, which I conceal'd
From you, till all were ſure; he watcht his time
Of your out-lying, and, beſides the crime
I bluſh to tell, ſo ſore hath punched mee,
As makes me lye in this poore caſe you ſee.
This hearing ſpoke he not a word; but all
Thought true ſhe ſaid; and when we met in hall,
He fiercely cufs me twice or thrice, and then
With rods me naked whips held by his men.
I knew not why; although by humane lawes
Should all, that are corrected, know the cauſe.
But, when his heat was ouer; Sir (quoth I)
That thus you beat me pray now tell me why.
But more enrag'd, O hypocrite, quoth he,
That would his foule deed now haue told by me!
So turn'd his face away, and in a fret
Made all the haſte he could to *Demenet*.
She, not ſuffis'd, inuents this other ſlight;
Makes faine her maid to loue me, *Thisbe* hight;
Whom I before had woo'd, and could not win,
Now woo's ſhe me, and I t'aduiſe begin:
She feckes, I flye; ſhe flyes, I ſeeke her ſtill;
Will ſhe? I will not: will ſhe not? I will.

At length ſhe tels how *Demenet* abus'd me,
And was the cauſe why ſo my Father vs'd me;
Yet falſe to him; ſaith, if I would, I might
Her with th'Adulter take in bed this night.
Prouokes me to reuenge my ſelfe; and I
Beleeuing all, as not vnlike, apply
My ſelfe thereto: ſhe came at night, and ſaid;
The time is come; beleeue your faithfull Maid.
Your father's forth, th'Adulter new gone in;
Now, if you be a man, reuenge the ſinne.
With weap'n in hand I force the chamber dore,
And finde my ſelfe deceiued by that whore;
My father there, with *Demenet* alone;
I *Thisbe* looke-for; but the queane was gone.
As thunder-ſtrucke, then all amas'd I ſtand;
Then fals my ſword out of my quaking hand,
Which ſhe tooke-vp, that had contriu'd the plot;
And ſaid (O husband) you beleeu'd me not,
When I you told that now ſo plaine appeares,
I pray deuiſe to rid vs of our feares.
No word he gaue, but me in priſon caſt;
And, when I thought to tell how all had paſt,
He would not heare me; but next day betimes
Accuſes me of theſe ſo hainous crimes
Before the people: when I would haue ſpoke,
With queſtion ſhort thus doth a Clerke me choke:
Did you your fath'r aſſault with ſword? I ſaid,
I did, but heare you how; then all ſo bray'd
I was not heard, nor worthy thought to plead
Ought for my ſelfe. Some iudge I ſhould be flead;
Some, caſt int' *Orcus*-pit; and ſome with ſtones
To death would haue me batter'd fleſh and bones.
As winter weather, be ſome friends of mine,
That wont to freeze in ſhade, and thaw in ſhine.
In all this hurly-burly ſtill I crie
O, for my ſtep-dame, thus vnheard I die.

They

They heard my words, and ſomewhat gan ſuſpect;
Yet, ſo their hearing preiudice had checkt,
I might not ſpeake: their voyces when they count,
T'a thouſand and ſeu'n hundred full amount
The numb'r of thoſe who me condemne to dye,
But diffring how; the reſt vndiffringly,
In numb'r a thouſand grant me baniſhment,
And they preuaile as moſt of one conſent.
Thus was I caſt from home; and *Demenet*
Not long enioy'd it: *Heau'n aright will ſet*
*That men doe wry*. But long it is to tell,
And you haue need of ſleepe that are not well.
The night is ſpent; betake you to your reſt.
So (quoth *Theagenes*) you more moleſt,
To leaue her wicked plot ſo practiſed,
And ſhew not how the wretch was puniſhed.
Then *Cnemon*, heare then, ſith it is your minde.
Soone after ſentence there a ſhip I finde
For *Ægin* bound, where well I might abide
Among ſome kindred by my mothers ſide:
I went aboord, and ſafely there arriu'd,
Full merrily my time I ſpent vnwiu'd.
Let cleare and rainy dayes of all the yeare
Compared be, and more ſhall be the cleare;
But he that liues a whole yeare with a ſhrow,
More foule than faire dayes ſhall be ſure to know.
Er long, at hau'n-ſide walking on a day,
As was my wont, I ſaw come-in a Cray;
Which while I marke well, what it brought and whom,
Er plancke lay faſt, I ſaw leape out a groome,
Who came t'embrace me kindly, *Charias* hight,
And ſaid, O *Cnemon*, now plucke vp thy ſprite;
Good newes I bring thee; *Demenet* is dead,
And ſo, as well deſeru'd her deu'liſh head.
Thy father gan repent it, aft'r a while,
T'haue beene the cauſe of thine vniuſt exile;

And in his Countrey-village deſolate
Selfe-fretting ſpent his time: but ſhe gan hate
Herſelfe and *Thisbe*, for her loues depart
(So thee ſhe cals) and takes it ſo to heart,
That mad by fits ſhe often threats her maid;
Who fear'd the worſt, and thus preuenting ſaid;
They ſay (forſooth) that *Cnemon* ſince his doome
Hath left the land; but he hath found a roome
To lurke in here, enquiring for your ſake
This haue I learn'd; *Arſinoe* (I take
You know the Queane) ſhe cloſely keepes him hid:
For this I tell you let me not be chid.
O happy ſhe, quoth *Demenet*; but what
Is this to me? O miſtreſſe, verie pat,
Repli'd the Maid; mine old acquaint is ſhe,
And one whom I haue vs'd in that degree.
Ile ſay, I *Cnemon* loue, and pray, and pay,
That in her roome this night ſhe will me lay.
And, if ſhe grant, the turne ſhall not be mine,
But yours; and Ile him bring well ſoakt in wine.
The plot is lik'd, and haſted all they can;
But with *Arſinoe* turn'd cat in pan:
For vnto her the ſuttle *Thisbe* ſaith
She loves one *Teledemus*, and her pray'th;
Sweet, lodge vs both to night; he comes before;
And I when Dame a bed hath ſhut the dore.
Agreed ſhe goes in haſte to *Ariſtippe*,
And ſaith (Sir) I deſerue more than the whip.
That you haue loſt your ſonne, not principall,
But inſtrument I was; your wiues at call:
Whom when I knew abuſe your bed, I durſt
Not tell to you, but vnto *Cnemon* firſt,
Her fault at night; he thought I ſaid that night,
And ſtart-vp ſuddenly with all his might;
Tooke ſword in hand, and caſting on his coat
Vnto your chamber went: the reſt you wote.

But now forgiue m', and I will giue you light,
How to reuenge your ſonne and you this night;
And take your wife in breach of Nuptialls,
Nor yet at home, nor yet within the walls.
Doe not (quoth he) from this thy proffer ſwerue,
But well performe't, thou ſhalt no longer ſerue;
Ile ſet thee free: it ſhall prolong my life
To be reueng'd of ſuch a wicked wife.
I her ſuſpected by ſome marks aloofe;
But thought it beſt be ſilent, wanting proofe.
You know (quoth ſhe) the tombe of th'Epicures;
And garden where it ſtands; this part is yours;
Expect me there at Eu'n; ſo went her way
To *Demenet*, and thus vnt'her gan ſay:
Come, make you fine; for that I promiſed
Is ready for you: he will ſtraight to bed.
So led her forth, and comming nigh the place,
Shee wils her Miſtres ſtay, and went a ſpace
Before, and pray'd *Arſinoe* withdraw
T'another houſe; for *Teledem* but raw,
And yet a Nouice vnto *Cupids* Queene,
Would bluſh at firſt of ſtrangers to be ſeene.
*Arſinoe* departs, then *Thisbe* fet,
And laid in bed, her Miſtres *Demenet*;
Put out the candl', and ſaid, leſt you ſhould know her,
(Who then at *Ægin* were) and ſhut the dore:
Then for her Maſter went, and wiſht him hold
Th'Adulter faſt. He comes in Iealous-bold,
And cries, O haue I caught thee wicked wretch!
Then *Thisbe*, as though ſome man thence made a breach,
Cries-out, th'adulter's gone, and claſht the dore.
No matter (wench, quoth he) ſith here's the whore;
And faſt her holding brought her thence; but ſhee
Bethinking what a ſhame it would her bee,
What puniſhment to her offence was due,
And, by the Law, without all helpe t'enſue;

And mad, that by her maid ſhe was ſo mockt;
While people wondring all about her flockt,
(You know the deepe pit where our Leaders wont
Doe ſolemne Rites) when they came neere vpon't,
With ſtruggling much ſhe broke his hold at laſt,
And thereinto her ſelfe downe headlong caſt.
So broke her necke *(full oft conioyned be*
*Bad life, bad death)* ſo my reuenge, quoth he,
Preuents the Law; and forthwith to the States
Her life and death, and all thy caſe relates;
Gets hardly pardon for himſelfe, the while
His friends entreat to call thee from exile:
But done, or not, as yet I know no whether,
Faire wind and ſudden buſineſſe call'd me hether:
That all the people giue conſent, no doubt;
And ſoone thy father will goe ſeeke thee out.
This *Charias* told me; but what elſe befell,
And here how came I, more time askes to tell.
Then he, and they for company, gan weepe;
And eas'd with teares together fell aſleepe.
But *Thyamis* (th'arch Outlawes name was ſo)
Had reſted well, till houſhold Cocke gan crow,
As all by kinde (ſome ſay becauſe they feele
The Sunne returning with his mid-night wheele,
And would ſalute him; ſome, for natures heat
So quicke-digeſting, and deſire of meat,
They call to worke the men with whom they dwell)
Then dreampt, and had a viſion, thus befell;
He ſeem'd at *Memphis* entring *Iſis* Fane,
That all th'rowout with fire-brands it ſhane,
That th'Altars were with ſacrifice beſprent,
That in the porch and all about there went
Men all in tumult raiſing hideous cries,
As hauing tooke the Temple by ſurpriſe;
That, comming neere the ſhrine, the Goddeſſe met him
With his faire priſe in hand, and thus ſhe gret him;

This

This Maid (O *Thyam*) I command thee ſaue her
From hurt; but know, thou hauing ſhalt not haue her.
Thou ſhalt a gueſt kill, though againſt my Law,
But ſhe ſhall liue: this when he heard and ſaw,
His minde was troubled how to conſter it;
And thus he made all for his purpoſe fit.
*Haue and not haue*, a wife, no more a maid:
But how then kill? O *Hymen* ſtab he ſaid:
For many a virgin her virginitie
May wounded haue, and of the wound not die.
When Sun began t'enamell th'Eaſterne ſand,
He calls him-to the chiefe of his command,
And bids the Spoyle (ſo by more noble name
He tearm'd the Prey, to keepe vntainted Fame)
Be laid before him; *Cremon* eke he wils
Bring forth the priſners: O (quoth they) what ills
Yet more betide vs? and him weeping pray'd,
And he them promis'd, if he could, ſome aid;
And cheer'd them vp, and told them how their Chiefe
Ne bore the minde of rude and ſauage thiefe;
But noble and gentle was to iuſt complaint,
And would not liue thus but vpon conſtraint.
When all were come, and *Thyam* ſet on high
To ſpeake them-to, as wont he commonly,
He *Cremon* bids, vnto that Youth and Maid,
Report, in Greeke, this he in Gypſie ſaid.
My Fellow ſouldiours, being, as you wiſt,
The firſt-borne ſonne of *Memphis* higheſt Prieſt,
And from my right kept by my younger brother,
I fled to you; and me before all other
You choſe for Chiefe: and't hath beene ſince my care,
Of all we got, to take no more than ſhare.
The captiue men of ſtrength I gaue to you,
The weaker ſold; and this y'all know is true,
The free-borne women ranſom'd, or ſet free
For pittie ſake, the ſeruile ſort had yee:

This one whoſe habit ſhewes, and goodly port,
Her ſome Deuote, and therefore meet Conſort
For Biſhops ſonne, though of my ſelfe I might
Her chooſe, and take by only Captaines right
(As well you know) yet her of you I craue,
To be my wife; you all the reſt ſhall haue.
They all conſent, he thanks, and further ſaith;
Then ſpeake you Faire-one, doe me plight your faith;
To liue with me in lawfull marriage;
And tell your Countrey, and your parentage.
She caſt her modeſt eyes vpon the ground,
And ſtaid a while, as 'twere in thought profound
What ſhould ſhe ſay; then him with bluſhing ey'd,
And thus, as *Cnemon* did relate, repli'd.
My brother better ſpeake here may, than I,
A Maid before ſo manly company;
But ſith you giue me leaue, and chiefly me
Concernes the meeting, know (I pray) that he
*Apollo's* Prieſt is, and *Diana's* I,
Of noble parentage in *Ionie*.
Our Office ending ('twas but for a yeere,
And not hereditarie like yours here)
With ſolemne pompe (as holy cuſtome preſt)
For *Delos* ſail'd we, there vs to diueſt.
When ran at ſea was halfe our courſe and more,
Began a ſtorme, that caſt vs here aſhore:
And, at a feaſt made for our late eſcape,
The Mariners our goods thought all to rape.
On either ſide there ſlaine were all but wee,
In wofull caſe left, as you chanc'd to ſee:
Yet happy in this, we your hands-into fell,
Who grant both life and loue; which I like well;
This one thing crauing, to remaine a Maid
Till ſolemne diueſture, meane time with aid
You *Memphis* may recouer; where is beſt
(If you ſo pleaſe) both marry, and diueſt.

They

They all approue; and ſtaid is his deſire
By her Sireniſh ſong (though more afire)
And by his dreame; wherein he thought was noted
He ſhould at *Memphis* marry this Deuoted:
So breakes the moot, and they with hand and heart
Him promiſe aid; and leaue the richeſt part
Of ſpoile for him; and he them bids prepare
The tenth day after to the war to fare.
And, for his gueſts, that nothing might offend them,
Full well prouides; and *Cnemon* wils attend them,
Not now as Keeper, but Interpreter;
Himſelfe forbearing once to looke on her,
For feare of being tempted. *Cnemon*, when
They brought were in, went forth beyond the Fen
Among the buſhes, where he knew was beſt
To ſeeke that herbe he promiſed his gueſt.
Meane-while *Theagenes*, to her no words,
But vnto Heau'n complaines; and ſhe him boords,
Is this for old, or for ſome late euent?
Forgetting me (quoth he) ſh'is now content
To marry another. God forbid, quoth ſhee;
My promiſe euer will I keepe with thee.
O doe not then ſo much encreaſe my griefe!
Before *Theagenes* I chooſe a theefe?
I ſpoke but to delay the danger nigh,
You ſooner will (I feare) be falſe, than I.
Indeed (quoth he) I lik'd well that inuent
Of broth'r and ſiſt'r, and how from home we went:
But O, when you, when you ſo plainly granted,
Appointing place and time, how was I danted!
She then embrac'd and kiſt him, ſhedding teares,
And ſaid, O how delight me theſe your feares!
They proue you conſtant notwithſtanding all
The miſeries that daily on vs fall.
But ſure, we had not thus conferr'd to day,
If I had much oppos'd, and not giu'n way.

A Louer rude will ne're be calme without
Some hope, and that may ſtill him, ne're ſo ſtout.
So thought and did I, thus farre for the beſt;
Our loues protector *Phœbus* worke the reſt!
And wiſely muſt we handle this our plot,
That *Cnemon*, though our friend, perceiue it not:
Or, if he chance by circumſtance ſuſpect,
We muſt deny't, and let him but coniect.
*Th'vntruth that ſpeaker helpes, and nought at all*
*The hearer hurts, may well be borne withall.*
Thus had ſhe ſaid, and *Cnemon* from the field
Came running in, and lookt as almoſt wilde;
And ſaid; *Theagenes*, loe here is found
That herbe, which once laid-on will heale your wound.
I cannot ſtay, but come yee both with mee;
And, what the cauſe is, you ſhall quickly ſee.
But haſte we muſt; that waſting time in words
We be not ouertaken here with ſwords:
So led them faſt away to *Thyamis*;
And found him fellow-like, with many of his,
His armour ſcowring; Sir, then ſaid, 'tis well
Y'are ſo prouiding; for ill newes I tell.
There comes vpon you troopes of armed men;
I thinke they are by this time neere the Fen;
Or not farre off; from yonder hill I ſpide them,
And, as I came, haue wiſht your men prouide them.
The Captaine then began himſelfe aduance,
And armed *Capapee*, with ſword and lance,
Before he ſtept a foot forth on his way,
Tooke preſent order for *Chariclia*.
A Caue there was, hand-wrought by Gypſie-wit,
To hide their ſpoyle; it opened well and ſhut
With narrow doore of ſtone, that threſhold was
T'an vpper roome; within, a Maze it has
Of ſundrie wayes entangled (like the roots
Of thicke-ſet trees, amids and all abouts)

That

That meet'm plaine; with ſcales of Crocodile
The roofe is pau'd, brought thither from the *Nile*,
On pillars ſhort vpheld; to helpe the ſight,
From top thereof deſcends a beame of light:
He *Cnemon* wills her take (but in his eare,
That what he ſaid none other man might heare)
And lead, and ſafely place her in this Caue,
Where all his treaſure lay, and bids him haue
A ſpeciall care the mouth thereof to cloſe,
As wont it be. With heauie heart ſhe goes,
Still looking backe at her *Theagenes*
With *Thyam* left; and *Cnemon*, her to pleaſe,
Vpon the Caue before he laid the doore,
Her promiſed, to bring him ſafe vnto her;
And not to ſuff'r a yet-raw-wounded Knight,
To vent'r his life in ſuch vntimely fight.
She anſwer'd not a word; but of her loue,
(As ſoule) bereft, did little breathe or moue:
Nor without teares departed he, to thinke
How faire a creature there he left at brinke
As 'twere of death; nay buried had aliue
That ſhining beautie might the world reuiue.
To *Thyam* then he ran; with whom he found
*Theagen* armed royally; and round
About them flocke the reſt; firſt low, then tall,
For better ſight and hearing. Fellowes all,
Then ſaid the Chiefe, your life is all a warre;
Your truſt and courage tri'd; the foe not farre:
T'encourage you nor need I, nor haue leaſure:
Is't for our goodly citties, for our treaſure;
Is't for our children, for our wealth or wiues,
They ſet vpon vs? no 'tis for our liues.
For ſuch as liue by ſpoile, as they and we,
We fight not who ſhall reigne; but who ſhall be.
Then neuer yeeld we to this enemy;
But fight it out, and conquer him or dye.
Then call'd he for *Thermutis*, could not get him;

Which made him angrie, and for his abſence threat him.
So ran to Ferrie; for he ſaw the fight
Was now began, and his ſome put to flight,
And others ſlaine. Th'inuaders as they got
The maſtrie of any, ſtraight-way burnt his boat:
This caſt a flame on all the cane and reed
Th'row-out the Fen; that *Vulcan*, ſet on ſpeed,
Their eares with crackling, eyes with flaſhing ſmote;
And ſmoakie cinders all about them flote.
Then death with vgly face vpon them gapes,
Deuouring diuers men in diuers ſhapes.
By fire, by water, by the ſword, by ſmoke,
They burne, they drowne, they ſhed life-bloud, they choke.
So wofull caſe was neuer ſeene, they ſay;
But at the ſiege of *Troy*, and *Solyma*.
Where baſtard Common-wealth of Robbers ſtood,
Is nothing now but cinder, ſmoke, and mud.
For worke by Heau'n accurſt, bee't ne're ſo great,
Shall fall as waue that ſeemes the skie to threat;
And downe his ſome regardleſſe quickly ſinkes
Amid the baſeſt water 'twixt the brinks.
This *Thyam* ſeeing, thought vpon his dreame,
And of the meaning makes another theame;
*Haue, and not haue*; ſhe ſhould be from him tane
By force of Armes; and yet by him be ſlaine
With ſword indeed, not as he thought before.
Againſt his *Iſis* then he gan to rore,
As him deceiuing; thought it high diſgrace,
That other ſhould his deereſt Loue embrace.
Thus on the Maid, the foe, the boat the weather,
His nimble thoughts diſparteth heth'r and theth'r.
Now this, now that, right faſt imagining;
Yet for that one neglects each other thing.
Then his exhorts againe to fight, not yeeld;
But, as they had done, ſtill maintaine the field;
Till he *Thermutis* ſought (that was pretent)
But all in haſte vnto the Caue he went.

A barbarous man th'affection cannot tame
That once he ſet, nor from deſigne reclaime;
Selfe out of hope will take quite out of way
That moſt he loues, from being others prey:
And *Thyam* therefore all in-hand forgets;
Though compaſt round about with fearefull nets,
Enrag'd with anger, loue, and iealouſie,
To Caue he went and ruſht in ſuddenly;
Then cry'd aloud in Gypſie till he met
One anſwer'd Greeke: then left hand on her ſet,
And thruſt her th'row with right; that there ſhe lay,
And with her bloud her life flew quite away.
Theſe are, quoth he, thy ſpouſalls at my hand,
O worthy beſt! now none ſhall thee command.
So ſaid, and comming forth he ſigh'd and wept,
And ſhut the doore, and earth vpon it heapt.
When to the boats he came, this was the plight;
His, ſome, prepare to run away at ſight
Of firſt-come enemie: *Thermutis* would
Doe ſacrifice; whom *Thyamis* contrould;
And ſaid, himſelfe had offred with his blade
The faireſt ſacrifice that could be made:
He meant that in the Caue: ſo went aboord
*Thermutis*, he, and, them to row, a third.
The boat, as all the reſt, was but a trunke
Of hollow tree; if more had come, had ſunke:
In like went *Cnemon* and *Theagenes*;
And two by two, thus on freſh water ſeas,
A mightie number: but they made away
At firſt encounter. This made *Cnemon* ſay
Vnto his friend, What? ſhall we ſtay to fight,
When all the reſt haue tooke them to their flight,
Saue *Thyamis* himſelfe? ſo they withdrew.
But *Thyamis* when th'aduerſaries knew,
They cry'd let all men ſet on him alone;
O had we him, though all the reſt were gone!
Would any know the reaſon? theſe were they

That

That at the *Canop*-Outlet fled away,
And left ſo rich a ſpoyle for *Thyamis*;
And therefore hate they deadly him and his.
That him their minde was here to take aliue
(Though many ſlaine are thereto while they ſtriue)
The cauſe was this: his brother *Petoſire*,
Of heart enflamed with ambitious fire,
With-held the Prieſthood from him, moſt vnkinde,
Againſt his birth-right, and his fathers minde.
Then of the Robbers was he choſen Chiefe,
And he that ſhould haue beene Arch-Prieſt, Arch-theefe.
This put the younger brother much in feare,
Leſt aft'r a while he ſhould ſome tumult reare,
To get his right: beſide, thought tract of time
Would manifeſt at length his further crime.
This likely miſchiefe thinking to preuent,
Vnt'all th'Ægyptian Outlawes word he ſent,
With ſummes of money, and promiſes of other
(Pretending, for 'twas thought he ſlew his brother)
For any man that ſhould him bring aliue.
With much adoe at laſt they him depriue
Of ſtrong *Thermutis* helpe; who brauely fought;
Yet ouer-boord was throwen, and drowned thought:
But ſeeing Maſters caſe ſo deſperate,
With other matt'r in minde, away he gate,
And ſwimming came to land: for th'enemy
His taking *Thyam* counted victory;
Yea reck'ned him of all the warre compend,
None other minding; him away they ſend
With halfe their force to guard; and all the reſt
His Iſlet ranſackt: long they were in queſt
Of that was left, and when they little found
(For all the treaſure hid was vnder ground)
The night approaching, ſtaid they not; for feare
Of ſuch as fled, and might ſurpriſe them there;
But, ſetting firſt the cottages afire,
Vnto their fellowes well in time retire.

*Finis Libri primi.*

# THE Faire AEthiopian.

THe great light damps the leſſe; and ſo, ſo long
As *Phœbus* ſhone, was *Vulcan* ſcarce among
The cinders ſeene: But, now is come the night,
*Theagenes* and *Cnemon* ſee the light
Of all that Iſle on fire; and then began
The Louer true to cry, O wretched man,
(And tore his haire) I liue no more to day;
My danger, feare, hope, loue and care, away:
Now ſhe is dead why ſhould I longer breathe,
Not in my breſt this bloudy weapon ſheathe?
O thrice vnhappie! in vaine then did they ſee
Me flye the fight, to keepe my ſelfe for thee
So ſudden loſt, and by ſo fearfull death,
And where thou wouldſt not, giuing vp thy breath!
And what a griefe is this, that ſo by fire,
As of thy beautie, perfect and entire,
No ſparke is left. I gaue no laſt embrace,
Nor kiſt thy dying lips, nor ſaw thy face.
O cruell Heau'n! are theſe my nuptiall brands?
So tooke his ſword; but *Cnemon* ſtaid his hands,
And ſaid, What meane you? much deceiu'd you be,
*Chariclia* liues: You me deceiue, quoth he,
You haue vndone me, you no life haue left me,
That of ſo ſweet a death haue thus bereft me.
Then *Cnemon* ſwore, and told all of the Caue,
And what commandment *Thyamis* him gaue.

This cheer'd *Theagenes*, and now they poſt
Themſelues both rowing (hauing ſculler loſt
At firſt encounter) to th'encinder'd Iſle;
Yet vp and downe they carried are awhile
By guſts againſt them, and becauſe they knew not
The Scullers Art, and iuſt together rew not.
Yet (want of skill ſupply'd with earneſt minde)
They get to ſhore, and then, as ſwift as winde,
To caue they run, and by the doore it finde;
But (that which *Cnemon* maruells-at) vntin'd.
He takes (as there he found) ſome fired reed
To giue them light, and leads the way in ſpeed;
Yet (lo) full ſoone on ſudden ſtarts he backe,
And cries, O Gods, what hap is this! Alacke
W'are quite vndone; *Chariclia* here is ſlaine;
And downe the candle caſt, and wept amaine.
*Theagenes*, as ſmit downe by ſome force,
Fell, and embrac'd the bloud-embrued corſe,
And long ſo lay; that *Cnemon* leſt he ſhould
Himſelfe doe hurt, came ſoftly; and was ſo bold
As draw his ſword that hung downe by his ſide,
And went for light. Then lamentably cry'd
The Knight, and ſaid, O griefe vnſufferable!
Malignant Starre, or Furie vnſatiable!
Was't not enough to baniſh me from home,
All vp and downe the world to make me rome;
To caſt me where no comfort man releeues,
At ſea to Pyrats, and at land to theeues;
Yea more than once; and take my ioyes away?
Of all but one was left; and that to day
Is alſo loſt, my deare *Chariclia*,
Slaine in defence of vertue (dare I ſay)
To keepe her ſelfe for me. Theſe eyes of thine
That all men cheer'd, as with a light diuine,
Be darke and nothing ſee; nor he them ſaw
Who thee aſſail'd, or hand had ſtaid for awe.

But this of mine ſhall ioyne vs, and this Caue
Our bodies both ſhall keepe in hidden graue.
Then felt he where he thought his ſword had hung,
And ſaid (O *Cnemon*) this is double wrong
Both vnto her and me. As thus he ſaid,
A ſlender voyce, as 'twere of boy or maid,
Was heard to call *Theagenes*, and he
Full well it heard, and anſwer'd, Call'ſt thou me?
Sweet ſoule I come: then *Cnemon* came with light,
And plainely heard the voyce of ſuch a ſprite,
As call'd *Theagenes*: O God, quoth he,
*Chariclia* liues, that was her voyce; 'tis ſhe.
O *Cnemon* (quoth *Theagenes*) O leaue,
And doe me not thus often times deceiue.
I both deceiue (quoth he) and am deceiu'd,
If this dead-one be ſhe, and therewith heau'd
The head from ground, and to them turn'd the face:
Whereat amaz'd, he ſtarted backe a ſpace,
And cry'd (O wonder!) this the countenance
Of *Thisbe* ſhould be; what concealed chance
Should bring her hither? then *Theagenes*
Came to himſelfe, and feeles at heart ſome eaſe;
And comforts *Cnemon*, almoſt out of winde,
That with his helpe he might the ſooner finde
His deere *Chariclia*; this now *Cnemon* knew
For *Thisbe*, chiefly by a ribban blue,
Which with a ſcroule from off her necke he tooke;
And, as he would vpon the writing looke,
*Theagenes* him bids forbeare as then,
And ſeeke *Chariclia* further in the den.
So he's content: but I had nigh forgot
The ſword of *Thyamis* that in the plot
Was alſo found, well hatcht and richly guilt,
Which *Cnemon* ſaid he knew well by that hilt.
Who ſits in darke, ſees ſuch as come with light,
And knowes them ſooner than is knowen; this might

Excuſe *Chariclia*, that came firſt t'embrace,
And kiſſe *Theagenes* with modeſt grace:
The faireſt thing is Iuſtice; Health, the beſt;
And moſt delightfull, that we loue, poſſeſt:
And haue I got th'againe, quoth ſhe? And liues
My Deere, quoth he? thus each vnt'other giues
The kinde ſalute; and count'r-embracing fell
For ſudden ioy aſwound: there was a well,
And *Cnemon* ſprinkled wat'r vpon their faces,
Which brought againe their roſie-bluſhing graces.
For now aſham'd they were, and chiefly ſhe,
That *Cnemon* did, what paſt betweene them, ſee:
Though all but well: yet, as they had offended,
They pardon craue for that which he commended.
But you *Theagenes*, he ſaid, for that
You did before, I cannot praiſe; for, what?
Embrace a ſtranger hauing no relation
To you at all, and in ſo foule a faſhion?
While I ſtood by, and told you plaine that ſhe,
Your beſt Beloued, liued yet? quoth he,
O charge me not before *Chariclia*;
I tooke that corſe for her. But can you ſay
Ought for your ſelfe, who firſt the ſame miſtooke,
And wail'd my caſe, and ſtarted backe, and ſhooke
For feare of woman dead, an armed man?
O Souldiour ſtout! O braue Athenian!
Hereat they ſmil'd a little, but with teares,
As more to ſorrow bent amid their feares.
And yet *Chariclia* ſcratching at her eare,
As if ſh'had then conceiu'd ſome iealous feare
By thinking on't, broke out thus; Happie ſhe,
Whom he ſo wail'd and kiſt, what ere ſhe be!
And, but you both will thinke of iealouſie
I aske thereof, faine would I know of thee,
Sweet heart, what one it was, that ſo for me
Was kiſt vnknowen? You maruell will, quoth he;

For *Cnemon* ſaith 'twas *Thisbe* that Athenian,
The Minſtrelleſſe that wrought ſo with a wenian
'Gainſt him and *Demenet*. *Chariclia*, ſcar'd
With newes thereof, askt *Cnemon* how it far'd
That *Thisbe*'s brought from *Greece* into this den,
And neither he nor ſhe perceiu'd her, when
They thither came. That, who can tell? quoth he;
But that of her I know, is this; when ſhe
Had circumuented *Demenet* (the plot
Againſt me knowen) at firſt my father got
Himſelfe a pardon, and my home-recall;
And me to ſeeke prepar'd a ſhip; and all
This while the queane had leiſure t'exerciſe her
In minſtralſie; *Arſinoe* enuies her;
Chiefly becauſe the Merchant *Nauſicles*
Became her loue, before *Arſinoes*;
She vnto friends of *Demenet* relates
The plot of *Thisbe*, they vnto the States;
And cauſe to plead procure with great expence
The men of greateſt wit and eloquence.
They cry that *Demenet* was caſt away
Vniudged, vnconuict, and further ſay,
This crime of wed-breach was deuis'd for ſhame
And way to death; where is he? what's his name,
That ſhould commit this foule adulterie?
Him bring aliue or dead; or elſe, to trie
The cauſe aright that *Thisbe* let be rackt.
My father promis'd; but ſhe cloſely packt
Her ſelfe away; what like to fall vpon her
Fore-ſeeing well: and then with much diſhonour
My father (cleer'd of murder by the lawes,
As one that had related right the cauſe)
Yet loſt his goods, and was himſelfe exil'd,
For ouerthrowing ſo his guiltleſſe childe,
And helping *Thisbes* plot againſt his wife;
That better had he led ſtill widdow life.

The man that buries wife, and weds againe,
Doth after ſhip-wrack launch into the Maine.
But this ſame *Thisbe*, here that hath her due
Now in my ſight, from *Athens* came I knew
By *Anticles* at *Ægin*; therefore twice
With him int'*Ægypt* ſail'd I with aduice
To finde her there: that by her meanes I might
Releeue my father; State enforming right.
But how to Lake, or how into this Den
She was conuey'd, I cannot tell, nor when.
But, if you pleaſe, let's ſee what's in the writ
I found about her; thus beginneth it:
Vnto my maſter *Cnemon*. Know you (Sir)
My miſtres death, and I procur'd it her,
For your reuenge; but how, becauſe (forſooth)
'Twere long to write, Ile tell by word of mouth.
If you be pleas'd your hand-maid to receiue,
And, while I tell the manner giue me leaue.
Ten dayes I haue beene here captiu'd t'a theefe,
Who vaunts himſelfe Shield-bearer to the Chiefe.
So cloſe he keepes me that I cannot moue
Vnt'any doore, and ſaith it is for loue;
I rather thinke, and liker 'tis, for feare
Leſt any take me from him; yet (mine Here)
Some pow'r diuine me did the grace to ſhew me
Your face in paſſing-by, and I beſhrew me,
That out I ran not humbly to ſalute you;
The fault vnto my hard reſtraint impute you:
With much adoe yet pen and inke I got,
And wrote, and ſent you this by that old Trot
Was ſet to keepe me; ſaue me (Sir) I pray you,
And I in all things humbly will obey you.
'Twas by conſtraint againſt you that I wrought;
But, you to right, of owne accord I ſought.
And if your anger nothing can appeaſe,
It vſe againſt me (Sir) eu'n as your pleaſe.

For by your order rather had I die,
And buried be with Grecian obſequie,
That Attick am, than ſuffer, *Worſe than hate,*
*Of barbarous theefe the loue diſordinate.*
Thus had ſhe wrote, and *Cnemon* thereto ſaid;
Vnhappie *Tib*, (I cannot call thee maid)
That after death (yet ſo I count it well)
Thus to my ſelfe thou do'ſt thy ſtorie tell.
Behold Reuenge about the world thee caſt,
Nor ſtaid her whip, till vnto me at laſt,
Whom thou hadſt wrong'd, ſhe brought thee; that with eye,
I might be witneſſe of thy miſerie.
But what a miſchiefe hadſt thou now in hand,
To worke by lett'r againſt me? for I ſtand
In doubt, that all is yet but ſome inuent
Of thine, to be ſo farre int' *Ægypt* ſent,
To worke my woe. *Theagenes* burſt out,
Still feare you ſhadowes? are ye ſtill ſo ſtout?
You ſee ſhe's ſlaine; but who hath bleſt youſo,
How, when, and why 'tis done, faine would I know.
By *Thyamis* (quoth he) the deed was done,
I know his ſword, and th'Eagle grau'n thereon:
But cannot gheſſe, or how, or why, or when.
This is no ſuch as was *Trophony's* den,
Whererein whoſoeuer enter'd, propheſi'd,
*O Pythia* then, *O Delphi* they two cry'd;
And both at once; not knowing what they ment,
He ſtood amaz'd thereat; and thus they ſpent
Some time in commoning. Now muſt you know,
That when *Thermutis* had receiu'd a blow,
And wounded ſwam to land, he came in haſte
Vnto the Caue where he had *Thisbe* plac'd;
What time his Maſter ſent him to deuiſe
(And long he ſtaid) for ſolemne ſacrifice.
And hard within the doore, as come but new,
Her *Thyam* finding, for *Cariclia* ſlew.

Now

Now as they commoned *Thermutis* came
And called *Thisbe*, greeking but in name;
But when he found her dead, vpon her gaz'd,
And, word not vtt'ring long time ſtood amaz'd.
At laſt them hearing to them went, and thought
They had her ſlaine; and would reuenge haue wrought,
But naked was, eu'n as to land he ſwam,
And had no ſword; O, then in what a ſtam
Was theeuiſh, barb'rous, loue-ſicke, angrie minde,
That how to wreak his wrath could no way finde;
But muſt comply! and ſo he did; but yet
Meant, if he got a ſword, vpon them ſet.
His looke declar'd his minde was not at eaſe,
And ſo came fawning to *Theagenes*:
Amaz'd they were before they heard him ſpeake,
And ſuddenly *Chariclia* gaue a ſqueake,
And into th'inner mazie cabbin ran,
For feare, or ſhame, to ſee a naked man.
*Theagenes* oppoſed point of blade
Againſt the ſlie aſſault *Thermutis* made;
And bids keepe-off: when he the danger ſees,
With humble ſhew he fell downe on his knees,
By fortune more than nature made ſo tame,
And him to plead-for *Cnemon* call'd by name;
And ſaid, I late your fellow was, and crau'd
That both would thinke him worthy to be ſau'd.
It moued *Cnemon* take him vp, and where
Sir *Thyam* was, and how he ſped, to ſpere.
He told of *Thyams* taking, hardly more
The manner how, than I haue ſaid before;
And ſaid himſelfe came now to ſeeke a ſlut,
Whom he in caue before the battell ſhut.
Her name was *Thisbe*, what is ſhe to you?
Quoth they. Then he them told the manner how
He tooke her from the Merchants, lou'd her, left her;
And now he knowes not who had him bereft her.

Then

Then *Cnemon*, them of all ſuſpect to quit,
That *Thyam* kill'd her, ſaid, this proueth it,
And ſhew'd the ſword, that well *Thermutis* knew,
And ſaw it bloudy yet of ſlaughter new.
From barb'rous breſt a deepe ſigh then he drew,
And ſaid, O *Thisbe*, my deere heart, adieu.
And *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, rudely ſtill he brai'd,
And on her breſt his head all bloudy laid:
He kiſt her dying lips, and kiſſing wept,
Till charmie ſleepe vpon his ſenſes crept.
Than th'other three had time (it ſeem'd) to thinke
On their affaires, yet all begin to winke,
Oppreſt with former toyles, and *Cnemon* led
The way to ſleepe; *Theagenes* his head
Leant on a ſtone, and ſhe vpon his breſt,
And all together ſweetly tooke their reſt.
*Commanding Nature will enioy her ſeaſon,*
*And make our ſenſes ouercome our reaſon.*
From this the carefull minde is not exempt;
And, while *Chariclia* reſted, thus ſhe dreampt.
A ſhag-hair'd fellow (dreaming thus ſhe quak'd)
She thought pull'd out her eye, wherewith ſhe wak'd,
And not remembring their now-preſent plight,
She gaue a ſudden ſhreeke, that wak'd her Knight;
What ailes my loue, quoth he? She told the caſe,
And with her fingers felt about her face:
Then 'tis a dreame, quoth ſhe, I haue mine eyes;
But what this meaneth can I not deuiſe.
And ſore I feare, leſt you that are mine eye
Be taken from me; *Cnemon* with her cry,
Awak'd, and heard, and anſwer'd by and by:
Good Lady thinke not ſo; not ſo thinke I;
But, if your parents liued late, ſhall one
Of them depart; for, this full well is knowne,
They made you ſee and ſeene: and therefore right
It is, to count them authors of your light;

And ſo your eyes. I thanke you (Sir) for this,
Quoth ſhe, and pray, you hit the marke, I miſſe.
We doe but dreame then quoth *Theagenes*
Thus weighing dreames: 'twere better for our eaſe
We weigh our dangers, caſting them decline;
And ſince you gia'n are by ſome Power Diuine,
T'aſſiſt vs *Cnemon*, vnderſtanding well
Both tongue and wayes, which we doe not; pray tell
Your beſt aduice, while yonder Gypſie ſleepes:
*For faſt away neglected ſeaſon creepes.*
Then he, In the iſle prouiſion is there none;
But hidden treaſure much, to diuers known:
Conſider then, if here we longer ſtay,
We ſtarue forthwith, or make our ſelues a pray
To ſome late on our ſide that all doe know,
And come for ſpoyle, or to returning foe.
Then haſte we muſt away; but firſt deuiſe
To rid vs of *Thermutis*; otherwiſe
Who knows how long we ſhall be forc'd endure
A man vnconſtant, barbarous, impure,
And ſomething ſtill ſuſpecting vs for her
He loued ſo? if time he finde to ſtirre.
But how vs rid? by ſending him t'enquire
Of *Thyamis*: and hereto they conſpire.
And raiſe and tell him; he's content; but ſo
As *Cnemon* went with him; alone to goe
Vnwilling was, in caſe ſo dangerous:
And *Cnemon* thought it much more perillous,
T'haue ſuch a mate: this ſaw *Theagenes*,
Who ſpoke him-to aſide: the words were theſe.
Sir *Cnemon*, well you counſaile can, but want
Performing courage. Courage man: how can't
Be dangerous for you to goe with one
So naked man; you hauing ſword, he none?
And hee'll ſuſpect our flight if you refuſe:
But goe togeth'r at firſt, and after vſe

Your skill to leaue him; pointing vs to meet
At neereſt ciuill place; and in the ſtreet
Of *Chemmis* was th'appointed place, a Towne
Both populous and rich, vpon a Downe,
Or ſide of hill, erected for defence
Againſt the ſpoyling Herdmens inſolence,
At banke of *Nilus*, not farre from the mouth,
Beyond this poole ſome twelue mile off, at South.
This is too farre for her to walke at eaſe,
Not wont to foot it, quoth *Theagenes:*
But goe we will in beggars poore array,
T'auoid ſuſpect, and get meat by the way.
A good deuice, quoth *Cnemon*, verily;
Deformed both, and ſhe hath loſt an eye:
But ſure I thinke you looke for better fees,
Than can be got by begging bread and cheeſe.
Whereat they ſmile, and ſweare fidelitie,
Not one to faile another willingly.
And on the morning *Cnemon* and *Thermute*
Their iourney take, and fall to ſome diſpute,
Ere halfe a mile they paſt, at breake a day,
Concerning wheth'r of them ſhould lead the way:
Which *Cnemon* will not, ignorance pretending,
But 'twas indeed to caſt for his defending;
And take ſame offer'd opportunitie,
To rid him of ſuch hatefull company.
They went not farre, but light vpon a flocke,
Whoſe Shepherds, hauing heard the fearfull ſhocke
Late at the poole, were gone, and all amid
The thickeſt neighbour woods themſelues had hid.
This hungrie paire then caught a ſheepe and flead,
And broyl'd it there vpon the Shepherds glead.
But (not to ſtay, for hunger, or for feare)
With haſtie chaps the ſcorched meat they teare.
And bleeding ſend it downe the narrow gulfe,
As Indian Tiger wont, and Iriſh Woolfe.

Thus hauing fed, and drunke of milke their fill,
Now toward night they come vnto a hill,
At whoſe far-ſide was ſet, *Thermutis* ſaid,
A towne where *Thyam* (as he thought) was ſtaid.
But *Cnemon* feined cauſe to lag behinde,
As pained ſore in guts with flux and winde,
And vpward caſting his diſorder'd maw,
For drinking milke, and eating meat ſo raw;
The Gypſie ſtaying for him on that hill
In little time benighted was, and fill
Aſleepe, where he had laid him on a ſtone,
And ſtung with Aſpe ere morning di'd alone.
That *Cnemon* knew not, who ran ſtill in feare
Of this ſo fell, now no more biting, Beare:
He lookt behinde him ſtill and ran amaine;
And ran, and lookt, and ran, and lookt againe.
O how this ſight would faire *Chariclia* pleaſe,
To laugh at him that mockt *Theagenes*.
A liuing Greeke from dead Ægyptian ran,
And long time that, which could not hurt him, ſhan.
As Coward arm'd with helmet, ſhield, and ſpeare,
Lookt in a glaſſe, and ran away for feare.
At night he wraps himſelfe in heape of leaues;
And yet for feare he neither turnes nor heaues;
Nor takes a nap, but dreaming of his caſe,
Still thinkes him running from *Thermutis* face.
When day began, which he thought longeſt when,
His haire that, for the cuſtome of thoſe men
With whom he liu'd, he let grow verie long,
(For thought it is elſewhere, and theſe among,
*That ſhaggie locks will make a young man ſhow*
*Both milde to friend, and terrible to foe*)
He now cut ſhort: and this was reaſon chiefe;
Becauſe he would not ſtill be tooke for theefe.
Then haſted he to *Chemmis*, by th'accord
Betweene them made; and neere to *Nilus* bord.

Where

Where o're he was to paſſe, he ſaw at hand
An old man walking vp and downe the ſtrand;
(White haire he wore, in holy faſhion long,
His beard alike downe vnt'his girdle hung,
More narrow toward point; in Greekiſh cloke,
And other garmenrs made of fineſt loke)
So full of thought, that with faire *By-gonr-leaues*,
Thrice paſſed-by, he no man yet perceiues:
Then comming face to face, him bids all-haile:
Of that (quoth he) my fortune will me faile.
Then *Cnemon* wondred, and was farre to ſeeke,
And ſaid, I pray (Sir) are y'a ſtranger Greeke?
Nor Greeke, nor ſtranger, then repli'd th'old Sire:
Why then (quoth *Cnemon*) weare you Greeke attire?
That this I weare, though this more gallant bee,
Quoth he, the cauſe is my calamitee.
But th'other wondred why a man ſhould weare
For ſorrow gallant clothes, and faine would heare.
A tale (quoth he) too long and lamentable
For me to tell, for you vnſufferable.
But (young man) whither goe you? what to ſeeke?
And how in Ægypt (tell me) ſpeake you Greeke?
I askt you firſt, quoth he, and you refuſe:
Of mine affaires then will you know the newes?
I take't not ill (quoth th'old man) for you ſeeme
A Greeke well taught, and one of ſome eſteeme;
And changed, as my ſelfe, for ſome deſigne;
But (O) I wiſh you better caſe than mine:
Which, if I ſhould not tell, my heart would burſt,
And therefore well am pleaſ'd to tell you firſt.
But let vs paſſe the *Nile* here running wide,
And goe to yonder towne on th'other ſide.
I haue no houſe mine owne there, but a friend
That me receiues, and all that I commend:
We ſhall be kindly vs'd, and there full well
Our ſtrange aduentures may both heare and tell

Gow' then (ſaith *Cnemon*) let vs paſſe the Sound,
And to the towne: for thither was I bound,
To meet ſome friends. Then timely take they boat,
(For many there vpon the riuer float,
Expecting hire) and to the towne they bend,
And that mans houſe, which was this old mans frend.
The man abroad, his daughter marriageable,
And other maids attend them, ſet the table,
And furniſh it with diuers daintie meats,
And make their bed, and lay them aired ſheets,
And waſht their feet: then *Cnemon*, we may call
This houſe the houſe of *Iupin Hoſpitall:*
Not ſo, but one that knowes the God ſo hight,
Reply'd the old man, and one that fauours right:
And in a word, to paſſe by all the reſt,
He knowing well diſtreſſe will helpe diſtreſt.
So did he me, and brought me to this place
With trauell weari'd, and in wofull caſe:
And ſtill in what I need affordeth aid.
Why trauell you, quoth *Cnemon*? Th'old man ſaid,
Of children robb'd I was by theeuiſh might,
And, though I know them, dare I not me right.
But here I mourne; nor can I take my reſt
Or day, or night: as bird that hath her neſt
Deuour'd by Dragon all afore her eyes;
Yet nigh ſhe dare not come, nor farre ſhe flyes.
Wilt pleaſe you then (quoth *Cnemon*, Sir) to ſhow,
How this befell you, and how long agoe.
Hereafter Sir, quoth he; now time requires
To thinke vpon our ſtomacks iuſt deſires.
But firſt doe ſeruice to the Gods, as vſe
Th'Ægyptian Wiſe-men: nothing ſhall excuſe
Me from this dutie; then vpon the ground
Faire water powring, ſaid, this am I bound,
And doe, in honour of the Pow'rs Diuine
That hold this place, and ſuch as well encline

To *Greece*, *Apollo Delphicke*, *Cynthia*,
*Theagenes*, and his *Chariclia*;
Whom I among the Gods will euer count:
So did, and ſaid, and wept as from a fount.
This *Cnemon* hearing, on him wiſtly gaz'd,
And well obſeruing him reply'd amaz'd;
If for my boldneſſe (Sir) I be not blam'd,
What are to you the two that laſt you nam'd?
They are my children (quoth he) not by wife,
But giuen me from aboue; the griefe and ſtrife,
Which I haue had for them, me them aſſure
As much as if they were my geniture.
As childen loue I them, they me as Sire:
But (Sir) it makes me greatly now t'admire
How you them know. I know (quoth he) and tell
This for your comfort, they are ſafe and well.
O *Phœbus*! O, where are they? tell m'I pray.
What will you giue to know, quoth he? why ſay
What will you aske (quoth th'old man?) Here no more
Than thanks well can I giue; and that for ſtore
Of wealth doe good men take, and hoord in heart,
As treaſure great: nor will they from it part
For any thing: but if I come well home
(And *Iſis* promiſeth ſo ſhall I come)
And ſafe receiue my deere boy and my guirle,
I will reward you both with gold and pearle.
Vncertaine this is and to come, quoth he;
You may in preſent better pleaſure me.
Aske what you will, quoth old man: Promiſe now
(Quoth he) to tell me whence they are, and how
They were diſſeuer'd from you, and their birth;
For next your ſelfe none more them loues on earth.
A treaſure great is this; but, ſith you craue it,
I promiſe, after ſupper you ſhall haue it.
When they had eat their nuts, and figs, and dates,
And plums, and pears, and other ſuch achates,

As th'old man wont (for that which once had life,
He ne're would eat-of; nor it touch with knife)
And he had water drunke, and *Cnemon* wine:
The Greeke began, and ſaid; O graue Diuine,
Bid one, I pray, come take away the boord;
For now is time that you performe your word.
I will (quoth he) and would good *Nauſicles*
Were here to heare the tale, but *Mitranes*
Hath drawen him out on hunting; oft he pray'd
Me tell the ſame, and ſtill I him delay'd.
The Greeke had heard, and ſtartled-at the name
Of *Nauſicles*, and askt what was the game
They went to chaſe: of beaſts (quoth he) the worſt,
That call'd are men, of all good men accurſt.
They liue by ſpoyle, we hardly can them take;
For, for their den they keepe a noyſome Lake.
What haue they done? quoth hee: ſurpris'd a guirle,
Which he eſteem'd aboue or gold or pearle,
An Attick-borne, which well could play and ſing;
He meant preſent her to th' *Abiſſen* King;
His Queene to wait-on, hoping (in regard
She was a Greeke, ſo taught) for great reward,
As wont be giu'n there: *Thisbe* was her name.
O Gods! quoth he; and cloſely paſt the quame,
To heare the reſt: and vnperceiued ſaid,
What force of Armes hath *Nauſicles*, what aid
For ſuch emprize? He told him *Mitranes*,
A Leader vnder Lord *Orondates*,
The Kings Lieutenant there, with horſe and foot
For ſome good ſummes of money's hir'd to doo't.
And I ſo counſail'd; for my minde me gaue,
I might ſome newes thence of my children haue.
O Sir (quoth *Cnemon*) I had nigh forgot,
Thus led along by your entiſing plot,
To put y'in minde of promiſe; what is this
To that, I pray? and th'old man ſaid, it is

To that you askt me laſt; and now to that
You moſt deſire I come: but firſt ſomewhat,
To make the matter cleere, I muſt premiſe,
And of my ſelfe, on whom that ſtorie lyes.
In *Memphis* borne of father *Calaſire*,
Whoſe name and office (he that ſhall enquire,
May finde) I had, and *Iſis* miniſter
Was long therein, though now a wanderer.
Wife had by Citi's, loſt by Natures heſt:
When ſhe from body went t'another reſt,
My life I led awhile without anoyes,
My ſelfe delighting with two pleaſing boyes
I had by her: at length it thus befell;
Here came from *Thrace* (to me may ſeeme from hell)
A wanton Peece, nor ouer young nor old,
Of woman kinde, ſo tiſing and ſo bold;
That ſhe to Temple came, and at her heeles,
A traine of ſeeming Maids as ſmug as Eeles.
Thus once ſhe told me, from Philoſophee
I can your ſchollers draw; you none fro mee:
And I reply'd, 'tis eaſier to ſpill,
Than make the man: your draught is downe the hill,
A broad and eaſie way to vice; but I
Them vpward driue to vertue lodg'd on high.
Yet, after this, I bluſh to tell, but will;
Though long reſiſting that entiſing ill,
I faint at length, and leſt I place profane,
(Twice marrie may not Metropolitane)
I rather choſe obſeruing holy Lawes
My ſelfe t'abſent, pretending other cauſe;
To ſee my *Thyamis*, mine eldeſt ſon,
Which with his Grand-mother at *Thebes* won.
That name againe made *Cuemon* muſe, but let
Th'old man ſay-on, to heare what iſſue ſet.
Beſides (quoth he) the Goddeſſe whom I ſerue
Me told my fate, from which I could not ſwerue:

My ſonnes, by ſome diſaſter waxen lewd,
Should fall at odds, and into deadly fewd.
The ſight whereof t'auoid, I further went,
And puniſhed my ſelfe with baniſhment.
The mid-time of my trauell will I balke,
As not concerning this whereof we talke.
When I at *Thebes* heard how great a fame
There ran of *Delphos*, and *Apollo's* name,
I long to ſee't, and landing at the *Cirrhe*
In *Criſſie* Gulph, ere I the Towne came neere,
Of voyce diuine me thought I heard the ſound,
And worſhipped, and kiſt that holy ground:
The place is ſuch indeed, quoth *Cnemon* then;
For right the ſame my father told me, when
He had been Legate there from *Athens* ſent,
To meet in graue *Heptarchie-Parlament.*
And are you then *Athenian*, quoth he;
What name, I pray Sir? *Cnemon* call they me;
And of my ſtate I tell you ſhall anon;
Now (pray) with that you haue begun, goe on.
Then he; deuoutly to the Templ' I come,
And aske, and anſwer get, thus much in ſumme:
*From fruitfull banke of Nile why do'ſt thou flie,*
*T'auoyd the ſtrong deſigne of Deſtinie?*
*Endure; int' Ægypt ſhortly will I ſend thee,*
*And there, in all that is to come, befriend thee.*
And they that heard it, ſtanding neere in place,
Said, ſince *Lycurgus*, no man had the grace
To be ſo welcom'd: and forth-with they all
Well entertaine me; ſtill their friend me call,
And friend to that their God; ſo well prouide me
Of common purſe, that nothing is deni'd me.
In temple-cloſe I lodg'd was nigh the grieſt,
And grew acquaint with *Charicles* the Prieſt:
Who told me many things, and askt me ſome;
As whence thoſe ouer-flouds of *Nilus* come;

Who

Who made th'enormous great *Pyramides*;
Of *Crocodiles, Ichneumons, Oſtridges*;
And of the two-legg'd-winged Dragon, ſeene
To ſwim and flie the riuer banks betweene,
From out of *Arabie*; which he thought was
The right, not that which wings and foure feet has.
And much the like: then I, Sir, how come you
To know our parts ſo well? to tell you true
(Quoth he) I trauell'd th'row them many a mile
To *Catadupe*, and Cataracts of *Nile*:
And as in Citie walking on a ſeaſon,
I bought that was with us in Greece moſt geaſon,
Againſt returne, a man of comely port,
Though blacke, and ſpeaking Greeke, as aft'r a ſort,
Me met, ſaluted courteouſly, and pray'd
A word with me, and in the Temple ſaid;
I ſaw you (Sir) buy many drugs to day,
Some *Abiſſine*, and ſome of *India*;
What I ſhall ſhew you, bee't with your good leaue,
And buy of mee; I will you not deceiue.
I will, let's ſee, quoth I: Nor doe you grutch
(Quothe he) to giue: Quoth I, nor aske you much.
And ſo from vnder's arme a casket drew,
With many precious ſtones, greene, red, and blue;
And oyly-ſhining pearle, as big as peaſe,
All perfit round, of South-Eaſt Indies ſeas;
When I beheld them dazled were mine eyes,
And (Sir) I ſaid in vaine ſhould I them prize;
Goe ſeeke a fitter chapman, if you pleaſe,
For all I haue will not buy one of theſe.
If you ne buy them can (quoth he) yet take them;
That can yee doe; and I your owne will make them.
I cannot ſet (quoth I) ſo great a reſt,
Nor take this gift: but why ſo doe you ieſt?
I doe not ieſt, beleeue me (Sir) quoth he;
But am in earneſt: hereby ſhall you ſee:

Theſe all I giue you, ſo be that you pleaſe
Take one thing more, more worth than are all theſe.
I laught, he askt me why; at ieſt you make
To promiſe more (quoth I) if all I take.
I ſweare the gift (quoth he) but ſweare ye to
To vſe it well: and for ſuch hope, I doe.
Then with his right hand by the left he takes me,
And leads me home t'his houſe, and welcome makes me:
And ſhewes m'a faire one, putting off her masket,
More worth than all the Iewels in his casket.
He ſaid ſhe was no more than ſeu'n yeere ould,
But I no leſſe than twice ſeu'n gheſſe her could,
And fit for husband: beautie rare (I deeme)
Makes little Ladies often taller ſeeme.
I ſtood amaz'd, aſwell at that was done,
As what I ſaw. He thus againe begunne.
This daintie guirle, her mother, for ſome drift
You ſhall hereafter know, her left to ſhift
With fickle Fortune, wrapt in cradle-bands;
I chance to finde and take her in my hands,
And ſaue her life; for our *Gymnoſophiſts*,
When ſoule of man hath entred fleſhie liſts,
Hold that it ought in no wiſe be neglected,
But as the life of man, by man protected;
Beſides I ſaw, as 'twere, a beame diuine,
When ſhe beheld me, ſhoot forth of her eyne:
About her lay this heape of precious ſtones,
And ſilke with letters wrought, which for the nones
(I thinke) were done to proue another day
Whoſe th'Infant was, and hidden truth bewray.
When I them read, I ſaw well whoſe ſhe was,
Yet vnto Shepherds nurſing let her paſſe;
And kept the reſt, for feare that for the pray
The childe might afterward be made away.
And while ſhe was but verie ſmall, I count
Her hidden ſafe: but flours of beautie mount,

And ſuch as this apace; that vnder ground
(I thinke) though hid, would breake forth and be found.
Thus though awhile I had it well conceal'd,
I feare it would by ſelfe light be reueal'd;
So hurt it ſelfe and me. Then ſuit I make
To be int'Ægypt ſent, and her I take
Along with me; and now in this Embaſſage
I hope to finde for her ſome better paſſage;
And eu'n by you, Sir, whom this many a day
I well obſerue: and take her you, I pray,
With all her dowrie, ſwearing firſt to me,
You will her keepe, and marrie well, as free.
But now no more, my buſineſſe cals me hence,
This King to day appoints me audience.
In *Iſis* Fane to morrow will I tell you
The reſt of her, and ſo with her farewell you.
I take her home, and on the morrow went,
To know the reſt; but he away was ſent
With threats for haſte; becauſe he came to claime
A mine of Errands for the *Melchuſaim*,
*Hydaſpes* King of either *Blackmoreland*;
Then I, (becauſe I could not vnderſtand
Who, whence ſhe was, and of what parents borne,
That had thereafter liſtned ſo beforne)
With diſcontent retire: I cannot blame
Him (then quoth *Cnemon*) for I feele the ſame:
But what he further ſaid, quoth *Calaſire*,
Now ſhall I tell, and make you much admire.
When I came in (thus ſaid my *Charicles*)
At ſight of her my heart had preſent eaſe:
In *Catadup* no longer dare I ſtay;
But homeward downe the *Nile* make haſte away.
And here ſhe now is with me, counted mine,
And beares my name: and doth in all encline
T'obey me like her father (ſo ſhe takes me)
But of a husband will not heare (that makes me

Full, full of care) and yet in beautie exceeds
All maids of *Greece*, which emulation breeds:
For ſtrangers here as well as Greekes admire her;
And many Suitors, men of worth, deſire her.
She ſaith ſhe will *Diana* follow ſhe,
And hunting with her ſtill a Maiden be:
With bow and ſhaft full well can hit the marke;
But vnto *Cupids* bow would neuer harke.
I thought beſtow her on my ſiſters ſonne,
A proper man; but nothing can be done;
In vaine is all my care and labour ſpent;
So ſtrongly ſhe maintains her ſaid intent,
And moſt with reaſons ſometime heard of mee,
In commendation of Virginitee:
Now I beſeech you (Sir) helpe what you may:
To talke with her ſhe will not you ſay nay,
Nor any worthy man: ſhe courteous is,
And opportunitie you cannot miſſe:
In Temple-cloſe, as 'twere in houſe the ſame,
Now liuing both: me helpe maintaine my name;
For husband worthy long ſhe ſhall not tarrie;
Pray, you perſwade her what you can to marrie;
Left, wanting whom to leaue-to mine eſtate,
I lead my latter dayes diſconſolate.
So ſaid he (*Cnemon*) ſhedding teares, and I
Him promiſe helpe, and weepe for company.
While thus we talke, a ſolemne Embaſie
Of *Achillæans* came to him; and I,
When he had told me what they were, deſire
To ſee the principall; (he came t'enquire
Of *Charicles* the Prieſt for furtherance,
And what ſo might their Sacrifice aduance)
Let call him in (quoth he) and then came in
The goodli'ſt youth among them e're had bin:
*Achilles*-like in portlineſſe and face,
And ſhew of courage with more louely grace.

Vs he ſaluted, we him reſalute:
And Sir (quoth he to *Charicles*) impute
No fault to me; for haſte I muſt the Rite,
That all the pompe may well come in ere night.
Goe then, quoth *Charicles*, and to me ſaid,
If not before, now ſhall you ſee the Maid.
For ſhe, *Diana's* ſeruant, muſt attend
This Sacrifice, from time it gin to th'end.
Now (*Cnemon*) I had ſeene the Maid before,
And with her miniſtred; and of the lore
Sh'hath askt me many points; now held my peace
To ſee the ſequele: here our talke we ceaſe,
And goe to Templ'; as all things were before
Made ready, when the Chiefe came in at dore.
We come to th'Altar, and with Prieſt his leaue,
Begins the young man oriſon conceiue.
By ſecret ſlight ſome cunning Prieſts will make
*Diana's* Image, and *Apollo's* ſhake:
And call it pious fraud: but thus thinke I,
Truth has no need helpt-out to be with lye.
For when came forth *Diana's* gallant Maid
With virgin traine, thus *Pythia* plainly ſaid:
*The youngeſt he and ſhe, that here attends*
*In Prieſtly Rite, ſhall haue their wiſhed ends:*
*By ſea and land, by warre and tempeſt toſt,*
*Shall come at length to hot Sun-parched coaſt,*
*For vertues due reward; and there allight,*
*Their tanned temples crowne with Turban white.*
This Oracle not one of that Repaire
Could vnderſtand, and leaſt of all the faire,
That had no tanned temples, could be thought
Deſign'd thereby. But when the thing is wrought,
Then propheeies and dreames are vnderſtood;
Then ſhewes the face, before kept vnder hood.

*Finis Libri ſecundi.*

# THE Faire AEthiopian.

ALL other pompe to tell (quoth *Calasire*)
I ouerpasse, and for you most desire,
To know how bore themselues that solemne day
*Theagenes* and his *Chariclia*;
Though yet not his; when he came forth, what ere
Was seene before, is thought not worth a peare.
The gallant mounted on a Dapple-gray,
In shining rich attire reuiu'd the day,
As Sunne broke out of cloud; his abron haire
Wau'd vp and downe with *Æols* gentlest aire.
Of purple veluet was his cloake, and wrought
With gold, how *Lapiths* with the *Centaurs* fought.
The Buckle-brooch thereof in fine Obryze
Had *Pallas* wrought with faire sky-colour'd eyes
Of Saphyr bright: her brest is couered
With stone-to-turning shield of *Gorgons* head.
Then in his hand the steely-pointed lance
So well became him; when he gan to prance,
(Helme had he none, his cheerely face to cloud)
I thought the horse was of the rider proud;
So wantonly to right, to left he flings,
And neighing, snorting, yerking, trots the rings:
Foot after foot then on the grasse he stamps,
And golden bit with teeth all-foamy champs:
Now this, now that way, fore and backward flyes,
With prick-eare, tost-vp head and rowling eyes;

With

With many a ſhort curuet, and loftie bound,
So daintie trampling, as he ſcorn'd the ground;
At length on tip-hoofe ſtriking for a ſpace,
His fierceneſſe moderates with pleaſant pace:
So horſe to man, and man to horſe complies,
Not two, but one, they ſeeme to fall and riſe.
Amaz'd were all at him, and women kinde,
That could not hide th'affections of their minde,
Caſt many fauours at him mouing mirth,
And all him thought the goodlieſt thing on earth.
But when, like roſie-finger'd morning-ſhine,
Came faire *Chariclia* from *Diana's* ſharine;
*Theagenes*, how euer they commend him,
Himſelfe and they confeſſe ſhe goes beyend him.
And yet (well dare I ſay) no further ſure,
Then doth a womans beautie more allure.
In purple ſilke to foot, orecaſt with lawne,
She rode in Coach with two white oxen drawne,
As there the ſtate is; gold and precious ſtone,
From thicker garment th'row the thinner ſhone.
Two Serpents made of gold, enamell'd blew,
With tailes entangled from her ſhoulders drew
Each t'other ſide, cloſe vnder either arme,
And re-entangled, as it were by charme,
Some place they ſeeke, wherein to take their reſt,
And met, and hung their heads below her breſt:
And this her girdle was; they ſeeme full deepe
Enchanted by the virgin pap to ſleepe.
Her amber haire nor all bound-vp, nor yet
All hanging looſe, aboue with Coronet
Of Laurell tide is (leſt the winde it raiſe)
And vnderneath vpon her ſhoulder playes.
Below the right a perled quiuer hung
With ſiluer ſhafts, nor ouer ſhort nor long;
Her left hand held a gilden bow, her right
A golden canſticke with wax taper light.

And eu'ry man her then beholding cryes,
How brighter than the taper been her eyes!
Then *Cnemon* ſuddenly burſt-out; O theſe
Are true *Chariclia*, true *Theagenes.*
And *Calaſiris* ſaid, I pray now where?
As thinking *Cnemon* had eſpi'd them there.
Your ſpeech, quoth he, ſo brought them me to minde,
As if I ſaw them. You ſhall neuer finde
The like, quoth *Calaſire*, I ſpeake it bold,
Sun neuer ſince did ſuch a paire behold.
The man and wife like him and her that bee,
May thinke t'haue gotten immortalitee.
But come to point; when all the beaſts were ſlaine
For ſacrifice, ſome of the leaders traine,
Appointed thereunto, forthwith deſire
*Apollo's* Prieſt begin, and tind the fire
Vpon his Altar; *Charicles* then ſaid,
The Leader ſelfe muſt from *Diana's* Maid
The burning taper take, and fire the wood;
Mine office was to poure the wine and blood:
And ſo he did. Then came *Theagenes*
To fetch the taper: now (Sir, if you pleaſe)
By way obſerue the ſoules diuinitee
In paſſage following, as ſeemes to me:
For, when each other firſt they gan behould,
They paus'd a while, as if they thought they ſhould
Each other know. So minde and minde alike,
Though not acquainted, ſoone together ſtrike:
As two quick-ſiluer drops each other nigh
Can hardly ſtand, but ſoone together flie.
With more aſſured countenance yet ſhe
That holy candle gaue, than tooke it he.
A little ſmile they both, and bluſh the while,
As if they were aſham'd be ſeene to ſmile;
And after pale, now all the face, now part,
Declare th'affection had poſſeſt their heart.

And ſtill their count'nance alter'd, and their eyes,
In ſuch a ſort as troubled minde implyes.
Which none ſo markt as I, who nothing there
Had elſe to doe, and, what was ſaid whilere
By th'Oracle, now thought-on: ſo remain'd,
When he the taper taking was conſtrain'd
To leaue the Virgin, nothing elſe to doe
But complement, and fire the wood, and goe
To banquet with his Achillæan Peeres;
And ſhe to chamber preſently reteeres;
Puts-off her robes, and puts-on oth'r attire;
Not dwelling now with her ſuppoſed Sire,
For only feare of his importunance
To worke in her from purpoſe variance.
Now grew I curious marking what had paſt,
And *Charicles* to meet of purpoſe caſt;
And haue you ſeene (quoth he) my ioy to day,
Yea *Delphos* ioy and mine, *Chariclia*?
Giue father leaue to dote on daughters face:
Pray, how d'ye like her? did ſhe ſomewhat grace
The ſolemne ſhew? You aske as much, quoth I,
As if the Moone doe ſomewhat grace the skie.
I'me going to her, quoth he; goe with mee,
And how ſhe doth, now all is paſt, let's ſee:
Leſt any hurt ſhe tooke amid the croud,
Or by the peoples roaring out ſo loud.
I gladly yeelded, making yet a ſhow
Of other things neglect, with him to goe.
When there we come, we finde her ſicke a bed;
She ſaith ſhe cannot ſleepe for paine in head.
But well did I obſerue, at this ſurpriſe,
Her broken ſpeeches, and her loue-ſicke eyes;
Her father did not: He giues ſtraight command
They make no noiſe about her, then by th'hand
He leads m'abroad, and ſaith, What thinke you (friend)
Of her ſo ſudden change at one hours end?

In ſuch a preaſe (quoth I) or in, or out,
Some glance of eye bewitcht her hath, no doubt.
You then belike, in ieſting wiſe quoth he,
And ſmil'd therewith, beleeue that ſuch there be.
I doe, quoth I, and, as I thought to proue
The like by reaſon, both in hate and loue;
Comes one in haſte (he ſeem'd well ſoak'd in wine)
And ſaith, My maſters meane you not to dine?
You ſeeme as ſlow, as if to battell preſt
You rather were, than bid to ſuch a feaſt.
And this the ba-ba-braue *Theagenes*
In honour makes of *Neaptolemes*.
This man (quoth *Charicles*) doth ſo inuite vs,
As if to dinner he would driue and ſmite vs:
W'had beſt be gone. You doe but ieſt (quoth I)
But let vs goe indeed, intending why.
And when we came, he *Charicles* doth place
The next him-to, and for his ſake me grace.
To paſſe the reſt, this youth behau'd himſelfe,
As well-became Embaſſadour to *Delph*.
Nor ſpake, nor lookt, as loue-ſicke one, but ſtriyve
Vnt'all his gueſts good entertaine to giue
With cheerly countenance: but I could ſee
How aft'r a ſigh he fained a merrie glee,
Was ſad ſometime, yet would himſelfe recall,
And into ſundrie changes eaſly fall.
For *Bacchus*-like is *Cupid*, ſome men thinke;
And Drinkers ſoone will loue; and Louers drinke.
This *Charicles* perceiu'd, and ſofily twitcht
Me by the ſleeue, and ſaid, Hath eye bewitcht
This gallant too? Quoth I, we may't inferre;
For who excell'd but he, next after her?
He drunke a health vnt'all, at length to me;
I thankt, but pledg'd him not, and thereat he
Seem'd diſcontent; me *Charicles* excus'd,
And ſaid, drinke wine th'Ægyptian Prieſt not vs'd.

He now perceiuing what I was, and whence,
Me more eſteem'd, and ſet aſide offence.
And, glad as one that had a treaſure found
Vpon a ſudden, hidden in the ground,
To me againe he drunke in water cleere,
And ſaid (Graue father) let our meeting here,
And this carouſe in that you fancie beſt,
Confirme our loue, and ſetl'it faſt in breſt.
Content, moſt noble Prince (quoth I) for ſo
Was my deſire: therewith we riſe and goe.
When home I came, I ſo began to thinke
On theſe affaires, I covld not ſleepe a winke:
But ſtudied ſtill what meant the latter part
Of th'Oracle, and found it paſt mine Art.
Now neere on midnight (wheth'r I wakt, or ſlept,
I cannot tell; bur ſure I am I wept,
Becauſe I found not out the myſterie)
This viſion had I from our Deitee:
*Apollo* with *Diana* came; and he
*Theagenes* me brought, *Chariclia* ſhe;
And told me time was now I ſhould retire
To natiue ſoyle: and ſaid, O *Calaſire*,
Now time is come, and Deſtinie commands:
Then take theſe two (and put them to my hands)
Int'Ægypt with you, neuer truſt deceiue;
But keepe and guide them as the Gods giue leaue.
Glad was I *(Cnemon)* ſo much more to know,
That homeward now I with theſe two ſhould goe:
But how my *Charicles* ſhould be depriu'd,
And our departure handſomely contriu'd,
I could not ſee; *When Gods will haue thing done*
*They tender meanes*; This while I thought vpon,
At breake-aday one at my portall knockt,
And when my ſeruant had the doore vnlockt;
Who ſhould it be, but ſelfe *Theagenes!*
My troubled minde me thought then felt ſome eaſe;

I thought (and likely 'twas) that when he knew
I was a Gypſie, not of common crew,
But Prieſt of *Memphis*; that he thought I might
In loue ſo faithfull helpe to doe him right;
And therefore came: we kindly conſalute,
And on my bed he ſate a while as mute.
What makes my Lord (quoth I) thus early riſe?
And why to me? he wip'd his loue-ſicke eyes,
And ſaid, O father, neuer ſtood I more
I need of helpe. When I him askt, wherefore?
He bluſht and held his peace: I ſaw my time
To play the *Gypſie*, and thus began to trie him.
What you conceale (quoth I) and tell me doubt,
I ſhall by cunning Gypſie-skill finde out:
And ſmiling raiſ'd my ſelfe, and counters tooke
Betwixt my fingers, nought to numb'r, and looke
As one poſſeſt, and wiſtly them remoue
From place to place, and ſay, my ſon's in loue.
He ſtart thereat; but when I further ſaid,
In loue (I ſay) and with *Diana's* Maid;
He thought indeed I ſpoke with Pow'r Diuine,
And me to worſhip gan himſelfe encline:
Which I forbad him; but ſome teares he ſhed,
And ſoftly ſtroakt my beard, and kiſt my head;
At length burſt-out in theſe; yet am I glad,
And thanke the Gods, that (looke) what hope I had,
It failes me not; and pray'd me ſaue his life,
And helpe to make this goodly Nymph his wife:
And ſaid he was a dead man elſe, and ſwore
He neuer woman knew, or lou'd before.
And wept as 'twere for griefe it ſhould be ſaid,
So ſtout a man was conquer'd by a Maid.
I comfort him, and feare not, ſay, my boy;
Wee'll ouercome her, be ſhe ne're ſo coy;
So you be rul'd; he ſaid, th'row ſword and fire
He would obey his father *Calaſire*:

And promiſ'd me reward, his whole eſtate.
As thus we talke, one raps hard at my gate,
And prayes me come with ſpeed to *Charicles*,
Now in the Temple gone about t'appeaſe
*Apollo's* wrath, for ſome vnpleaſing ſight,
And fearfull dreame that he hath had to night.
So more in hope departs *Theagenes*,
And glad I ſent-for was by *Charicles*.
I ſad and ſighing finde him, aske him why:
O deereſt friend (quoth he) this night had I
Moſt ſtrange and fearfull dreames, and my *Charic*
(The reſt a ſob cut off) continues ſicke.
Now ſhortly run our youth in armes, and ſhe,
*Diana's* Nymph ſhould their torch-holder be.
To keepe our cuſtome, helpe and vſe your skill,
In this I know you can doe what you will.
Vncharme that eye that ſo bewitcht my guirle,
And wee'll reward you both in gold and pearle.
I muſt confeſſe 'twas yet forgot (quoth I)
And time you muſt afford me, both t'apply
And make the med'cine; yea, the Maid you muſt
Perſwade well of me, that ſhe may me truſt.
I will (quoth he) and come now let's goe to her.
No ſooner entred at her chamber doore;
But I her ſickneſſe read could in her face:
Her colour's gone, her all-delighting grace
With pearly ſhow'r allay'd; yet when ſhe ſaw
Vs two, of whom ſhe ſtood ſo much in awe,
Sate vp, compos'd her ſelfe, began t'aduance,
And call againe her former countenance.
Then *Charicles* her oft embracing kiſt,
And ſaid, What ailes mine only childe? what is't
Hath wrought this change in you? and why conceale you
This hurt from me, who may deuiſe to heale you?
Ha' cheere my guirle, and be no whit diſmaid,
This reu'rend Father promiſeth his aid:

To

To cure your ſickneſſe hold him th'only man;
For, if he will doe what he can, he can.
She nothing ſaid; but made vs well conceiue,
By ſigne, ſhe yeelded: ſo we tooke our leaue.
And *Charicles* me pray'd along the way
To thinke vpon't, and make no more delay:
Eſpecially to worke in her a minde,
To loue a man, as ought all woman-kinde.
I made him anſwer, ſuch as well him pleaſ'd,
'Tis nothing hard to cure one ſo diſeaſ'd.

*Finis Libri tertii.*

THE

# THE Faire AEthiopian.

THe Pythian games are paſt, and now begun
The day wherein the Gallants armed run.
And *Cupid* Preſident of all the ſport,
Will ſhew, by theſe two, greateſt his effort.
All Greece lookt-on, with City-Iudges ſeauen;
A Heraulds voyce, that ſeem'd to rend the Heauen,
Was heard: *Come forth, O yee that meane to pace*
*So ſwift in armes.* At farre-end of the race
Appear'd *Chariclia* like a morning Star;
As loth her abſence ſhould the cuſtome bar,
Or (as I thinke) becauſe, more for her eaſe,
She thought ſhe might there ſee *Theagenes.*
A torch in left, a Palme ſhe held in right,
And her-vpon ſtraight all men caſt their ſight:
But firſt *Theagenes*; for, *Loue entire*
*Is quicke to ſpie that is his moſt deſire*;
And he had time to marke, that heard whilere
What ſhould be done; then whiſper'd me i'th'eare
(Of purpoſe next me ſet) 'tis ſhee, 'tis ſhee:
I bid him peace; then comming forth we ſee
A Gallant armed point-deuis, that high
Of ſpirit ſeem'd, and no man would him trie;
So known he was, and had ſo great a name,
For winning alwayes, when he ran, the game.
The Iudges ſend him backe; nor might they giue
The garland him, that had not for it ſtriv'e.

He then obtain'd it might proclaimed be,
And 'tis, come who ſo will: He calleth me,
Then ſaith *Theagenes.* How now, quoth I,
Will you aduenture ſuch a ieopardie?
It ſhall be ſo (quoth he) nor will I ſtand
To ſee another from *Chariclia's* hand
For running ſwift reward of conqueſt beare.
But loſſe (quoth I) and ſhame I wiſh you feare.
You ſay full well, quoth he; but this believe;
*Who nought will vndertake, ſhall nought achieue.*
And, were this Challenger as ſwift as Larke,
He could not me out-run at ſuch a marke.
With many men in this kinde had I ſtrife,
But neuer was out-ran in all my life;
And Ione hath wings: ſo ſaid, and downe he leapt,
And forward on the Plaine full nimbly ſtept;
His name and country told, and tooke his place.
Was arm'd, and ſtood all ready for the race.
The people ſhout at th'vnexpected part,
And wiſh him well; *So moueth eu'rie heart*
*The comely perſon:* but the Ladies moſt.
I markt *Chariclia* how ſhe clear'd the coaſt
With Sun-bright eye, the Cryer hearing name
What were the men that entred for the game:
To wit, the ſtout *Ormene* of *Arcady,*
And braue *Theagenes* of *Theſſaly:*
Nor could ſhe keepe her lookes with all her Art,
So mou'd ſhe was: at trumpet ſound they ſtart,
And cheeke by cheeke on ſudden paſſing-by
So ſwiftly ran, they ſeeme not run, but flie.
How did her panting heart then ſhake her ſeet!
How did ſhe ſtirre by fits her hands and feet!
As if her ſpirit with his body ran
To helpe him run. And now did eu'rie man,
And moſt my ſelfe, with care expect th'euent;
With him as with a ſonne my wiſhes went.

No maruell (*Cnemon* ſaid) if ſo't affect
The lookers-on; for I with care expect
That doe but hear't; and quickly tell m'I pray,
If our *Theagenes* there got the day.
The day (quoth I) yes, and deſeru'd the night:
For paſſing *Ormen*-by, as 'twere a flight,
And, faining at ſome ſtone his foot to clap,
Of purpoſe fell, but fell iuſt in her lap.
And when he tooke the Palme, I could perceiue
He cloſely kiſt her hand, and with her leaue.
But ſhe went home now ſicker than before;
This ſecond enterview enflam'd her more;
As fuell twice at fire: and I that night
Could take no reſt, for thinking on our flight.
I ſaw 'tas meant by ſea (*by ſea and land*,
Said th'Oracle) but whither, t'vnderſtand,
I muſt goe learne of that embroydred ſilke,
Left with her when ſhe left her mothers milke;
Which had, but vnderſtood not, *Charicles*:
To him I goe; but finde him litl'at eaſe.
How fare you man, quoth I; he wept amaine,
And ſaid (alas) my daught'r is more in paine.
Both you and all the reſt (quoth I) depart;
And leaue m'alone with her, to proue mine Art.
A three-foot ſtoole me ſet, and bayes withall,
Perfume, and fire; and come not till I call.
'Tis done, and I, now hauing time to play
My Gypſie part, perfume and waue the Bay
Now here, now there, and o're her face and feet:
She wagg'd her head at me, and ſmil'd to ſee't;
And ſaid (good father) doe not ſo deceiue
Your ſelfe in me: then (Lady) by your leaue,
(Quoth I, and left my tricks, and ſat her neere)
I know't full well; but be you of good cheere;
A rife diſeaſe it is, and eaſly cur'd,
Some eye bewitching hath your heart allur'd,

And put you to ſome paine two dayes before;
But, ſince you ſaw the race, a great deale more.
I gheſſe the man, and ſaw him caſt that eye,
The ſwift *Theagenes* of *Theſſaly*.
Whe'r he me hurt, or not, I wiſh him good,
Quoth ſhe, what is he? Of *Achilles* blood
They ſay, quoth I; and ſo may well be thought,
By face, and ſtature; beautie, and ſpirit haught.
But only that he ſeemes more gentl'and milde,
As if a friend might rule him like a childe.
And hath (I warrant) tooke more hurt than done,
By glance at you; and, if he were my ſonne,
So could I wiſh: Alacke (quoth ſhe) and why?
He hurt me not at all, good Sir; but my
Diſeaſe has other cauſe: Yet thanke I you
(Good father) for ſo ſuffring with me now.
If other cauſe (quoth I) my guirle, reueale it;
And from your father neuer long conceale it.
*Diſeaſe like new-ſet plant is; quickly taken,*
*With eaſe plucke-vp; but rooted, hardly ſhaken.*
A fathers loue I beare you, and your father
Hath put m'in truſt; O therefore then the rather,
What ere it be impart, I vow and ſweare
To keepe your couſalle, and effect what ere.
Hereat ſhe paus'd a while, and in her face
Had many changes, all with prettie grace
Declaring doubtfull minde: then ſaid, I pray,
(I cannot yet reſolue) forbeare to day:
And after, what it is (if by your ſpell
You know it not before) I ſhall you tell.
I roſe, and *yeelded (as ought yeelded bee)*
*A time to baſhfull Maidens modeſtee.*
Yet take my leaue as men of women vſe;
Soone after meet with *Charicles*: what newes?
Quoth he; all well, quoth I; and eu'n to morrow
She ſhall be rid of all her griefe and ſorrow.

Nay

Nay more I tell you; ſhe intends a deed
Will giue you great content, and that with ſpeed.
And ne'rtheleſſe I wiſh you counſaile take
Of ſome Phyſitian, ſafer all to make.
If further cauſe be, call me to my taske,
So part to th'end he then no more ſhould aske.
And walking homeward meet *Theagenes*
In Temple-cloſe: it did his heart ſome eaſe
To ſee but where ſhe dwelt; I paſſe beſide,
As not perceiuing him, then oh he cri'de,
Good *Calaſire!* the verie man I ſought.
I ſudden turn'd, as ſomewhat elſe I thought,
And ſaid, O braue *Theagenes!* how braue,
Quoth he, that can of her no fauour haue?
Ah will you ſtill (quoth I) miſtruſt mine Art,
Which haue ſo well already plaid my part;
Which haue her ouercome, and made her loue yee?
As, if you ſtand in doubt ſtill, I ſhall proue yee.
Y'are th'only man whom ſhe deſir's to ſee.
Then he, what, what? why longer tarrie wee?
And going was apace, till by the cloke
I pull'd him backe, and thus vnto him ſpoke.
Nay ſtay a while, good youth; though as a Son
Of great *Achilles*, verie ſwift you run;
*The time in counſaile ſpent is neuer waſte*;
And this no worke is to be done in haſte.
Her father chiefe man is of all the *Delph:*
Why, then (quoth he) let's goe vnto himſelfe,
And for his daughter pray him giue conſent;
I truſt it ſhall be no diſparagement.
But he (quoth I) her promis'd long agoe
T'his ſiſters ſonne. It ſhall be for his woe,
His woe, quoth he, and little for his eaſe,
Who gets *Charicliafrom Theagenes.*
Nor blunt my ſword is, nor my hand ſo weake.
Good Sir, quoth I, what need you thus to ſpeake?

'Tis better done another way: be wiſe,
And conſaile keeping, doe as I aduiſe.
Be little ſeene with me; our enteruiew
May breed ſuſpect; ſo forc'd he bids m'adiew.
Then *Charicles* came, thankt, embrac'd, and ſaid,
O th'only man to turne deuoted Maid!
This is your Art, and your great wiſdome able:
My guirle is conquer'd, earſt vnconquerable:
She's now in loue. Then I looke big, and ſtrut;
And ſay, though little I gaue, I knew 'twold do't.
But how appeares it? you (quoth he) vs bid
Phyſitians counſaile aske; and ſo we did.
When they came in, ſhe turning to the wall,
As if ſhe minded not, or ſcorn'd them all,
That verſe of *Homer* ſung with dewie cheekes,
*O great Achilles, chiefeſt of the Greekes.*
The wiſe *Aceſtin* (ſure you know the man)
Her caught by th'hand, the malady to ſcan,
And by the pulſe her troubled heart bewray'd;
Then vnto me (good *Charicles*) he ſaid,
In vaine you call vs; this is no diſeaſe,
Whereof our phyſicke can the fits appeaſe.
O Gods, quoth I; and muſt I loſe my deare
And only guirle! Peace you (quoth he) and heare:
So call'd m'aſide, and ſoftly told me thus,
The body, not the minde, is cure for vs:
She's ſicke in minde; ſhe loues, and only he,
That made her ſicke, will beſt Phyſitian be.
So went his way: and I ſtraight hither ran
To you my beſt Director for the man:
I would it were *Alcamenes* my lad,
Whom for her husband I appointed had.
'Twere good (quoth I) to try, and let him go
To viſit her: he ſaid it ſhould be ſo,
And thankt me for th'aduice: and yet e're noone
The next day met m'and cry'd, I am vndone:

My

My daughter's mad; I ſent as you aduiſ'd
*Alcamenes*, and him ſhe ſo deſpiſ'd,
And turn'd away-from ſhreeking, as the ſight
Of *Gorgons* head had put her in affright:
Nay, threat with cord to make her ſelfe away,
Except we left her ſuddenly that day.
'Twas time to goe: but now, good *Calaſire*,
Proceed t'accompliſh that which I require,
And make her leane to loue. I doubt (quoth I)
Leſt ſome malignant counter-ſorcerie
Be wrought vpon the ſilken ſcarffe you ſaid
Was with her Iewels by that Infant laid.
Forthwith he ran and fetcht it me, and ſo
I lookt thereon, and told him, this to know
Requires ſome time; then to my hand he ſped it,
And I went home and all at leiſure readde it.
In letters Æthiopick (not the ſame
Of common ſort, but that the Kings they name,
And verie like the ſacred Characters,
That Prieſts of Ægypt uſe) thus it refers.

*Perſina, wofull Queene of Blackmoreland,*
*This wrote her ſelfe in haſte with trembling hand.*
*I know not how, except by pictures white,*
*Wherewith my King would haue his chamber dight,*
*I brought him forth this white-one: but affraid*
*Of that high crime would to my charge be laid,*
*Ne durſt be known thereof, but ſaid ſhe di'de,*
*And by a truſtie Groome her ſent aſide,*
*To ſaue both her and me from death and ſhame,*
*That hate th' Adultreſſe and the Baſtards name.*
*And now, ſweet Babe, in vaine ſo faire that art,*
*Whereby thy ſelfe and I were like to ſmart,*
*Theſe jewells and this ſwath-band I thee giue,*
*To make thee known, if be thy hap to liue.*
*Which O! and then thinke on thy Pedegree,*
*And like a Princeſſe guard thy chaſtitee:*

Of

*Of all thy jewells this* Pantarbe *ſtone*
*Haue care to keepe; 'tis worth all them alone.*
And more there was in lamentable faſhion
Set downe t'expreſſe a tender mothers paſſion,
Which here I skip: but *(Cnemon)* when I ſaw
The name *Perſina*, ſtrooke I was with awe:
And in my minde were griefe and ioy at ſtrife;
The griefe, to note this faire young Ladies life,
And what ſhe was indeed, and what ſuppoſ'd:
The ioy, to ſee the Prophecie diſcloſ'd.
That now I thought was meet fit ſeaſon watch,
And what I did intend with ſpeed diſpatch.
To her I goe, and finde her all alone,
Nigh ouercome with languiſhing and mone;
Yet ſomewhat cheer'd to ſee me. Then I ſaid,
I now expect the promiſe of a Maid;
Which was to tell me what's you griefe: I pray
Make, if you will haue eaſe, no more delay.
You know my truſt, and that I can it know
Though you conceale: But why ſhould you doe ſo?
She tooke and kiſt my hand, and ſaid, O father,
Then by your wiſdome vnderſtand it rather.
Well then (quoth I) you are not th'only ſhe;
But many braue and vertuous Ladies be
That loue a man: and he that hath you heart
(If any worthy be) hath all deſart.
This, if you marke, may ſet your minde at eaſe;
For what is wanting in *Theagenes*?
But Sir, quoth ſhe, you ſpeake as if 'twere ſure
My father would conſent, and th'other endure
To wooe a Maid. Quoth I, to tell you true,
The man is deeper ſtrooke in loue than you.
Then, as for your ſuppoſed father, he
Wife vnt' *Alcamenes* would haue you be.
*Alcamenes* (quoth ſhe)? firſt let me die:
For, but *Theagenes* will no man I.

But why my father call you ſo, ſuppoſ'd?
Then I that written on the ſilke diſcloſ'd;
And ſhew'd it her, and askt her if ſhe knew't.
She ſaid ſuch-one ſhe had; but he with-drew't,
To lay-vp ſafe, leſt it be worne or ſtain'd:
Yet neuer knew before what it contain'd.
Then vp ſhe lookt with courage void of pride;
With count'nance well aſſur'd, and ſtedfaſt e'yd;
And askt, what's to be done? I tell her how
I was my ſelfe in *Blackmoreland* ere now,
To learne the tongue, and ioyne *Gymnoſophie*
With *Gypſie* skill, and Greeke *Philoſophie*.
And that her fathers Court, without obſtacle,
Of learned men was chiefeſt Receptacle.
That there ſo grew I known to Queene *Perſine*,
And was eſteemed as an Arch-Diuine.
She, when ſhe heard that home returne I ment,
Sent for me, and told me why ſhe for me ſent;
To wit (ſhe durſt but vnt'a ſtranger tell)
A childe ſhe had, which fare it ill or well,
Dead, liuing, where, faine would ſhe know, and pray'd,
That with my skill therein I would her aid.
And told your caſe, and ſaid ſhe could not finde
That any ſuch now liu'd in land of *Inde*;
But made me firſt, to keepe her counſaile, ſweare.
I learne of *Iſis* that you liue, and where.
Your mother then me prayes in any wiſe,
I caſt would how to finde you, and deuiſe
To bring you home: and if you come in heale,
To King *Hydaſpes* ſhe will all reueale,
Now time hath well approu'd her loyaltie;
And, for ſucceſſion of his royaltie,
Glad will he be to finde vnhoped heire,
And doubt not you are his, although ſo faire.
This all I knew, though nothing ſaid, before
I got the ſilke, that might confirme it more.

Then ere against your will *Alcamenes*
Begin to worke, or father *Charicles*,
With vs your Parents, and your countrey ſeeke,
And there be married to this noble Greeke;
Remembring what, of him and of your ſelfe,
Was propheſi'd by th'Oracles of *Delph*.
Then ſith (quoth ſhe) that we this ſhall acheiue,
The Gods declare, you ſay, and I beleiue;
Shew how I pray. I ſay, make you a ſhow
To like *Alcamenes*. Alas you know
'Tis hard, quoth ſhe, to ſeeme loue that I hate,
Or, but *Theagenes*, like any Mate.
Yet, ſith I yeeld me to the Gods and you,
(Suppoſe I could ſo counterfeit) ſay how
I may come-out of danger, once got in.
To that I anſwer'd, care not you a pin:
That leaue me. *Something, ere woman knowes,*
*She boldly doth; but knowing it foreſlowes.*
Comply with *Charicles*, and be not nice:
He will doe nothing without my aduice.
She wept, I left her, met wit *Charicles*,
So ſad, as if his heart had no whit eaſe;
How now! quoth I; you cauſe haue to be glad;
Your daught'rs well, and why are you ſo ſad?
I dreampt (quoth he) that from *Apollo's* hand
An Eagle came and ſnatcht my guirle t'a land
I know not how farre hence; where ſhadowes were
Me thought in ſtead of men. When this I heare,
I knew the meaning; but him tell it thus;
(T'auoid ſuſpect of that was meant by vs)
*Apollo's* Eagle ſignifies that he,
The God, whoſe Prieſt you are, will mindfull be
To ſend her that you wiſh; and, in few words,
A man excelling men, as Eagle birds.
Now marri'd once, ſhe muſt your boſome leaue,
And, till ſhe giue vp ghoſt, vnt' husband cleaue.

For

For that is meant I know by ſhadow of men,
Whereto ſhe goes at length. To blame you then,
To blame you are, yet are you not the firſt,
That of the Gods good meaning make the worſt.
Wherefore apply we to the better ſenſe,
And make her willing with our conference.
My part is done, and now muſt you doe yours.
How, how, I pray? (quoth he) for yet ſhe loues
(As much as can that face, quoth I) to heare
*Alcamenes* is her intended Feere:
If they (quoth I) be faln-out, what attones
A woman more than pearle and precious ſtones?
Such tokens carrie you her in his name;
And if it pleaſe her not, be mine the blame.
He did as I aduiſ'd, and brought her eft
The jewels all that Queene *Perſina* left
Laid-out with her, and ſaid *Alcamenes*
In token of his loue had ſent her theſe.
She plaid her part well, and when this I knew,
'Twas time to giue *Theagenes* his Q.
So did, and while I went to ſacrifice;
Thus me preuenting *Phœbus* did aduiſe:
*Away now ſtrangers call.* And ſome I ſaw,
But knew not, there according to their Law,
When ſome what they had offred, merrie making,
Carouſes filling, emptying, giuing, taking.
And theſe enuite me. There I ſate a while,
And ate, and dranke: then ſaid I with a ſmile,
Sith your enuitement doth me thus embolden,
Pray let me know to whom I am beholden.
We *Tyrians* are, ſaith one, for *Carthage* bound,
With wares of *Blackmore*, and of *Indy* ground:
To morrow meane we plow the bracky Maine,
If winde thus hold, and all together ſayen
To that effect. Then I, yet if you may,
And are content to tarrie but a day,

(No more I craue to ſettle things at *Delph*,
And for the way) Ile be your Fare my ſelfe.
We will, ſay they; for with ſo graue Diuine,
We more ſecurely ſhall paſſe ore the Brine.
I left them ſet then all on merrie pin,
And each with other dancing Matakin;
(Of ſome call'd *Anticke*, as it well may bee,
It ſo preſents old inciuilitee,
With rudely making faces, body wrying;
Now vp, now downe, on this and that ſide prying)
And bid my younglings ready make to go
Next day at cu'n. This night it fell out ſo,
That, ere the ſecond Cocke was heard to crow,
A band of *Theſſall* youths, whereof now know
*Theagenes* was chiefe, gan ſo to rore,
That all the Citie wak'd out of the ſnore
Of ſoundeſt ſleepe: yet no man durſt ariſe,
Affrighted were they ſo with hideous cries,
And clattring armour, ſuch as ſhooke the ground;
And made *Pernaſſus* hill returne the ſound
With doubled eccho: but amid the noyſe,
There comes a troope of theſe vnruly boyes,
Breakes-ope *Chariclia's* doore with many a ſtroke,
(Of purpoſe left ſo, that it might be broke)
And takes the Ladie, litle ſaying nay,
And with her packet carries her away.
The reſt the countrey flie; but he and ſhe,
The louing paire, come hand in hand to me,
Where was appointed: *Saue vs father* crie;
And on her cheekes ran ſudden bluſhing die,
As for a fault. I comfort them, and will
They keepe them there, vnſeene of others, till
I come againe, and going was; but ſhe
Faſt held my cloke, and ſaid, what! leaue you me
With him to keepe? O father, doe not ſo;
'Tis treaſon-like: I will not let you go

Before

Before you make him ſolemnly to ſweare,
That now and euermore he will forbeare
To touch me wantonly, till we be wedde,
And may enioy a lawfull marriage-bed:
Agreed and done. Then I to *Charicles*;
His houſe in tumult finde without appeaſe,
For daughters loſſe. And what ſhould now be done
They cannot tell, though all vnto him runne.
For all the beauteous virgin held ſo deare,
They would reuenge the fact, but know not where.
My maſters then (quoth I) this ſudden fit,
(What?) hath it quite bereft you of your wit?
*Before the rape of Hellen, or Europe,*
*A beauteous Ladie was of war the ſcope.*
Take armes, and follow this vnruly Crew
Of *Theſſall* youths; 'tis they haue wronged you:
And ſpecially that one (friend *Charicles*)
With whom you made m'acquaint, *Theagenes.*
So made them bend their force another way,
While we to ſhip, and on the ſurges play,
From *Delphi* ſafe-conuey'd by this complot:
But what was after done there know I not.

*Finis Libri quarti.*

# THE
# Faire AEthiopian.

NOw let vs reſt a while, though (*Cnemon*) you
Can hold-out well I ſee. Quoth he, nor now
Should I deſire you ſtay; but that I heare
A noiſe below; or me deceiues mine eare.
I cannot heare ſo quicke (quoth *Calaſire*)
Or for mine age, or for my ſet deſire
To tell this ſtorie. But, me thinkes, I ſee
Our Land-lord *Nauſicles* come vp; 'tis hee.
What haue yee done, Sir? *Nauſicles* repli'de,
Far better than we thought: but lookt aſide,
And, ſeeing *Cnemon*, askt what was the man.
A Greeke, quoth *Calaſire*; Hee's welcome than,
Quoth *Nauſicles*; and then ſaid *Calaſire*,
But needs we muſt of your ſucceſſe enquire.
Know now but this, quoth he; that I haue found
A better *Thisbe* than I did propound.
'Tis time to reſt: and ſo he went to bed.
But *Cnemon* lay all night with troubled head,
For name of *Thisbe*; thought in *Gypſiland*
The dead reuiue ſo ſoone; and, t'vnderſtand
The truth, aroſe, and groping in the darke,
At length t'a womans wofull crie doth harke.
And thus ſhe ſaid; O wretched I, that, out
Of Spoylers hands eſcap'd, now had no doubt

T'attaine my libertie, and death acquit
With preſence of my lone; yet faile of it,
A ſlaue become againe. But O that hee
May liue, and keepe himſelfe from bondage free,
And ſometime on his *Thisbe* thinke! for ſo
Now muſt he call me whe'r he will or no.
These words ſtrooke *Cnemon* in ſo ghaſtly feare,
That all in haſte he gate to bed, and there
With chattring teeth and quaking legs he lay,
Till *Calaſiris* askt what did him fray.
That wicked *Tib* (quoth he) whom with mine eyes
I ſaw lye ſlaine, yet liues, and yonder cryes.
But he poore wretch deceiu'd was, and afraid
Of that which known will hold him beſt apaid;
Or make him laugh vntill he fret a rib;
For this *Chariclia* was, and not the *Tib*.
It thus befell: when in the mazie Den
*Thermute* and *Cnemon* left the Louers; then
They chaſtly clip and kiſſe, forgetting day,
Till at the length the man began to ſay,
Sweet heart, I know it is our moſt content
To liue together ſtill; but ſith th'euent
Of mens affaires vncertaine is; and we
By ſome misfortune may diſſeuer'd be,
(Which Gods forbid) let each a watch-word haue,
And priuie ſigne to vſe, as need ſhall craue.
She lik'd the motion well, and both agree,
That he ſhould *Pythius* write, and *Pythia* ſhee,
On eu'rie croſſe-way-ſtone and monument,
Or famous Image, by the way they went,
To right, to left, to what towne, where, and when;
That ſo the ſooner they may meet agen.
And for ſome ſignes, in caſe by croſſe or quame
They could nor write, nor ſpeake, he beare a paume,
And ſhe a taper: yet a ſcarre had hee
Receiu'd by tuske of wilde Bore on his knee:

And ſhe of Iewels euer bore this one;
Her fathers ring with rich *Pantarbe* ſtone.
And this of all the confirmation is,
They kiſſe and cry, and kiſſe and cry, and kiſſe;
Among the riches left by theefe in Caue,
Although the choice of many there they haue;
(Behold conſent of either Princely minde)
Th'ill-gotten treaſure all they leaue behinde,
And take but of their owne a part, and goe,
She with her packe, he with her ſheafe and bow.
When to the Lake they came, and were about
To take a boat, they ſee an armed rout,
With many boats, come rowing toward th'Iſle;
And daunted much thereat ſtood ſtill a while,
Till ſhe for feare began to run aſide,
And praid in Caue they might againe them hide:
Yet as they went were met withall by ſome,
Before vnſeene that ore the Lake were come.
*But loe, a faire and beautifull aſpect*
*Will many times a barb'rous minde affect.*
A cruell hand began to ſtrike, and ſtaid
Amaz'd at ſight of ſuch a beauteous Maid,
Or Goddeſſe ſo diſguis'd, as then was thought;
And therefore to the Leader be they brought,
As all they found; his name was *Mitranes*,
Lieutenant vnto Lord *Orondates*;
That had all Ægypt in his gouerning,
Vnder the mightie Babyloniſh King.
And he againſt the Robbers of that Lake,
By *Nauſicles* was hir'd for *Thisbes* ſake.
And though the ſuttle Merchant ſaw full well
This was not ſhe, but did her farre excell;
To put a tricke vpon the *Don*, he ſaid,
O this is ſhe my *Thisbe*, my faire Maid;
Embrac'd and kiſt, and whiſpring told her how,
To ſaue her ſelfe, ſhe muſt be *Thisbe* now.

He

He ſpoke in Greeke which ſhe well vnderſtood,
And hoping well it might be for her good,
When *Muranes* her asked what's her name,
Him anſwer'd *Thisbe:* yea the verie ſame,
Said *Nauſicles*, and kiſt the Captaines hand,
And call'd him man of fortunate command.
The Souldiour puft with praiſe, and gull'd with name,
Although he wiſht himſelfe ſo-faire a Dame;
Yet, for reward that he before had tooke,
To Merchant gaue her with repenting looke.
Then on *Theagenes* his eyes he bent,
And ſaid to *Babylon* he ſhould be ſent:
For, for his perſonage and well featuring,
Well might he wait vpon the mightie King.
Then him with conuoy, and with letters ſent
T'*Orondates*, and this was their content.
This Grecian youth is of ſo comely grace,
That I him thought deſerue a better place,
Than vnder me. I thinke, like him, not one
This day attends the King of *Babylon*.
Wherefore (my Lord) him pleaſe you thither ſend,
And both our duties to that God commend.
Now broke the day, and longing *Calaſire*,
With fearfull *Cnemon*, gan themſelues attire:
Yet halfe vnready goe to *Nauſicles*,
And for ſome further newes will him diſeaſe;
Who told them all that I now ſaid before;
And how he got a virgin for a whore:
Yea, paſſing her as much for beautifull,
As doth a Goddeſſe paſſe a common Trull.
Then they began how matter ſtood conceiue,
And pray'd they might but ſee her with his leaue.
He cals her in, ſhe muffled doth appeere,
And looking downe; he bids her haue good cheere:
She ſhewes her face; at once is ſeene and ſees,
Is known and knowes; at *Calaſiris* knees

Fals downe and cries, O father! he likewiſe,
O daughter! *Cnemon*, O *Chariclia!* cries:
That *Nauſicles* the while vpon them gaz'd,
And at ſo ſtrange encounter ſtood amaz'd;
Whom *Calaſiris* ſpoke-to thus; O frend,
Though I not able, God ſhall thanke y'i'th'end.
You ſaue my daughter, you me giue the ſight,
Wherein of all the world I moſt delight.
But, O *Chariclia*, what hath thee bereft
Of thy *Theagenes*, where haſt him left?
O how this queſtion dampt the royall guirle!
She could not ſpeake, till drops of liquid pearle
Fell from her Diamond eyes t'aſſwage her heart;
And then told how their fortune was to part,
As ſaid before. Then they from *Nauſicles*
Deſire to heare more of *Theagenes*.
I can but tell (quoth he) and you but heare;
For you are poore, and it will coſt you deare
Him to redeeme; the *Babylonian*
Is couetous, yea more than any man.
*Chariclia* whiſper'd *Calaſire* i'th' eare,
And ſaid, we haue enough about vs here;
Him promiſe what you will. Then *Calaſire*
Said, Wiſe men haue as much as they deſire
On iuſt occaſion (fearing to detect
*Chariclia's* offer, leſt it breed ſuſpect)
Then tell vs what is he that hath our frend;
With helpe of Gods we ſhall him pleaſe, who ſend
What ere we need: ſo, when you liſt (he ſaid)
You can be rich; and thereat ſmiling ſtaid,
And ſaid againe; them will I you beleiue,
When for your daughter you me ranſome giue:
You know your Merchants money ſeeke and ſcan
As much as any *Babylonian*.
I doe, quoth I; but 'tis no Merchant feat
To grant ſo ſoone: you ſhould me make entreat,

For

For this my daughter. Sir (quoth he) be bold;
Your happineſſe I would not long with-hold.
Moreouer, now mine offring will I make,
Come you and yours, and pray for me, and take
What ere the Gods doe ſend: O, doe not ieſt,
Quoth *Calaſire*: but on their Godheads reſt.
So, when you will, begin, and we ſhall ioyne;
And you i'th'end ſhall ſee we want no coyne.
*Chariolia* t'offring neuer had beene brought
With Merchants daughter, but becauſe ſhe thought,
for her fit time it was the Gods to pleaſe,
And pray vnto them for *Theagenes*.
Then goe they to the Templ' of *Mercurie*,
The moſt of-Merchants-honour'd Deitie.
When *Calaſiris* th'entrals had beheld,
And ſaw good fortune bad-with entermeld,
As did his looke declare; he thruſt his hand,
And tooke, as 'twere from vnd'r a fire-brand,
A Iewell rich, and ſaid, O *Nauſicles*,
See what the Gods haue giuen; will this you pleaſe,
For this my daughters ranſome? 'twas a ring
That ſometime wore *Hydaſpes*, Blackmore King.
The circle was fine gold, and ſiluer miſt;
The Pale an Æthiopick Amethyſt;
As big as Maidens eye, and of a vaine
Beyond the beſt of *Britanie* or *Spaine*;
And turn'd about, it ſheds a golden ſtreame
On each thing nigh, and from a deeper beame.
And thus engrau'n it had; a ſhepherds boy,
On hillocke ſet, there ſeemes to play and toy,
(Such leiſure haue they) while his ſheepe, him by,
Some ſhare the tender graſſe, ſome basking lye;
As 'twere in Sun-ſhine of that flaming ſtone,
And ſome in companies, and ſome alone.
The wanton Lambs there ſome ſtart vp and leape,
Some all together run upon a heape,

As dansing to the boy, that seemes to play
Vpon his pipe, and harkning to the lay.
They seeme all golden-fleeced by the gleame
All ore them cast from th'Amethystick beame.
Thus was the ring: Which *Nausieles* admiring,
Said *(Calasiris)* 'twas not my desiring
To make you pay so for your guirle, I ment
Her freely giue: but sith this ring is sent
From Pow'r Diuine, and 'tis not good you say
We such refuse, I take it for to day,
As sent by *Mercurie* my greatest frend
Of all the Gods, whom I serue most anend.
Then tooke a glasse of water cleere, and said;
This *(Calasire)* vnt'eu'rie Nymph and Maid
That is so cleere; and this to them I drinke,
Because your daughter such one is, I thinke.
For loe, no musicke, nor no dansing shee
Among the rest delights-in, but on knee.
For her Beloued praying is; that he
May soone and safely meet her; yet haue we
Now leisure good to heare, that oft had I
Desire to know, your wandring historie.
Put-off no longer: *Cnemon* prayd the same.
Then *Calasire*; To sacrifice we came.
Not telling tales. But sith you both desire
To know my roming, to the ship of *Tyre*
I must returne; wherein we sail'd from *Delph*,
*Theagenes*, my daughter, and my selfe;
Of Tyrian Merchant-venturers a troope;
And merrily we ran; with winde in poope,
That day and night; and all in safetie and ease,
With iron share broke vp the fallow seas:
The Straight of *Calidon* we passe ere night,
And of the sharp-point Islands lose the sight.
Next day betime, with winde now turn'd aslant,
Cast ank'r, and land before the towne of *Zant*;

To

To winter there: But, for the rude reſort
Of Saylers running to and fro the Port,
I thought the ſhip not ſafe; nor yet the towne,
Leſt our eſcape might haply there be knowne:
And, other harbour ſeeking, light vpon
An aged Fiſher-man, that on a Stone
Sat mending broken nets: I ſaid, God ſpeed,
Good father; can you tell a man, if need,
Of ſome good Inne here by? They all to rags
Were broke (quoth he) againſt ſome hidden crags.
What's that to me (quoth I)? you ſhall doe well,
Or me receiue your ſelfe, or elſe me tell,
Where elſe I may be lodg'd; 'twas not my fault,
Quoth he; *Tyrrhenus* is not ſo aſſault
With blinde and doting age; they were my wags,
Who caſt in place vnknown among the crags.
I then perceiue the man was deafe, and cry
In's eare aloud; God ſpeed you (Sir) ſaid I:
And can you helpe vs ſome good lodging finde?
God ſpeed you too (quoth he) and, if your minde
You ſerue thereto, come ſoiourne here with me;
Except you many and ouer-curious be.
But three (quoth I) my ſelfe and children twaine.
No more, but one (quoth he) with me remaine:
Mine elder children marri'd with my purſe
Are gone: two boyes are left me, with their Nurſe:
The mother dead: you ſhall be welcome to vs;
And ſeeme a man that may ſome pleaſure doe vs.
We come and there full well are entertain'd;
By day we all together ſtill remain'd.
At night we laid *Charichia* with the nurſe;
And glad was ſhe her lodging was no worſe.
Alone *Theagenes*, alone lay I;
And old *Tyrrhenus* with his youngeſt frie:
Sit all at boord the ſame, and well we fare,
With fiſh he got at ſea, and with our ſhare

Laid-out on ſuch achates, as market by
Did eu'rie weeke afford ; and pleaſantly
So liu'd we there a while as heart could wiſh ;
And went ſometime to fowle, ſometime to fiſh.
For th'old man was prepar'd for either ſport :
*But pleaſant times (alas) are euer ſhort.*
*Who long can lye at eaſe in Fortunes lap ?*
*Miſ-hap haue once, and euer feare miſ-hap.*
*Chariclia's* beautie makes tumultuarie
This verie place ſo meane and ſolitarie.
For he of *Tyre*, that won the *Pythian* game,
Now haughtie growen by that renowned name,
And more, becauſe we ſail'd with him in ſhip,
Her loues, and will not this occaſion ſlip.
With tedious ſuit he daily beats mine eares ;
And that the goods and ſhip are his he ſweares ;
And ſaith his all ſhall hers be during life,
If I my daughter let him take to wife.
I pouertie pretend ; yet ſay that ſhe
Shall for no wealth ſo far be ſent from me.
He ſaith he will her perſon more account
Than any dowrie, though it ſhould amount
To many talents ; and his kin forſake,
And whither ſo we will his voyage make,
To dwell with vs. I ſaw his feruent heat
On flat deniall might ſome miſchiefe threat,
And promiſe that in *Ægypt* once arriu'd,
It ſhould be done, if well the iourney thriu'd.
He thus put-off, a while ſome reſt we haue ;
But in the necke of this another waue
Begins t'ariſe : *Tyrrhenus* neere the ſhore
Me tooke to walke, and much proteſting ſwore,
For loue to me and mine he will reueale
That much concern'd vs, neither could conceale.
A Pyrat ſhip (quoth he) beyond the Cape
There lies in wait, your Tyrian hulke to rape.

Looke to your ſelfe and yours: I thanke, and pray
Him tell me how he knew't. But yeſterday
(Quoth he) the Maſter-Pyrat askt me whan
Your ſhip puts-off; *Trachimus* was the man.
I ſay, I know not; but (Sir) why I pray
Demand you this? if be ſo bold I may.
(They loue me, *Calaſire*, I dare you tell;
I bring them victails; for they pay me well;
*And poore is houſe that hath not much to ſpare*
*For poore, for theefe, for waſte, and want of care)*
I loue the Maid (quoth he) your Soiourner,
And meane to ſet vpon them all for her.
To know his whole deſigne then thus I ſaid,
What need you fight with Tyrians for the Maid
That is with me? before ſhe goes abord,
There may you take her neuer drawing ſword.
'Tis for your ſake (quoth he) that I foreſlow;
For Pyrats loue their friends: yet further know,
I two things aime at, wife and wealth to win;
I loſe at ſea, if I at land begin.
Conſider'd well, quoth I; but, for the thing,
I thinke they will not goe vntill the ſpring.
So part we: now this villanous intent,
I hope your care and wiſdome will preuent.
What did I then? It was my chance to meet
The Tyrian Merchant walking in the ſtreet.
He gaue occaſion, asking my good will,
As heretofore; I tell, not all that ill,
But what I thought was meet; how earneſtly
A great man of this countrey did apply
Himſelfe to get my daughter for his wife:
But I had rather, ſo you lead your life
With vs in Ægypt, as you promiſed;
And for your wealth, that you (my Lord) her wed.
And therefore wiſh, before our minde be croſt
By force or otherwiſe, we leaue the Coaſt.

He

He lik'd the motion well, and, though too ſoone
He ſaid it was, yet hauing light of Moone,
Reſolu'd that night be gone in any ſort,
Although he got but int'another Port.
I tell my children, not *Tyrrhene* a word;
And after twy-light get vs all aboord.
Yet by the way our Hoſt it gan perceiue,
And each of other kindly tooke our leaue.
The Moone kept counſaile, blabbed not our flight,
Yet gaue vs leaue to ſee our way by night.
With armed beake we cut the fomy brees,
Behinde the land, beſide vs flie the trees.
The brother gan to quench the ſiſters light;
And day appearing droue away the night:
The winde that fill'd our ſaile now gan to ſtoope,
And Pyrats ſhip deſcri'd is from the poope
To follow vs, and this and that way twine
As if our hulke had tow'd her with a line.
A man of *Zant*, that wiſtly gan it marke,
Cryes-out *Trachine* it is, I know the Barke;
Prepare to fight or yeeld; he comes apace,
And all this day hath had our ſhip in chace.
We though becalm'd, yet ſeeme with tempeſt ſhooke,
So ſtand w'amaſ'd, and one at other looke;
Run vp and downe, before, behinde, beſide;
Some put on armes, ſome vnder decke them hide;
Some leaue the ſhip, and get into the boat
To make away: *Theagenes*, full hoat
Set on to fight, beſeech we both to ſtay,
And hardly keepes him backe *Charitlia*;
Deſiring each might either liue or dye
In others armes; but on a point thinke I
That might vs helpe (now knowing 'twas *Trachine*;
That would not raſhly kill or me, or mine)
And tooke effect. For when the Pyrate gaue
Vnt'all men leaue, that would their perſon ſaue,

In

In ſingle clothes to leaue the ſhip, and go
Aboord the boat: we with the reſt doe ſo.
He then *Chariclia* taking by the hand,
Saith, vnto you (ſweet Lady) this command
No whit belongs, but all is for your ſake,
That I this war and voyage vndertake.
Then feare you not; but be of heartie cheere;
For all is yours and mine that you ſee heere.
Then ſhe (as wiſdome was, obſeruing caſe)
Of ſorrow-damped looke recals the grace;
And tiſie-ſmiling ſaid; now Heau'n be thankt,
That I among theſe others am not rankt;
But ſhall I thinke indeed you louing be?
Grant this my firſt requeſt, and keepe with me
This ſame my brother, that my father deere;
For them-without I cannot be of cheere:
So wept, entreated, fell vpon her knees
Embracing his; which when the Rouer ſees
Therewith delighted, purpoſely delay'th
The grant a while, and then her raiſing, ſaith;
Your broth'r I giue you, likely man to ſtead vs
In feats of armes; and th'old man too may lead vs,
Sometime by counſell, which way beſt to take;
Yet both I grant for your owne only ſake.
By this the Sun had ran his dayes careere,
And cu'ning ſignes of riſing winde appeere:
That raiſ'd a ſudden ſtorme; when they in fine,
To ſpoyle our ſhip, had left their brigandine;
And thus ſurpriſed knew not what to doe;
For, want of skill is worſe ſtorme of the two.
Though little pinnace, whoſe each rope they knew,
Well could they rule how ere the Brothers blew;
To guide our ſhip, yet all with trembling hearts,
Are faine to play theſe vnacquainted parts.
Some to the poup, and ſome run to the prow;
And ſteere they know not what, they know not how:

Some awkly draw the cords, and ſome them looſe;
And ſome vntie, where they ſhould make a nooſe;
Some beat their breſts, and teare their hairie ſcalps,
To ſee the ſea like Pireneis and Alps.
The wallowing hils now vp to Heau'n vs mount,
Now caſt vs headlong to the waters fount.
And on the ſides of that our floting grot,
Thump, thump, as loud as charge of Engine-ſhot.
The Pyrats barke, with ſalt ſea-water drunke,
Her cable frat, and thrice turn'd round and ſunke.
And we no more, than headleſſe Common-weale,
Where all men may with all things entermeſſe,
And no man will obey, but all command,
In time of greateſt danger, like to ſtand.
Yet ſhift the Pyrats made as long as light
From Heau'n appear'd, though like to drowne at night:
At night as darke as pitch, ſaue enterflaſhes
Of lightning mixt with fearfull thunder-craſhes.
Thus then, and next day troubled were the ſeas,
And they therewith: which gaue me time and eaſe,
To thinke on our affaires: But aft'r a while,
The tempeſt o're, we ſafe embock the *Nile*.
The reſt are glad, but we lament the more;
That rather wiſht be drown'd, than come at ſhore,
In danger ſtill of Pyrats proud command,
Who ſhew'd his foule intent new come to land.
For making ſhew with ſacrifice to pleaſe,
And for their ſafetie thanke the God of Seas;
To countrey ſends he men with ſtore of coyne
For much prouiſion; lands the Tyrian wine;
With goodly Tiſſue Carpets ſpreds the tables,
Some on the ground, and ſome on roules of cables.
And ſets on ſiluer-bowles, and cups of gold:
All for his marriage-feaſt, as he me told.
When (Sir) quoth I, may't pleaſe you celebrate
The ſame with all ſuch complements and ſtate,

As place and time affords; your ſhip may be
Bride-chamber then, and none there come but ſhe
The Bride her ſelfe, to dreſſe and make her fit;
And for the time all others thence acquit,
When I haue there beene firſt, and taken care
She nothing want that might her well prepare.
He likt th'aduice, and gaue out ſtraight command
It ſhould be ſo: *Theagenes* by th'hand
I take, and both vnto *Chariclia* goe,
And finde her almoſt ouercome with woe.
Then children, ſaid I, this is not the way
T'auoid our preſent danger; what I ſay
Marke well and follow. So I both aduiſe,
And ending went to play another prize
With him that was the ſecond of the Crew,
*Pelorus* call'd; and ſaid (my ſonne) for you
Good newes I haue, my daughter loues you well;
If how t'auoid *Trachinus* you can tell,
And like of her, ſhee'll be your wedded wife:
Than marrie him ſh'had rather loſe her life:
But time is ſhort: the cheere he doth pretend
For ſacrifice, is for that other end.
Well, feare you not, quoth he; I was of minde
T'haue mou'd the ſame; and could no ſeaſon finde.
But, now I know we thus agree in heart,
*Trachinus* neuer ſhall her from me part,
I haue a reaſon will our fellowes charme;
A ſword as good as his, as ſtrong an arme.
Thus hauing done, in haſte, t'auoid ſuſpect,
I turne to them, and further them direct.
Soone after ſit we downe, and when I ſaw
The Pyrats well in wine, *Pelore* I claw
By ſleeue, of purpoſe ſitting next his ſide,
And aske him, haue you ſeene the gallant Bride?
He told me no. Then cloſely make a ſlip
(For 'tis forbid, quoth I) into the ſhip:

There ſhall you ſee (yet haſte, and doe but ſee;
Leſt otherwiſe take hurt both you and ſhee)
My daughter ſo attir'd in gold and pearle,
As might become the Bride of Prince or Earle.
He goes and ſees her clad in Delphick pall;
(For that for triumph, or for funerall,
Was then put on) returning more on fire,
Now both with emulation and deſire.
And ſet at boord, quoth he, why haue not I
That me belongs by Law of Pyracie,
For entring firſt this hulke? then ſaid *Trachine*,
The parts yet are not made, nor yours, nor mine,
Nor anies here; nor yet vs told haue you,
What thing you claime: quoth he, then will I now.
The captiue Maid I claime. *Trachine* repli'de,
I her except, take what you will beſide.
Then breake y'our Law, quoth he; quoth th'other, no,
But on the ground of other Law I go,
Which giues the Captaine choyce; and for I meane
My wife to make her: this cuts you off cleane;
And reſt content, or this (and vp he roſe
With maſſie pot in hand) ſhall croſſe your noſe.
Thus I (my fellowes, quoth *Pelorus* than)
Thus ſhall you be rewarded euerie man.
And after this (beleeue me *Nauſicles*)
Theſe men were like the ſudden toſſed ſeas:
So all on tumult run they fooliſh blinde,
When wine and anger ſtirr'd vp had their minde.
And ſome with th'one, as equall ſhare to make;
And ſome, for gouernment, with th'other take.
But as *Trachinus* at *Pelorus* ſlung,
*Pelorus* him at heart with dagger ſtung.
Though he were dead, in his or th'others right
Partaking ſtill, the reſt continue fight;
Are ſtrooke, and ſtrike like mad and drunken fooles,
With ſtones, with clubs, with tables, pots and ſtooles.

I cloſely ſtole away, and on a hill,
My ſelfe in ſafetie, looke on others ill.
*Theagenes* and his *Chariclia*
Fought alſo both, as I them told the way.
With ſword in hand at firſt he tooke a part,
But holpe the weaker ſtill, that equall Mart
Might all conſume: and ſhe made many grone
With arrowes ſhot from ſhip at all but one.
And now was left but he and that *Pelore*
At ſingle combat: ſhe had ſpent her ſtore;
Or if a ſhaft remain'd, what might it boot?
For feare of hitting wrong ſhe durſt not ſhoot;
So neere their bodies were, and mouing ſtill
At combat cloſe: *Theagenes* ſhe will,
But cannot helpe with hand; yet at her charme
Of *Courage man*, he ſmote-off *Pelors* arme.
The bloud ſo ſprang-out after griſly ſtripe,
As water from a broken Condit-pipe.
This made him put the ſturdie theefe to flight,
And chaſe him far: what more was done that night,
But that *Theagenes* return'd againe,
Of me vnſeene, and lay among the ſlaine,
I cannot tell; For I continu'd ſtill,
And durſt not ſtir in darke from off that hill;
*Chariclia* knowes: for on the morne him by
I ſaw her ſit, and him as like to dye.
A troope of theeues them carri'd both away,
With goods from out the ſhip. I thought to ſtay
For fitter time to helpe them, hauing ſcope,
(Whereof, as then, I cleane was out of hope)
And now with your good helpe, good *Nauſicles*,
(The Gods reward you) freed is one of theſe.
So ſaid, and wept; but *Nauſicles* repli'de,
And ſaid, they ſhall not th'other from you hide:
To morrow will we know of *Miranes*,
If he be ſent yet vnt' *Orondates*,

As was deſign'd. Done is this offring-feaſt,
And *Nauſicles* his daughter with the reſt
From out the Temple going are away;
But *Calaſiris* miſt *Chariclia*;
And ſought with *Cnemon*, and at length her found,
Where ſhe t' *Apollo* kneeled on the ground,
His Image feet embracing, faſt aſleepe;
And when they wak'd her ſhe began to weepe:
And ſaid ſhe drempt that her *Theagenes*
Had far to goe, and more by land than ſeas.
They comfort her, and tell her their intent;
And all with *Nauſicles* to lodging went.

*Finis Libri quinti.*

THE

# THE Faire AEthiopian.

THe Princeſſe lay with daught'r of *Nauſicles*,
A faire young maid, yet little tooke her eaſe;
And *Cnemon* thought it long with *Calaſire*,
Before they went *Theagenes* t'enquire.
They raiſe their Hoſt therefore by breake of day,
And him to *Mitranes* conduct them pray.
Content is he; faine would *Chariclia*
Then with them goe; but they perſwade her ſtay,
Her promiſing, before they far remoue,
To come againe, and bring her lookt-for Loue.
So left her doubtfull, whether to be ſad
For their depart, or, for their promiſe glad.
Now when they neere approach'd the banks of *Nile*,
There ruſht them by a monſtrous Crocodile.
A Serpent ſtrongly ſcal'd, head, backe, and legge,
And twelue yards long, yet bred but of an egge.
Note when he gapes, his lower chap ſtands faſt,
And th'vpper moues, ſome fiue foot long and paſt.
And this deuourer hauing fed his fill,
Will ſuffer *Trochilos* with ſlender bill
To picke his teeth, a bird no bigger, then
The little Titmouſe, or the Iynny Wren:
Will follow ſuch as run away, and run
From ſuch as follow, both in ſhade and Sun.
Now theſe Ægyptians vſ'd to ſuch a ſight,
Were nothing mou'd; but *Cnemon* much affright,

Start

Start backe, and ready was to run away:
Whereat the Merchant laught; and Prieſt gan ſay,
I thought (Sir *Cnemon*) nothing could you feare
But in the darke, as th'other nights Bug-beare.
What's that (quoth *Nauſicles*)? then *Calaſire*,
To paſſe the time, and ſatisfie deſire,
Him told how *Cnemon* tooke *Chariclia*
For *Thisbe*, when at *Chemmis* firſt ſhe lay.
Then *Nauſicles* could laugh no more, but thought
Why name of *Thisbe* ſo on *Cnemon* wrought;
And askt the cauſe whereof he was to ſeeke,
And ſo to laughter now prouokt the Greeke:
Who ſaid, behold how ſtrange a name is this,
To moue my minde ſo firſt, and now ſo his.
I thought our noble Hoſt had beene more ſtout,
Than now be dampt, who late could others flout.
Ha'done, ha'done (quoth *Nauſicles*) you have
Reueng'd your ſelfe enough: but let me craue;
By all that may to you moſt pleaſing bee,
And by the Gods of Hoſpitalitee;
This name of *Thisbe* whence it is, and why
You turn't vpon me now ſo meerily.
Then *Calaſiris*, *Cnemon*, time you ſee
Requires you ſatisfie both him and mee.
Then let vs heare your ſtorie from the ſourſe:
*For well is trauell eaſed with diſcourſe.*
He yeelds, and tels them what not many weekes,
He told before vnto his fellow Greekes.
And how with them acquaint he grew, and frend,
Among the theeues; and of that *Thisbes* end.
And left out nought that was not, as their owne,
To *Nauſicles* and *Calaſiris* knowne.
It mou'd the Merchant ſo, that he full well
Could finde in heart the reſt of her to tell,
And of himſelfe; confeſt and ſaid, 'tis I
That was that Merchant then of *Naucratie*;

And brought her out of Greece. Here one they meet
With *Nauſicles* acquaint of *Chemmis*-ſtreet;
Who told them newes; that whereas *Mitranes*
Had ſent a young man vnt' *Orondates*,
To ſerue the great King; he by *Thyamis*
Now Chiefe of *Beſſans* intercepted is;
And *Mitranes* with all his force is gone,
In iuſt reuenge their Towne to ſet vpon:
So paſt them by in haſt. Then *Nauſicles*
Perſwades returne; and for *Theagenes*,
Becauſe the iourney longer was, to goe
Prouided better: they determine ſo,
And comming home, at doore *Chariclia* found
Them looking-for: for, *Loue is like a hound*
*That for his maſter waits.* But, when ſhe ſaw
They brought him not, ſhe gan her haire to claw,
And tore aſunder Natures fineſt thred,
And wept, and cry'd, alas my Loue is dead!
What all alone, and, as you went, returne?
O tell me quickly, leſt I longer mourne
With griefe ſuſpended. *'Tis a courteſie*
*Not to delay report of miſerie.*
Why doe you (then quoth *Cnemon*) ſo foretell
The worſt, and falſe? *Theagenes* is well;
And told her how, and where. O blame her not,
Quoth *Calaſiris*; felt you but a iot
Of loue ſo true, you would her ſoone excuſe:
For ſuch are ne're content with hearſay-newes:
But thinke they cannot each from oth'r abſent
Without ſome ſad and fearfull accident.
When ſuch as you (Sir *Cnemon*) well I know
So ſpeake of Loue as neuer bent his bow.
Aske Saints how faire in Heau'n, for they can tell;
And aske ye Fiends how foule it is in hell.
Then like a father led her in by th'hand,
And there not long they either ſit or ſtand;

But *Nauſicles*, to put them out of dump,
And hauing ſome thing elſe therewith to iump,
Prepar'd a feaſt that night with cheere and wine,
And made his daughter more than wonted fine.
And toward banquets end them ſpoke-to thus;
As heretofore ſo ſhall be ſtill with vs;
My welcome gueſts (that ſo you are I call
The Gods to witneſſe, and continue ſhall;
If pleaſe you ſtay) what I at ſea or land
Haue any where, 'tis all at your command;
Not now as gueſts; but as my deereſt frends.
But know my trade on Merchandiſe depends;
My ſhip my plow is, and the Southerne windes
Me call to Greece: then let me know your mindes;
That whether here I leaue, or with me lead you,
I may my voyage frame ſome way to ſtead you.
The Prieſt of *Memphis*, after pauſe repli'de,
Good *Nauſicles*, haue happie winde and tide!
Let all the Gods of Merchandiſe attend you,
And home with gaine full-fraught in ſafetie ſend you!
That, ſtay or goe we, doe ſo perfectly
The lawes obſerue of hoſpitalitie.
Vnwilling we to part from ſuch a frend,
Yet muſt be gone, you know, and for what end.
Thus much for me, and for *Chariclia*;
What *Cnemon* meanes to doe I cannot ſay.
The Greeke, about to ſpeake, with ſob is ſtaid;
At laſt with ſighs and bitter weeping ſaid;
O this vncertaine ſtate of humane life!
How full of doubt, and variable ſtrife!
Depriu'd of fathers houſe, of Countrey and Towne
So deere to me, ſtill rome I vp and downe?
Not long it is, a plurall ſcarce of weekes,
Since hope I had, with ſuch two noble Greekes,
(Though hard put-to, as I) to finde ſome eaſe;
And ſhall I now bereaue my ſelfe of theſe?

What ſhall I doe? or which way ſhall I bend?
Tell (O) that can! I am at my wits-end,
To leaue *Chariclia*, can it but diſpleaſe,
Before ſhe finde-out her *Theagenes*?
Or if I ſeeke with her, O who can tell
How, where to finde him; when all will be well?
So ſhall I wander ſtill: what if I craue
Of you, ſweet Lady (ſhall I pardon haue?)
To take th'occaſion giu'n by *Nauſicles*,
And home returne, now call vs winde and ſeas?
Though helpe I little, I willing ſhall me ſhow;
*True ſeruants loue will creepe wher't cannot goe.*
She had perceiu'd (and *quickly, by your leaue,*
*A Louer can a Louers minde perceiue*)
That *Cnemon* lou'd the daught'r of *Nauſicles*;
And that it did the father greatly pleaſe:
Wherefore ſhe ſaid; I beare you thankfull heart,
Sir *Cnemon*, for your thus far friendly part;
And gladly ſhall requite it: for the reſt,
I ſee no reaſon you be further preſt
To follow mine affaires; but minde your owne,
And take th'occaſion now ſo fitly ſhowne.
My fath'r and I to th'end ſhall hold-out ſtill;
Though no man elſe aſſiſt, the Gods yet will.
This hearing, *Nauſicles* began to pray,
All good ſucceſſe attend *Chariclia*,
So wiſe, ſo gracious! and (*Cnemon*) now
Vnt' *Athens* going, neuer grieue it you,
That *Tib* you bring not, ſith you bring the man,
Who tooke her thence: and if you like it can
As well as I, now well I know your ſtraine,
You ſhall both houſe, and land, and wife attaine
With dowrie great, this ſame mine only childe;
He gaue a quicke conſent thereto, and ſmil'de;
And tooke her ſtraight, of purpoſe ready dreſt,
And turn'd the ſupper to a marriage-feaſt.

While all the reſt attending were the Bride,
The Princeſſe vnt' her chamber ſlipt aſide;
And ſhut the doore, and (as ſhe were diſtract)
Her rayment tore, and haire about her ſhakt.
Then wept, lamented, howled, beat her breſt,
And ſaid, this danſe becomes my marriage-feaſt.
My bed-fellow *Nauſiclia* from me taken?
And I now left alone, of all forſaken?
Is *Cnemon* married now at full hearts eaſe?
And ſtill in bondage my *Theagenes?*
At their ſucceſſe (O Gods) I not repine;
Though grieue you make no better his and mine.
But O *Theagenes* my ſweet delight,
And only care, to thee I giue this night;
I conſecrate theſe locks, then haire ſhe tore,
And laid them on her bed, and wept them-o're.
So fell aſleepe with griefe and paſſion tir'd,
And ſlept ſo long as next day was admir'd.
For *Calaſiris* miſſing her, before
That wont riſe early, knockt hard at her doore;
And wak'd her ſuddenly with ſuch a din,
That, as ſhe was, ſhe roſe and let him in.
But when he ſaw her haire and veſture rent,
And lookes vnſettled, gheſſing what they ment;
He lookt aſide, ſhe ſlipt halfe into bed;
Then thus he chid her, while ſhe dreſt her head.

What meane you (Lady) ſo your ſelfe to vex?
I thought you had in courage paſt your Sex:
And now me thinkes, but only for the name,
(So chang'd you are) you ſhould not be the ſame.
Why will you kill your ſelfe, and not expect
Your better hopes? O doe not ſo neglect
*Theagenes* and me! a while ſhe ſtaid,
A bluſhing while, and modeſtly then ſaid;
Good father pardon! 'tis no ſtrange deſire,
Nor common cauſe that ſets me thus afire.

You know the loue I beare *Theagenes*,
And his to me; my heart cannot haue eaſe,
For his long abſence, moſt becauſe I feare,
And, wheth'r he liue, or dead be, cannot heare.
Feare not, quoth he; for that of him and you
Fore-told by th'Oracle muſt needs be true.
Nor doubt y'of that wastold vs yeſterday,
How he by *Thyam* carri'd was away:
But thinke him ſafe as with acquainted frend;
And vnto *Beſſa* let vs goe or ſend,
As both haue cauſe; you for *Theagenes*,
And I my ſonnes intended war t'appeaſe;
But rather goe: ſhe pauſ'd, and ſaid, your ſonne?
If that be *Thyamis*, I am vndone.
How ſo? quoth he. You know (quoth ſhe) and where
*Theagenes* and I his priſ'ners were.
My ſeeming beautie, miſchieuous to me,
So there enflam'd your ſonne (if this be he)
That I, to ſaue our libertie and life,
Delaying promiſe made to be his wife.
My ſonne is not ſo far run out of way,
Quoth *Calaſire*, but I ſhall make him ſtay.
Or if you doubt, inuent ſome how, I pray,
(For cunning y'are I ſee to make delay)
Some how we may enquire, and not be knowne.
She ſmil'd, and ſaid; Sir, my way or your owne;
In ieſt or earneſt, little skilth it now,
*Theagenes* and I had ſuch a how:
But were preuented e're we could prepare;
And 'twas, in forme of beggars clad, to fare.
This (if you pleaſe) now let vs put in vre;
For pouertie makes all men walke ſecure,
Be pitti'd, not enui'd; and victailes get,
Which vnto trauellers are deereſt ſet:
*And world ſo falſe is now (that by your leaue)*

*Who will not be deceiued, muſt deceiue.*
*But thinke we not ſo long what muſt be wrought,*
*That we forget to practiſe that is thought.*
He could not chooſe but at her reaſon ſmile,
And all in haſte prepares them for that wile
Then there in *Chemmis*; after parted faire
With *Nauſicles* and his new marri'd paire.
Now on the way, in place conuenient,
They change their clothes, and as a begging went;
She Doxy-like, and he, as Patrikoe,
With hundred-patched cloke lent on her bow,
And halted when he met or man or page,
And crookt his ſhoulders more than had his age;
Or as a blinde man poring on the land,
Sometime *Chariclia* led him by the hand.
He bore her quiuer bound-vp at his backe,
Like ſome thing elſe; and ſhe in ſlubber'd packe
Her beſt attire, and jewels; then beſmut
Her face, and hardly counterfeits a ſlut.
When fouler faces vſe a Painters knacke,
To make them faire, ſhe needs be painted blacke.
*O all that looke in glaſſe, and finde you faire,*
*Doe nothing that the credit might impaire*
*Of thoſe ſo red and white, and comely graces;*
*If beautie faile, with vertue mend your faces.*
*A ſhew may ſoone deceiue the vulgar eye;*
But he that lookt on her iudicially,
Might well perceiue in black-well-featur'd face,
Of noſe, of lip, of cheeke, eye, brow, the grace:
As when a cloud is o're *Diana* drawne,
Or *Venus* looking th'row blacke cobweb lawne.
Was neuer ſeene a Maiden comlier,
Nor vnder duskie cloud ſo bright a ſterre.
Yet Sir (quoth ſhe) you ſeeme one of the Bench;
O, good your Worſhip, pitie a poore young wench:

Good

Good Dame, quoth he; my right hand is me reft,
And no true finger leaft is on my left.
And ſhe againe; once poore, and euer poore;
For wealth is giu'n to none, but had before.
Then he againe; yet winde in driuing ſnow,
From higher places oft fils vp the low.
Thus when between themſelues they had proteſted,
As beggars doe, and each at other ieſted;
To *Beſſa*-ward they trudge; and by Sun-ſet
Had ſeene the Towne; but ſee what was their let!
Dead bodies many finde they laid aground
On heapes, and all of ſome yet bleeding wound.
And while they view'd the carkaſſes they meet
An aged woman creeping hands and feet,
And much lamenting o're a young man ſlaine;
And t'aske of her they thought it not in vaine,
As *Calaſiris* did in Gypſie toung,
What miſchiefe had ſo many laid along.
And what was he whom ſhe lamented ſo.
She ſaid, my ſonne, late forc'd to battell go
With *Thyamis* our Chiefe, againſt the powre
Of *Mitranes* and all his Perſian flowre;
He came to ſacke our Towne for one mans ſake,
Whom he had ſent to *Memphis* from the Lake:
This man by *Thyamis* pretending right
Was entercepted; cauſe of all this fight:
And willb' of more: for ſlaine is *Mitranes*,
And all his men by ours; *Orondates*
Will ſeeke reuenge; which our men to preuent,
And vnawares to take the Foe, haue ſent
A puiſſant armie *Memphis* to beleaguer;
And Chiefe, and all, are thereon ſet more eager,
To get his right of Prieſthood, by none other
With-held, but eu'n his owne, and younger brother.
But you are ſtrangers here full well I ſee;

And whither goe yee? to the towne, quoth hee.
You cannot ſafely lodge (quoth ſhe) in towne,
So late in time of war, and both vknowne.
Yet if you pleaſe (quoth he) vs entertaine,
We may (I truſt) to night well there remaine.
Th'old woman anſwer'd, I haue now in hand
An earneſt night-worke; if you further ſtand
Till all be done (and beſt you keepe aloofe)
To morrow will I doe for your behoofe.
Then what ſhe ſaid, he told the Lady in Greeke,
And they repoſe them in a buſhie creeke.
He ſlept a while with quiuer vnd'r his head,
*Chariclia* made her packet ſerue for bed;
But only ſate, and ſlept not on't, for feare;
And vnto *Philomela's* ſong gaue eare:
Till *Cynthia* roſe, and ſhew'd (as tales imply)
Her man and buſh, or (as Philoſophy)
Her ſpoongie part; though we now vnderſtand
'Tis nothing elſe, but face of ſea and land,
As 'twere in glaſſe; for in the Torrid Zone,
Betwixt the Moon and th'earth thicke cloud is none:
She cleerly ſhining, three dayes dayes paſt the full,
Made ſeene how this old witch heau'd vp the skull
Of her dead ſonne, and with her negromancie,
(A vice that Gypſie women greatly fancie)
Him forc'd to ſpeake yet once more vnt'his mother,
And tell her if her ſecond ſonne, his brother,
Should ſafe returne from war; he told her no,
And that her ſelfe ſhould ſoone receiue a blow
For iuſt reward; and ſpecially becauſe
She made the liuing know the dead-man lawes:
For here's a Prieſt (quoth he) and here's a Maid
That ſee your pranks: by him may be allaid
The war betwixt his ſonnes, ſo bee't he haſte:
And ſhe ſhall get her Loue, and reigne at laſt.

*Chariclia*

*Chariclia* wakt th'old man at firſt, to ſee
And heare this all, and all interprets hee.
And hearing this, the witch, all in a rage,
So playes her Scene vpon this deadly ſtage,
With ſword in hand, that had ſhe ſtranger found,
Sh'had laid them ſoone among the dead aground.
But as by Moon-light flouriſhing ſhe lope,
Now here, now there, to hit vncertaine ſcope;
At vnawares, vpon the ſharpeſt part
Of broken ſpeare, ſhe ran her ſelfe to th'heart.
*So puniſht was th'abominabl' offence:*
*So works of darkneſſe haue their recompence.*

*Finis Libri ſexti.*

# THE Faire AEthiopian.

NO ſooner gan appeare the dawning day,
But *Calaſiris* and *Chariclia*;
With danger paſt affright, and fearing worſe
By loſſe of time, as propheſied the Corſe;
Depart, and trudge to *Memphis*-ward, and found,
When they came there, a Campe pight on the ground.
Before the wals: for in the Towne the States
Had fortified themſelues and ſhut their gates,
And let Portcullice downe, aduertiſed
Of enemies approach, by ſome that fled
(As alway ſcape in battaile more or leſſe)
From Hoſt of *Mitranes* o'rethrown at *Beſſe*.
Now therefore *Thyamis*, to ſiege addreſt,
Thought meet his wearie companies to reſt;
And wils, for doing good, and ſhunning harme,
They nigh the wall, and not too nigh diſarme.
The Citizens, afeard of them before,
Now gan to ſcorne them, for they were no more:
And would with Archers left in garriſon,
And certaine troopes of horſe, them ſet vpon;
But that a Noble-man, that was full wiſe,
With age authorized, gan thus aduiſe:
Why (Countrey-men) although our Gouerner
Be gone far hence about the Negroes werre,
We ſhould, before we weaken any Fort,
Acquaint the great Kings ſiſter, his Conſort:

And better will the Souldiour make defence
In war begun with her intelligence.
They like th'aduice, and to the Palace run,
And aske *Arſace* what ſhe pleaſe t'haue done.
She was a Faire-one of *Diana's* ſize,
And chaſte as *Venus*, and as *Pallas* wiſe,
And minded-high as *Iuno*, for her birth;
That ſuch another was not found on earth.
And true it was, though not in common vent,
Sh'had beene the cauſe of *Thyams* baniſhment.
For, when th'old Prieſt of *Memphis* ſecretly
Had left his Countrey for the Propheſie,
Came *Thyamis* his elder ſonne to place;
That was a tall young man of comly grace:
She likt, and ſhew'd him ſuch a fauour-token,
As of a Princeſſe ought not to be ſpoken:
But he, both young and vertuouſly diſpoſ'd,
Not ſaw, or would not ſee't: And this diſcloſ'd
His brother *Petoſire t'Orondates*;
That (*Thyam* gone) he might the Prieſthood ſeize:
For thus much of his owne he puts thereto,
That *Thyamis* was bent her will to doe.
The Gouernor, that knew her humour well,
Did ſoone beleeue't; and yet (the truth to tell)
He durſt not vie it; wer't for want of card,
Or for that awe and reuerend regard
He bore th'imperiall bloud; yet tooke to heart
So, that he made young *Thyamis* to ſmart;
And euer threatte him death, vntill he went,
For feare of worſe, to willing baniſhment.
This heretofore; but now the Citie comes,
And all deſire her leaue to beat-vp Drums.
Firſt let me know, quoth ſhe, theſe enemies
How many, and what they be, and why they riſe.
Ile offer parley to them from the wall;
And when I haue well markt and gather'd all

That may be there in ſafetie done aloofe,
Then will I caſt the beſt for our behoofe.
They praiſe her wiſdome: yet as turbulents
Run all on heapes vpon the battlements:
For out of hand there ſhew her ſelfe ſhe would,
And did in throne of purple ſilke and gould;
Attended on with guilden armed Guard,
And clad as might with Empreſſe be compar'd:
In Crowne of gold, and precious ſtone, and pearles,
She ſtately ſits her downe; and eye ſhe whirles
On ev'rie ſide, and o're the *Beſſan* Camp,
And hauing view'd it well ſhe gaue a ſtamp,
And ſhew'd her Herauld, ſigne of parl; he calls
The Leaders forth to heare him from the walls.
*Theagenes* and *Thyamis* appeare
All arm'd but head, and this full ſoone they heare.
*Arſace* wife of Prince *Orondates*,
And ſiſt'r of Babels great King *Artabes*,
Demands what are you? wherfore come you? whence?
Before ſhe ſends out force to driue you hence.
Then *Thyam* anſwers, telling them his name;
And how his right to get againe he came;
Which if he might obtaine, he would ſuppreſſe
his companies, th'Inhabitants of *Beſſe*:
But if *Orondates* and *Petoſire*,
Who both him wrong, deny that they require,
He will by theſe, and others far and wide
Stirr'd vp to warre, the Controuers decide.
And Lady *Arſace*, if ſhe call to minde,
What *Petoſire* hath done, no cauſe ſhall finde
Him to defend againſt his elder brother;
For he 'twas, only he 'twas, and none other,
That made *Orondates* ſuſpect her grace,
And thereupon put *Thyam* out of place.
The *Memphits* all are mou'd, and him they knew;
And what he ſaid of th'others thinke is true;

And th'elder brothers exile all deplore;
The cauſe whereof they neuer heard before.
*Arſace* ſelfe now troubled moſt of all,
Doth ſometime anger, ſometime loue recall.
Her loue to *Thyamis* rekindles fire;
And anger, to reuenge on *Petoſire*.
And one thing elſe diſtracts her more than theſe;
Her ſight and new loue of *Theagenes*.
The verie ſtanders-by may well perceiue,
How diuers paſſions in her ſhoue and heaue.
But when was o're this fit of *Apoplex*,
Thus ſtout and wiſely ſpoke ſhe paſt her ſex.
You (yet my friends) and all that with you take;
Me thinks not well aduiſ'd are, here to make
Vnequall war: the mightie King my brother,
Although my Lord be gone, hath many an other,
To lead his forces here, that may be tri'de,
Enow to compaſſe you on eu'rie ſide:
And pitie 'tis, that you ſo comly and young,
And (as I gheſſe) of linage noble ſprung,
Should put your ſelues in danger for theſe thieues.
And for the common people me it grieues,
To ſhed their bloud: but ſith on priuate lawes
The matter leanes, and is no publike cauſe;
The ſame me thinks the Combat ſhould decide:
Then let the brothers only danger bide,
And trie their right. The *Memphits* all aſſent,
To ſaue their perſons from a wars euent.
But (ſee) the *Beſſans* loue their Captaine ſo;
They will not hazard him; and all ſay no:
Vntill himſelfe entreated and them told,
His brother could not long againſt him hold;
A man vnexerciſ'd againſt a man,
That could in armes as much as any can.
And this ſhe thought-on that the Combat mou'd,
To plague her hated man, by man ſhe lou'd;

And void ſuſpect. No ſooner 'tis agreed;
But all for combat ready make with ſpeed,
Saue *Petoſire*, that, after great dilates,
At length is hardly thruſt out at the gates.
For oth'r his armes than *Thyamis* doth aske;
*Theagenes* him puts-on gilden caske,
With goodly-ſhaking creſt, and, though no need,
Encourageth and wiſheth him good ſpeed.
I truſt (quoth he) to win, but haue no will,
Nor neuer had, my brothers bloud to ſpill,
For all the wrong me done: Yet chance of fight
Vncertaine is; and therefore if it light
I ouercome, to you my deereſt frend,
Of all my happineſſe I part intend.
And here with me at pleaſure liue you may,
For I in towne ſhall beare the greateſt ſway:
But, if it fall (as oftentimes we ſee
Th'vnlikely come to paſſe) that ſlaine I bee;
Then of the *Beſſan* forces take you charge,
And them commanding may you liue at large,
Till better fortune fall. They thus agreed
Doe kindly part; and *Thyam* went with ſpeed
T'encounter *Petoſire*; *Theagenes*
Sate there beholding, and beheld at eaſe.
The Ladies eyes are on him ſtill, and his
Vpon his friend well-wiſhed *Thyamis*:
Whoſe comming *Petoſiris* could not bide;
But backe to gate he runs, and *Open* cri'de.
And then both from the gate, and from the wall,
*Keepe-out, receiue him not*, they cry out all.
He caſts his armour off to make him light,
And round about the Citie takes his flight.
Then *Thyam* followes, then *Theagenes*,
To ſee what iſſue; both he could with eaſe
Outrun; but would not, leſt be thought it might,
That for his friend he ran, and meant to fight:

Though

Though ſhield and ſpeare he left, when firſt he raſe;
On which, for him, doth ſtill *Arſaco* gaze.
They run the wals about once and againe,
And all this while is *Petoſire* not taine;
For anger cannot ſwifter be than feare;
And *Thyam* armed ran; yet now with ſpeare
Is like to pricke him, charging him to ſtay,
Except he would be ſlaine vpon the way.
Then *Calaſiris*, knowing both his ſonnes,
By that fore-told him was, them after runnes,
And faſter then might well endure his years,
And cries, O *Thyamis*! O *Petoſir's*!
My ſons, what meane you? what now? are you mad?
Reſpect your father, though as beggar clad.
They know him not, vntill the cauſe he ſpi'de
And caſt his ſtaffe and beggars cloke aſide;
And grauely ſtood before them face to face;
With long white haire, and old Arch-Biſhops grace:
And ſaid behold your father *Calaſire*;
'Tis I (my ſonnes) O put away your ire!
They fall downe at his knees, and wiſtly view him
From head to foot, and ſo full quickly knew him.
And glad they were of his vnhoped life;
But ſorrie that he found them ſo at ſtrife.
At this the companies vpon the wall,
The leſſe they knew, the more they wondred all.
And chiefly for they ſaw *Chariclia*,
When *Calaſiris* ran from her away,
Him after faſt to run; and when ſhe ſpi'de
*Theagenes* a far (for loue quick-ey'd
To ſee the loued had him ſoone deſcri'd
By verie geſture) now the more her hied;
Him ouertooke, and hung about his necke
In caſe ſhe was, vntill he gaue her checke
And caſt her off, not knowing her; but ſhee
Comes-on againe, as loth to loſe her fee;

And

And for her boldneſſe got a box oth' eare,
He little thinking who ſhe was, I ſweare.
Then ſaid ſhe ſoftly; *Pythius* hath forgot;
And ſhew'd her taper; then defers he not;
But, ſtrooke with beautie ſhining th'row a cloud,
Her tooke in armes, and often kiſt aloud.
*Arſace* ſwells thereat, and all admire,
To ſee the ſtrange euent; that *Calaſire*
Who ten yeares had beene abſent, came ſo pat
To ſtay the Duell 'twixt his ſonnes; and that
Two Louers ſhould thus vnexpected meet.
They paſſe in order th'row the Temple-ſtreet,
Th'old Prieſt betweene his ſons led, and the Maid
By her *Theagenes*: the people ſtaid
Them gazing-on, and all themſelues delight,
The younger men to view the gallant Knight,
The Maids the Maid, old men the Prieſt, and childe,
That brothers had, the brothers reconcil'de.
And *Thyamis* to thoſe of *Beſſa* ſent,
With many thanks and noble complement,
An hundred oxen and a thouſand ſheepe,
And Crownes a peece before he went to ſleepe.
T'encreaſe the pomp *Arſace* went in pride
With all her traine, and ſtill that young man ey'd;
For whoſe ſake only ſo far came ſhe forth,
And t'*Iſis* offred things of greateſt worth.
But when ſhe ſaw him lead *Chariclia*
With one hand, and with other make her way;
Forthwith ſhe leaues-off all ſolemnitie,
And goes to Palace ſicke of iealouſie.
To both his ſons now *Calaſire* commends
Th'affaires of thoſe his two young Grecian frends:
And when th'old man had done his whole deuotion,
Vnto the people neere he makes a motion,
And ſaith h'is old, and well foreſees his death,
And to his ſonne that firſt receiued breath,

A man not wanting parts for worke diuine
Of body or minde, the Prieſthood doth reſigne.
Then ſet the Mitr' vpon Sir *Thyamis* head;
And in the morning found was fairly dead.
His time was come. Which him did more oppreſſe,
I cannot tell, or ioy or wearineſſe.
*Arſace* knowes it not: for when ſhe came
To Court, her minde was all put out of frame.
To chamber went ſhe, and on her bed ſhe caſt her;
For loue was wholly now become her maſter.
She turn'd from ſide to ſide, and deeply ſigh'd;
And now along ſhe lay, then ſate vpright:
Then downe againe halfe naked tumbled ſhee,
And wiſht *Theagenes* were there to ſee.
As wanting ſomething then ſhe cals her Maid,
And ſends her backe againe with nothing ſaid.
And likely was 't, that, were ſhe long alone
In ſuch diſtraction, all her wits had gone.
But *Cybel* came, her ancient houſhold Bawd,
And thus in word her loue-ſicke Lady claw'd.
What aile you Madam? Who hath hurt my deere
And faireſt Nurſling? haue good heart and cheere.
He liues not that your fauour ſhall refuſe,
If pleaſe my Sweet-one ſo my ſervice vſe,
As oft-to-fore: then tell me, what's the man,
But I by ſuttl' enticing conquer can?
So ſaid this Hag, and pidling kiſt her feet,
And ſwore as ſiluer white, as Amber ſweet.
The praiſed Peacocke ſpreds abroad his traine,
That elſe would hide it: now is hit the vaine,
And guſheth-out. Good mother then, quoth ſhe;
The peace that made was yeſterday, to me
Began a warre: wherein, not from a part,
But ouer all I wounded was to th'heart:
The faire young ſtranger when I firſt eſpi'de,
That in the Duell ran by *Thyams* ſide;

You cannot chooſe but note the man, that are
Herein ſo skill'd; he paſt them all ſo farre.
I did forſooth (quoth ſhe) and, be it ſpoken
Vnto your Ladiſhip, by certaine token;
That impudently faſt about him clung
A ragged Trull, though ſomewhat faire and young.
Tuſh, faire? repli'd *Arſace* then, ſhe paints:
But can a man abide ſo bold conſtraints?
More happie ſhe, than I am, at this houre,
That hath her got ſo braue a Paramour.
The Bawd then ſmoyling ſaid, Ah Dearling mine,
Ile make him caſt-off her, Ile make him thine.
Sweet mother *Cybling*, quoth the Lady then,
And will you doe't indeed? (I pray) but when?
Leaue that to me, quoth ſhe; and take your reſt:
So tooke the candl'e away, and to her neſt.
By peep-aday ſhe roſe, and well aray'd,
A Groome before her, and behinde a Maid,
Vnt' *Iſis* Temple went: and there ſhe ſpoke
(*As oft Deuotion's made of ſinne a cloke*)
With one that kept the doore, as if ſhe ment
Come offer ſomething that *Arſace* ſent:
Who (as ſhe ſaid) was troubled ſore laſt night
With verie fearfull dreame and griſly ſight.
He ſaid, as yet he could not ſerue her turne;
Now all that keepe within the Temple mourne
For *Calaſiris* death, and none let in,
Till after this another weeke begin.
What ſhall your ſtrangers then the while (quoth ſhe)?
Our new Arch-Biſhop *Thyamis* (quoth he)
Hath order giu'n, and well content they are,
T'another houſe, without the Cloſe, to fare.
This Hag layes hold on th'opportunitie,
As on the chiefeſt point of Faulconrie,
And ſaid, good maſter Sextain well you know
My Lady loues to talke with ſuch as tho;

And

And many noble Greekes hath entertain'd;
Her hoſpitalitie was neuer ſtain'd;
Then well of both you may deſerue, as thus,
To ſay that *Thyamis* them ſends vnt' vs.
The Sextain little knew the Bawds intent,
But as for good vnto the ſtrangers went:
And found them both (as full great cauſe they had)
For loſſe of *Calaſiris* weeping-ſad.
He cheeres them vp, and tels them *Thyamis*,
As was his fath'r, of them right carefull is,
And hath prepar'd them lodgings fairly dight,
Which this good Lady (pointing at the ſpright)
Will bring them to: and bids no longer ſtay her,
But, as a mother to them both, obey her.
*Well was his meaning, though it ill befell;*
*As, ill that ment is, often falls-out well.*
They condeſcend; O ne're had been ſo gull'd
This louing paire, but that they had been dull'd
The day before with ioy; that night with griefe.
And ſo them ſtole this man-and-woman-thiefe.
No ſooner came they to the Palace gate,
And ſaw the ſumptuous buildings and the ſtate;
Where workmanſhip excelled manifold
The matter ſelfe, though Porphyrite and gold;
But maruell'd much, and troubled were in minde;
For they had thought ſome priuate Hoſt to finde,
And not be lodg'd in Court: too late they thought
To ſtart backe now; and further ſtill are brought;
Vntill they came to *Cybels* lodging; where
She made them ſit, and came and ſate them neere;
And ſaid, My children well I doe perceiue,
'Tis for th'Arch-Biſhops death that you ſo greiue,
Your reuerend friend; it ſeemes he lou'd you well,
And you him alſo: but I pray me tell,
Of whence and who you be: of Greece I know,
And well deſcended, by the grace you ſhow

In lineaments and lookes: but of what towne
Of Greece you be, and how thus vp and downe
You come to wander, let me know, I pray?
That to my Lady better may I say
For your behoofe: ſhe loues a Greeke full well;
And in that language few can her excell
That are not Greekes: and is to ſtrangers all,
Of worthy parts, moſt noble and hoſpitall.
The royall wife of Prince *Orondates*,
And ſiſter to the great King *Artabes*.
You ſhall not ſpeake it but t'a faithfull friend;
And one that will continue yours to th'end;
For Greeke I am, and *Lesbis* they me name,
Of that braue Iſle and Citie whence I came.
From place to place a captiue did I rome;
But ſettled here far better than at home
I mannage all my Ladies great affaires;
And eu'rie ſtranger firſt to me repaires.
And I them bring acquainted with her Grace,
Then let me ſomewhat underſtand your caſe.
He then this hearing, vnto minde doth call
*Arſaces* wanton glances from the wall;
And thought no good was like to come thereon,
But rather miſchiefe now he feares begon.
And as he gan to ſpeake, *Chariclia*
Him rounds i'th'eare, and ſaith, in that you ſay
Your ſiſter think-on. Mother (then quoth he)
We Grecian borne, and broth'r and ſiſter be.
Our Parents were by Rouers tak'n away,
And we them ſeeking worſe haue far'd than they:
Till now of late with holy *Calaſire*
We fell acquaint; and at his kinde deſire
Reſolu'd to liue with him; this is our caſe;
Now, if you loue vs, doe vs but the grace,
To let vs lodge in place more ſolitarie;
For from the Court our habits greatly varie.

Then

Then of your Ladies fauour make a pauſe,
And trouble not her Highneſſe for our cauſe.
Glad was the Gammer when ſhe heard they were
A broth'r and ſiſter; that ſhe might not feare
*Chariclia* would be ſome impediment
For her t'effect *Arſaces* main intent:
And ſaid, good ſonne, you neuer would ſo ſay,
If you my Lady known had but a day:
So kinde to ſtrangers, ſo compaſſionate
Vnt' all that ſuffer croſſe in there eſtate:
Though Perſian borne ſhe loues the Grecian guiſe,
And of the two our Nation counts more wiſe.
Then feare not: you ſhall beſt preferment get
That fits a man; your ſiſter ſhall be ſet
At boord with her, to keepe her company,
Both neere each other liuing merrily.
But now your names? *Theagenes* (quoth he)
My ſelfe am called, and *Chariclia* ſhe.
Then bids ſhe them her ſtraight returne expect,
And vnt' her Lady *Arſace* runs direct.
And told what ſeruice th'had already done,
To bring thoſe young ones, hardly to be won,
Into the Court; where now, without offence,
May enterview be had, and conference.
She gaue command'ment firſt t'another Hag,
That kept her doore, no bolt thereof to wag,
For anies comming in, or going out.
What if your ſon (quoth ſhe)? Keepe backe the Lout,
*Cyb*-hag reply'd. And ſhe no ſooner gone,
But comes, and knocks hard at the doore, her ſonne.
Then O *Theagen*, O *Chariclia*,
Say th'one to th'other: ſhe doth vs betray.
And, keeping Louers chaſte and faithfull grace,
Embrace, and weepe, and kiſſe; kiſſe, weepe, embrace.
They then the loſſe of *Calaſire* lament;
And chiefly ſhe, that moſt time with him ſpent.

And ſaid; O ſweeteſt name of father quite
Bereft me now! for him that was my right
I neuer knew, and him that foſter'd me,
Whoſe name I beare, how can I hope to ſee,
That left him ſo, no better than betray'd?
And this that was my beſt and ſureſt aid
Lies flat aground embalmed for the beere;
And cruell cuſtome lets me not come neere.
Then would ſhe teare her locks, and on them weepe;
And ſaid, thy funerall yet thus I keepe.
But he held both her hands; then ſhe the more
Fell thus againe her Patron to deplore.
My guide in forraine lands, and as I rome
My ſtaffe to lean-on; who ſhall bring me home?
Who ſhall me lead? Who ſhall my Parents finde?
Put-by my dangers, comfort me ſo kinde,
Now thou art gone? O were my head a fount,
To weepe my fill, and yeeld thee iuſt account!
Meane time *Theagenes* did inly grieue,
But hid his owne, her paſſion to relieue.
*Achæmenes*, without doore all this while,
Againſt the Portereſſe began to moyle.
Yet when he knew his mothers charge, I thinke,
He ſaid no more; but peept in at a chincke,
And ſaw them both, and thought, how braue a Swain
Were that, and this a wench, in merrie vain;
Who ſo become their griefe! Again he peekes,
And bett'r obſerues the count'nance of theſe Greekes;
For ſuch he learn'd they were, and by his mother
Late thither brought; and viewes both one and other;
Till at the laſt is ſtrooke, by th'Archer blinde,
In loue with her, and gan him call to minde;
And thought, is this not he, whom th'other day
The Male-contents of *Beſſa* tooke away
From me and my Conuoy; by *Mitranes*
Sent, to preſent him vnt' *Orœndates*?

And

And ſhould he not (I haue it vnder ring)
From hence be ſent to ſerue the mightie King?
But, not a word, vntill I know the reſt;
And how my Lady likes of this her gueſt.
Now *Cybel* came againe, and chid her ſonne,
For prying ſo into that ſhe had done.
*As oftentimes the curious are ſhent,*
*For ſearching things to them not pertinent.*
He mutt'ring went his way; but thought, this youth
Was kept of-purpoſe for *Arſaces* tooth.
As for that wench, it ſhall goe hard, and if
By mothers helpe I get her not to wife.
The Bawd diſcern'd as ſoone as ſhe came in,
Though now compoſd, in what caſe they had bin.
Why mourne my children ſo (quoth ſhe) that reaſon
Haue more to laugh, for their good hap this ſeaſon.
My Lady wils me that you nothing want,
(And here aſſure you no good cheere is ſcant)
To morrow muſt I you to her preſent:
Then doe not ſtill ſo babiſhly lament:
But vnto cheerfulneſſe now change your face,
And ſet your ſelues to pleaſe her noble grace.
Good mother pardon, quoth *Theagenes*;
Since death of friend we cannot finde that eaſe.
Theſe are but toyes, quoth ſhe; a man thus ould
As *Calaſiris*, ripe was for the mould.
Now by this one thing all things may y'attain;
(Wealth, honour, pleaſure) pleaſe my Ladies vain.
And I ſhall ſhew you fitteſt time, and how
That ſhe commands muſt be perform'd by you.
An haughtie ſprite hath ſhee, as come of Kings;
And hereto ſomewhat youth and beautie brings:
To be neglected highly will ſhe ſcorne.
This more him ſtrook than all was ſaid beforne,
As filthy ſtuffe implying. Now there came
Some gallant Eunuchs from this haughtie Dame,

With

With beſt reuerſions of her Princely table
Seru'd all in maſſie gold incomparable.
Which ſhe, they ſaid, theſe ſtrangers t'honour, ſent;
And ſet afore them, and away ſo went.
The Louers eat thereof, but more for faſhion,
Than of their owne deſire or inclination;
Who rather wiſht for meaner cheere to pay:
This had at ſupper, this had cu'rie day.
At laſt theſe waiters come to call away
*Theagenes* vnto their Lady, and ſay;
Thrice happie you, our Lady for you ſends;
Enioy the bliſſe that few men elſe attends.
He pauſ'd awhile, and roſe, and askt the Groome;
Muſt I alone, or with my ſiſter come?
Alone, quoth he: for now ſhe doth conuerſe,
In ſtately wiſe among the Lords of *Perſe*.
Another time your ſiſter ſhall be call'd
Among the Ladies: he thereat appall'd,
Lent downe and ſoftly ſaid vnto his Loue,
I like not this: but wiſh it well may proue.
She anſwer'd ſoftly, keeping well the cloſe,
'Tis beſt you doe not flatly at firſt oppoſe:
And ſo he went. They taught him by the way,
Who need no teaching, what to doe and ſay:
And when he came her Statelineſſe before,
They will'd him, yet he would not her adore;
But bolt-vpright ſalutes her with this verſe;
*All-haile* ARSACE, *royall blood of Perſe.*
The Perſian Courtiers murmur'd at the Greeke,
Who durſt ſo boldly to their Lady ſpeake
Without adoring her; ſhe did but ſmile,
And ſaid my Lords, when he hath ſeene a while
The ſtate of Perſian Court, he will doe more,
Than with an outward complement adore:
So ſaying mou'd her Coronet vpon't,
As Perſian Queens in giuing thanks are wont.

And

And further ſaid, y'are welcome gentle gueſt;
But aske, and haue, if ought you be diſtreſt:
So ſent him backe with fauourable ſigne
To th'Eunuchs made; whereto they all encline,
And lead him downe with ſtately pomp of Guard.
*Achæmenes* him met, and on him ſtar'd,
To view him better now in open light;
And knew him better now at ſecond ſight:
Suſpects the cauſe, and was therewith offended;
But mum, quoth he; few words are ſoone amended.
That night the Lady ſent not only joynts
Of daintie meat, but goodly counter-points,
And ſuits of hangings wrought in *Lyde* and *Tyre*,
With purle and twiſt of gold and ſiluer wyre,
To ſundrie-colour'd ſilke, Gem-ſtone and pearle;
A boy for him, and for his ſiſt'r a guerle:
Then by themſelues, to put-off irkſome thought,
A while they looke what eu'rie peece had wrought.
I paſſe the reſt; at one *Chariclia* gaz'd
Remarkably, and ſtood thereat amaz'd:
How now (quoth he) whereat ſo lookes my Deere?
With that ſhe deeply ſigh'd, and ſaid, lo here,
Lo eu'n among my fathers enemies
Is better knowen his daughters miſeries
Than to himſelfe; behold a crowned paire
Of Black-ones here ſet high on royall chaire;
The Queene is great, as cunning hand and head
Hath well ſet-out, and yonder laid abed
With childe her-by; as far vnlike them both,
As ſnow to Ieat: behold and yonder go'th
With childe in arme the wife *Siſimithres*,
As *Calaſiris* heard of *Charicles*,
And told it me: alas, alas the loſſe
Of ſuch a guide is now our greateſt croſſe:
Yet eu'n in Ægypt (howſoe're we ſpeed)
Is ſeene by this that vertue hath her meed.

Then *Cyb* came-in; and yet ſhe durſt not puſh
At what was ment: but goes about the buſh.
She magnifies her Ladies great good will
To him and her; and much commends her ſtill,
For beautie excelling any Perſian Queen,
Yea beautie and parts as well vnſeen as ſeen;
To gallant youths moſt amiable and kinde;
And ſo ſhe tries him, how to luſt inclin'de.
The vertuous Knight though ſeeing would not ſee
Whereat ſhe ſhot; yet many thanks gaue hee
T'*Arſace* for her kindneſſe ſhew'd the Greekes:
But *Cybel* knew ſhe thought her howers weekes,
And promiſe would expect: and now no more
Can be put-off, as had been heretofore,
With idle excuſe; as that the youth's affraid;
Or ſome miſhap their forward purpoſe ſtaid:
A ſennight's paſt, and almoſt eu'rie day
Is call'd, and made-of much, *Chariclia*
For brothers ſake; that now the Bawd is faine,
Againſt her will, thus ſpeake the matter plaine;
My Lady loues you (Sir) I know you ſee't:
When will you leaue this ſowre, and taſte the ſweet?
No danger is there; for her husband's gone;
And none ſhall know't but I: Wife haue you none,
Nor other loue; though many not far hence
I know, that would with ſuch a bond diſpence
In caſe the like, and ſcruple neuer make
Both wealth and honour with delight to take.
A meaner woman, when ſhe loues a man,
And is not lou'd, by all the meanes ſhe can
Will ſeeke reuenge: can royall bloud of Perſe
Indure it, thinke you? call to minde your verſe.
Behold how many men at armes attend her,
To guard her friends, and puniſh thoſe offend her.
But you, but one, a ſtranger, friendleſſe, weake.
At laſt ſhe praid *Chariclia* for her ſpeake;

And ſaid, ſweet heart, it will be good for you;
My Lady will you fauour more than now,
Enrich, aduance, and ſet you at her bord,
And highly marrie to ſome Perſian Lord.
*Chariclia* lookt askew at her, and ſaid;
I wiſh the nobl' *Arſace* bett'r apaid;
And, if not otherwiſe, 'twere good that he
Her gaue content, ſo ſafely might it be:
And, leſt it hurt i'th'end both him and her,
From knowledge kept of th'abſent Gouerner,
Who ſees far-off. Hereat the Gammer skips,
Embraces her, and layes her on the lips;
And ſaith (Good daught'r) I thanke you for this grace:
Becomes a woman tend'r a womans caſe,
And ſiſter brothers: but the coaſt is cleare
All round about, and nothing need you feare.
Forbeare, and let vs thinke vpon't, quoth he;
So forth went *Cybel*, and *Chariclia* ſhe
Said, O *(Theagenes)* 'tis hard ſucceſſe,
This happineſſe in ſhew, in deed diſtreſſe!
But wiſdome bids make vſe of what we finde
To ſaue the maine: and ſo if be your minde,
Content am I. But if you thinke it groſſe,
As out of doubt; yet ſet not all on loſſe;
Delude her with faire promiſes awhile;
For time may helpe; to th'end ſhe bring no vile
Diſgrace on vs: and yet I pray take heed,
Leſt often promiſing you doe't indeed.
He ſmil'd, and ſaid, for no aduerſitie
Will women leaue their fault of jealouſie.
*Thing ill to doe ſhould not be ſaid:* and know,
Of ſuch a minde I cannot make a ſhow.
But, vs to rid of further ſuit, the ſcope
And way is, quite to put her out of hope.
Then preſent miſchiefe muſt vpon vs fall,
Prepare you for't, quoth ſhe; and therewithall

Comes *Cybel* in, late hauing comforted
The loue-ſicke Lady, left yet on her bed.
This Gammar Bawd, this all-entricing ſpright,
Yet lets *Theagenes* alone to night;
And labours what ſhe can *Charicli a*
To helpe her ſuit, as they together lay.
But in the morning ſets on him againe,
And prayes him put her Miſtris out of paine,
If yet he be reſolu'd: he flat denies her;
And ſhe againe vnto *Arſace* hies her,
With ſad report. The Lady gaue her checke
In ſuch a ſort, as neere had broke her necke
Thrown down the ſtaires: her ſelfe, both heart and head
Now like to burſt with griefe, rowles on her bed;
And all to teares her cloths, her haire, her breſt;
Nor all that day could take a minutes reſt.
The Bawd no ſooner left the Nurſerie,
But meets her ſonne, who ſaw her ſadly crie;
And askt the cauſe thus of her ſudden damp;
What ailes *Arſace*? What newes from the camp?
Hath Lord *Orondates* receiu'd a blow,
Or loſt the field? good mother let me know!
And inſtant is to learne the reaſon why;
Nor will her leaue, though ſhe would put him by.
Then him ſhe conjur'd, and by hand him tooke
And led him forth aſide t'a ſecret nooke:
And ſaid, My ſonne; this vnto none I would,
But vnto thee, mine only childe, haue tould;
Our Lady loues the Grecian here; and thence
Come all her fauours and beneuolence.
The vaine and fooliſh youth will not comply,
Doe what we can, her minde to ſatisfie.
Which her diſtracteth in ſo high degree,
I thinke 'twill make her kill her ſelfe and mee.
Then helpe vs ſonne, if thou know wherewithall;
Or elſe prepare for mothers funerall.

What

What ſhall the man haue (quoth he) that procures
To be fulfill'd my Ladies minde and yours?
Aske what thou wilt, quoth ſhe; Cup-bearer late
I made thee, and daily can encreaſe thy ſtate.
Then he; I thought at firſt it would be ſo;
But held my peace to ſee how game would goe.
Ile worke my Ladies will, or loſe my life,
If I may haue that Greeke wench to my wife;
And aske no more: for (mother) I ſo loue her,
That liue I cannot long, except I proue her.
Away with honour, and away with pelfe;
And let *Arſace* iudge me by her ſelfe.
Why ſonne (quoth ſhe) of this make you no doubt;
I thinke my ſelfe can well nigh bring't about;
Bed-fellowes are we: by ſome tricke or gin,
Not now to ſeeke, I quickly ſhall her win.
But how can you ſo bring about this geare?
A word not I (quoth he) vntill ſhe ſweare.
And mother deale not you, in Greeke, nor French,
Nor any language, with my daintie wench;
Leſt hurt you doe: for I already finde
She lookes aloft, and beares a haughtie minde.
But let my Lady aſſure her ſelfe I will,
On that condition, all her minde fulfill.
With this Dame *Cybel* vnt' *Arſace* runs,
And tells her this faire promiſe of her ſons:
Let call him in, quoth ſhe; except you faine,
And, as before, will me delude againe.
*Achæmenes* comes-in, and him t'aſſure,
The Lady ſweares, if he her loue procure,
He ſhall *Theagens* ſiſter take to wife:
Then here (quoth he) ſhall ended bee the ſtrife.
The man your ſlaue is, and he muſt obay:
How ſo (quoth ſhe)? I had him th'other day
In charge, quoth he, as ſent from *Mitranes*
Vnto your husband Lord *Orondates*.

And tooke he was from me by ſtrong impreſſe
Of *Thyamis* and Malecontents of *Beſſe.*
Whom if you aske, he can it not deny:
And yet a much more pregnant proofe haue I;
My Captaines letters firme and vnder ſeale,
Which (here behold) will all the caſe reueale;
And how he ſhould to *Babylon* be ſent.
This rude relation gaue her great content.
She makes no more adoe, but ſtraight bids call
Her learned Councell to the Iudgement hall;
And there on loftie Throne ſhe ſtately bore her;
And will'd *Theagenes* be brought before her:
He comes, and (*Achæmen* him ſtanding by)
Know you that man (quoth he)? ſhe anſwer'd, I.
And were you captiue left vnto his charge?
Confeſt it too: Then how (quoth ſhe) at large?
By *Thyamis*, quoth he. Then ſhe, my ſlaue
You are, and pleaſe me, or no mercie craue.
And of your ſiſter thus I doe diſpoſe;
She ſhall be wife to him that did diſcloſe
This firſt to me; my ſeruant *Achæmen*,
So well deſcruing eu'rie where and when.
As for ſolemnities and marriage-day,
When things be fit, no longer ſhall we ſtay.
It ſtrook *Theagenes* to th'heart: yet he
Made anſwer thus; Althovgh our fortune be
To ſerue, free-borne, and of no parent baſe,
Yet herein may we bett'r account our caſe;
And frownig fortunes bad intent conuince;
To ſerue ſo braue and gracious a Prince,
That will be pleaſ'd doe juſtice; which we craue:
My ſiſter yet nor captiue is nor ſlaue.
Well (quoth *Arſace*) let him be brought vp
Among the ſlaues that wait vpon our Cup;
And *Achæmen* him teach in eu'rie thing,
That may him fit to ſerue the mightie King.

So

So forth they went; *Theagenes* diſtreſt
In minde, and thinking what to doe were beſt;
*Achæmenes*, to haue him at his becke,
Inſultingly, and thus began him checke:
Ah ha, Sir youth, you thought your ſelfe ſo free,
As no man elſe; now muſt you wait on mee.
Ile make you bend, that beare your head ſo high,
Or knocke y'about the ſconce. *Authoritie*
*In baſe mens hands is neuer well employ'd.*
*Arſace* then commands the reſt auoyd;
And thus to *Cybel* ſaith; now all excuſe
Is tane away: this proud boy, for th'abuſe
Me done to-fore, ſhall well and ſurely pay
(You tell him ſo) except he ſoone obay;
Which if he doe, then will I ſet him free,
And honour adde, and wealth to libertee.
She tels *Theagenes* the Ladies minde,
And of her owne ſome reaſons more doth finde
Him to perſwade, he craues to pauſe that day,
And talks alone firſt with *Chariclia*:
Then ſaith (my Deere) now are we cleane vndone:
I muſt obey before the morrow Sunne
Hath ran his courſe; or ſuffer ſeruitude,
Yea both of vs, among this people rude:
With all diſgrace that on the kept-in ſtrict
May ſcorne inuent, or barbariſme inflict.
This could I beare; but that, far worſe than this,
I neuer ſhall; though paſt her promiſe is;
That *Achæmen* (forſooth) ſhould marrie thee:
While I haue life and ſword, it ſhall not be.
*Neceſſities are ſuttle Councellers:*
I haue a tricke. Then thus with *Cyb* conferr'd,
I am reſolu'd: goe tell her now you Krone,
Alone-I wiſh to talke with her-alone.
She, glad he was ſo bold with her, as ſigne
Of yeelding minde, her Lady told; in fine,

That night he ſent-for was, and ſoftly led
In darke by *Cyb*, when all were gone to bed,
But Lady her ſelfe and theſe: and when they came
Within the chamber doore, the little flame,
That there was left, ſhe takes, and would away.
Nay (Madame, quoth he) let kinde *Cybel* ſtay;
For ſhe's no blab. Then Lady tooke by th'hand,
And ſaid, thus long forc-ſow'd I your command,
(Deere Lady and Miſtris) that I might obay
With more ſecuritie both night and day.
And, now good fortune me declares your ſlaue,
More willing am I you command and haue.
But (O!) this one thing grant me firſt I pray,
Renounce your promiſe of *Chariclia*
Vnt' *Achæmen* (you ſhall her much diſparage
(Such is her birth) by making ſuch a marriage)
Or elſe, I ſweare (befall what can befall)
At your command I will doe nought at all.
For ere I liue to ſee her ſuffer force,
You ſhall me ſee a ſelfe-dead-wounded corſe.
*Arſace* then; Why thinke not (Sir) that I,
Who giue my ſelfe, can ought to you deny:
But I haue ſworne before, and by my life,
Your ſiſter ſhall be *Achæmen* his wife.
Well 'tis no worſe, reply'd *Theagenes*;
Him giue my ſiſter (Lady) when you pleaſe:
For ſiſter none haue I; and, on my life
This is my ſpouſe, and eu'n as good as wife.
For further proofe, appoint the day, and we
Shall gladly with your fauour married be;
Which broth'r and ſiſter cannot. This to heare
The loue-ſicke Lady toucht was verie neare:
Yet ſaid, we grant. Then Ile doe your command
When that's vndone, quoth he; ſo tooke in hand
Her hand to kiſſe: but ſhe it backward ſlips,
And bowes her downe, and layes him lips to lips.

Not

Not kiſſing he, but kiſt forthwith aroſe,
And with her leaue for that time, out he goes;
And tels *Chariclia* what was done: but ſhee
Scarce heard the laſt without ſome jealouſie.
This one thing done (quoth he) prevents the fall
Of many miſchiefes on our heads; and ſhall
*Achæmenes* prouoke his caſe deplore,
And ſet this houſe forthwith in great vprore.
For *Cyb* will tell her ſonne; and for that cauſe,
When forth ſhe would of chamb'r, I made her pauſe:
And to th'intent ſhe might a witneſſe bee
Of what there paſt, and of my loue to thee.
*For though it well ſuffiſe the guiltleſſe breſt,*
*To know his owne integritie and reſt*
*Vpon the Gods: yet vnto men we ought,*
*With whom we liue, by deed declare our thought.*
And ſaid againe, be ſure *Achæmenes*
Is like to lay ſome plot, that will diſeaſe
*Arſace* ſelfe; a miſchiefe minding knaue,
Her diſcontent and diſappointed ſlaue;
Who knowes her life, and leauing falſe inuent,
May worke reuenge on matters evident.
Exhorts her therefore courage haue, and hope
That ſomething will befall to fit their ſcope.
The next day comes *Achæmenes* to call
Him forth to wait vpon the Lady in hall;
And brings a Perſian ſuit which ſhe him ſent,
Laid all with gold, and pearly Paſſement;
This he, with greater ſtate her cups to fill,
Muſt now put-on, though much againſt his will.
And when the Clowne would teach the Gentleman
Giue wine, he ſaid, it needed not, and ran
Before his maſt'r; and neatly did it skinke,
And with a comly grace her gaue to drinke.
She dranke more loue than wine, beholding ſtill
Her waiters face, and had not yet her fill;
But left a little, through her wanton skill,
For him to drinke; though he had to't no will.

When feaſt was done, he prayes the Lady ſtraight
He might not weare that robe, but if he wait.
She grants, he ſhifts him; and, for then, they part.
*Achæmenes* yet, ſorely prickt at heart
With enuie, twits him for his bold attempt,
And ſaith, all were your Noueſie exempt
From checke at firſt, yet if you keepe that gniſe,
You ſhall offend: I friendly you aduiſe;
As one that ſhall, if Ladies hold their ſaw,
Ere long become your louing broth'r in law.
*Theagenes* held downe his head, and ſaid
No word thereto: but th'other ill-apaid
Complaines his mother-to, that this new Lad
Of Lady *Arſace* greater fauours had
Than he himſelfe; and, that which grieues him moſt,
With bold preſumption hath her cup engroſt;
To me no dutie yeelds, no thanke to me,
Who taught him all this skill; and yet if ſhe
Had fauour'd him without my plaine diſgrace,
It would not grieue me ſo to leaue the place;
Who further'd haue her purpoſe, and conceal'd
That long ere this had better beene reueal'd:
But time will come. Now (moth'r) on bed or bench,
Where lies, how does my daintie Grecian wench?
My loue, my ſpouſe; faine would I ſee her ſnout:
(Thinke this a phraſe that fits a clowniſh lout)
The ſight of her perhaps will eaſe the pang
Of wound receiu'd from Angers ruſtie fang.
Why ſonne (quoth ſhe) while you at ſhadowes rap,
You loſe the maine: It muſt not not be your hap
To marrie her you meane. Why ſo (quoth he)?
My fellow-ſeruant? y'are deceiu'd, quoth ſhe.
Son, in the Sun the man that walks ſhall burne:
This, this, haue we for ſeruing ſtill her turne;
Preferring ſtill her luſt before our liues.
A new-come ſlaue, that ſhould be kept in gyues,
But once beheld, hath made her breake her oath,
And vnto him thy promiſed betroath:

He ſaith no ſiſter ſh'is, but his true loue,
And that by marriage ready is to proue.
And hath *Arſace* promiſ'd it (quoth he)?
I preſent was and heard her ſo, quoth ſhe;
And verie few dayes hence will celebrate
Their marriage-feaſt, with great reſort and ſtate:
But promiſeth ſhe will for thee prouide
Another wife as good, what ere betide.
Betide what will, quoth he; (and clapt his pawes)
If any right there be, or care of Lawes,
Or men can women rule: good mother keepe
It off a while, and I ſhall make them weepe
All ere the marriage-day. If any aske
For me, them tell that I haue got a laske;
And keepe within doores at your Countrey Farme;
Then thus he mumbled as it were a charme.
T' *Arſace* rude before, now finely bowes;
His ſiſter late, muſt now be call'd his ſpouſe.
Who ſees not this deuiſ'd to put me by?
What if he kiſſe her, if with her he lye?
(And th'one I'm well aſſured-of; he kiſt her)
Are theſe enough to proue her not his ſiſter?
Goe to (ye foole) quoth ſhe; bee't falſe or true,
Againſt my Ladies purpoſe ſtirre not you.
Or wiſe, or foole, quoth he; *What wiſe hath knowne*
*Anothers caſe, as doth a foole his owne?*
Doe what they can, I will not ſo be gull'd:
Nor will the Gods an oath be diſanull'd.
Thus Anger, Loue, with Iealouſie and Faile,
(Which might againſt the wiſeſt man preuaile)
Him ſets a-rage; and, what he firſt bethought,
Without conſideration will haue wrought.
He takes th'Armenian Courſer kept at eaſe,
For th'only pleaſure of *Orondates*,
And on him flies o're Ægypts fruitfull glebes,
To tell his Lord at hundred-gated *Thebes*;
There now r'enforcing for the war began
Againſt the white-tooth'd Æthiopian.

# THE
# Faire AEthiopian.

WHen claime is iuſtly made in quiet paſſage,
And no iuſt anſwer giu'n to nobl' Embaſſage;
It matters not, if Kings obtaine their right
Againſt an Enemie, by force or ſlight.
So when *Hydaſpes* by a warlike wile,
Pretending treatie, got his Mine of *Phile*;
A Towne whereon th'Outlawes of Ægypt preſt,
That was before by th'Æthiop poſſeſt;
And ſtood at th'vpper Cataracts of *Nile*,
From *Elpentine* and *Sien* thirteene mile;
The Perſian, driu'n in haſte to muſter men,
Was full of care, and buſie about it, when
*Achæmenes* came in; yet ſaid, What winde
Hath ſet you thus vnlookt for here? the Hinde,
Ile tell my Lord in priuate; and, when all
The reſt were gone, declares the criminall:
What Grecian youth was ſent by *Mitranes*,
To ſerue the King, if ſo his Lordſhip pleaſe;
And how by *Thyam* intercept, and how
In loue with him was faln *Arſace* now;
Had brought him to the Palace, entertain'd him,
And though he thought, ſh'had not as yet conſtrain'd him:
(Becauſe the modeſt youth reſiſts her ſtill,
And will not condeſcend vnto her will)
Yet leſt more hurt be done, as may full well
In tract of time, he came his Lord to tell,

And doe the dutie longing to his truſt.
This mou'd his anger; th'other mou'd his luſt,
When Grecian wench he praiſ'd, and ſaid ſhe paſt
The faireſt now on earth, from firſt to laſt.
Of her ſo ſpoke, as hoping, when his Lord
Had done, he might her get to bed and bord;
For iuſt reward of ſeruant diligent,
In this reuealing ere it further went.
The twice-enflamed Lord, to loſe no time,
An Eunuch ſends forthwith, of all the prime,
With fiftie horſe to *Memphis*-ward that day,
To fetch the Grecian Captiues both away;
And letters by him; vnt' *Arſace* theſe:
*This ſtraightly thee commands Orondates;*
*The Grecian broth'r and ſiſter ſend m'away;*
*By name Theagen and Chariclia;*
*To ſend the King: for captiue his they bee,*
*And fit to ſerue th'Imperiall Maieſtee.*
*If you them ſend not willingly, they muſt*
*Be tane by force: thus Achæmen I truſt.*
And theſe, to th'Eunuch chiefe at *Memphis* Court,
*Euphrates* call'd; *I heare of your report,*
*Which you ſhall anſw'r another time; to day*
*Send vs Theagen and Chariclia,*
*By Bagoas, and, whether will or no*
*Arſace, ſend them: or we let you know,*
*We giue command you ſelfe with all diſgrace,*
*Be brought in bonds, deprined of your place.*
Theſe vnder ſeale he gaue, to bring them downe
With more aſſurance by th'aſſiſting Towne.
To *Memphis* th'Eunuch, and *Orondates*
To warre, and takes with him *Achæmenes*;
On whom he ſets a priute watch beſide,
To keepe him ſafe vntill the truth be trt'de:
For, wanting proofe, he wiſely thought not good
Beleeue a tale defaming Royall Blood.

Meane-while at *Memphis* see what falne is out:
When *Thyamis* with all the Priests deuour,
Had ended *Calasiris* funerall,
And of the Priesthood had his full installl;
That well he might, now after weeke of pause,
Conuerse with strangers, by their Cloyster-lawes:
The two young Greekes he quickly cals to minde,
And earnestly them casts-about to finde.
At length he learnes they in the Palace kept,
And for their sake straight vnt' *Arsace* stept:
And askt her for them, as his friends, and such
As, to prouide for, doth him neerly touch,
By fathers will; and thankt her for the grace
Sh'imparted them this mourning enterspace,
That barr'd him hitherto; and now 'tis ouer,
Praid that he might their company recouer.
But she replyes, I maruell *(Thyamis)*
Sith our estate so well prouided is,
And sith our entertainment you commend;
You seeme to doubt it will not hold to th'end.
Not so, quoth he; for well I know, that heere
Your Ladiship maintaines more daintie cheere
Than is with vs; and better may they liue;
Such royall entertainment wont you giue:
But they well-borne, now ending pilgrimage,
Are homeward bound to see their parentage.
My selfe some reason haue, and, for my father,
Prouide them would of all things much the rather.
'Tis well (quoth she) that, anger laid aside,
You will the point of equitie abide;
Which more is alwayes on Commanders side,
Than his that hath but barely to prouide.
Haue you command, quoth he? Quoth she, I haue;
By Law of Armes that makes a Captiue slaue.
He saw she ment th'exploit of *Mitranes*,
Who tooke them both, set-on by *Nausicles*

At th'outlaw Fen, and therefore meekly ſaid,
No warre (good Lady) now; but all's apaid
With peace on either ſide. Peace ſetteth free,
All that in time of warre captiued bee.
This is the royall Law of Armes; and all
That this oppoſe are thought tyrannicall.
Beſides (*Arſace*) let me tell you true,
'Tis no wayes honourabl' or good for you,
Such youth, ſo ſtrange, with ſo peruerſe a will,
To ſay and meane you muſt impriſon ſtill.
This madded her (as wantons of that age,
Concealed bluſh; but manifeſted rage)
And, thinking *Thyamis* conceiu'd the truth
Of her enclining to the Grecian youth,
She ſaid, I care not for your Prieſthood I;
Perhaps your ſelfe full deare yet ſhall abuy
The death of *Mitranes*: and, as for theſe,
I will reſerue them for *Orondates*.
In ſpight of *Rhet'ricke* and your lawfull bands,
It ſhall be done that Maieſtie commands.
The King ſhall haue them; for his ſlaues they be;
And, as for you, be gone. So parted he,
Imploring helpe diuine: and thought to raiſe
The Citie vpon her, making known her wayes.
But ſhe to chamber ſtraight, and muſt aduiſe
With Gammer *Cyb*: In theſe perplexities,
What ſhall I doe (quoth ſhe)? I cannot ſlake
This flame of loue, nor him more yeelding make:
But rather worſe he ſeemes; that heretofore
With ſome hope fed me, promiſing ſtill more;
Hee flatly now denies, as ſomething heard,
Of *Achæmen*, that I am much afeard.
But let him be beleeu'd, or not beleeu'd,
If vnt' *Orondates* I ſhew me greeu'd,
And flattring weepe; all were he ne're ſo rough,
It makes him milde; I ſhall doe well enough.

But here's the miſchiefe, that before I ſee
My minde fulfill'd, preuented ſhall I bee,
With tale him could, perhaps be made to die
Before he heare me ſpeake, or ſee me crie.
Wherefore vſe all your skill; and caſt about
With what deuice you can to helpe me out.
Or, if my ſelfe to kill I doe not care,
Aſſure thy ſelfe I will not others ſpare:
And thou art like be firſt for this good deed
Of *Achæmen* thy ſonne (ill mote he ſpeed!)
And thou wert priuie to't, or I miſtake.
Good Madam (quoth ſhe) better reck'ning make
Of both your ſeruants; and take heart vnto you;
Or elſe this care will vtterly vndoe you.
Too milde you are, and flatter, not command
*Theagenes* your ſlaue: at former hand
'Twas not amiſſe, reputing him a boy;
But now he ſtands a tip-toe, proudly coy
Againſt his louing Lady, let him know
He ſhall be forc'd with many a ſtripe, and blow,
And other torments to performe your will;
Then doe not flatter ſo and pleaſe him ſtill.
'Tis right (quoth ſhe) you ſay: but how can I,
That loue him thus, endure his miſerie?
O Madam, y'are too pitifull, quoth ſhee;
And cannot ſpeed while thus affect you bee,
Not weighing well, how, aft'r a little paine,
Both he and you ſhall haue a merrie vaine.
Nor need you ſee't: but let *Euphrates* lay
Some ſmall correction on him eu'rie day,
Till he relent; ſhe likes her ſutletee.
*To heare a thing, ſo moues not, as to ſee.*
And loue, when once it growes ſo deſperate,
Can be content, that loued was to hate,
And venge repulſe. Commandment then ſhe gaue;
*Euphrates* ſhould torment him like a ſlaue,

As for ſome fault in waiting. *Eunuchs all*
*Are giu'n to jealouſie*; and he the more
*Theagenes* afflicts; for that before
He well obſeru'd, and all the ſignes had ſeene
Of loue him-to that ſhew'd the wanton Queene:
With knottie whips he teares his tender skin,
While manacles and ſhackles hold him in:
With hung'r and thirſt him pinches, and no light
By day him ſhewes; nor lets him reſt at night.
Not ſo *Arſace* meant, yet worſe than ſo
Did Gammer *Cyb* pretend her minde to know:
For none but ſhe came there; though with pretence
To bring him meat, 'twas for intelligence.
And when ſhe ſaw him ſo maintaine the field
Againſt her plot, and by no meanes would yeild;
The more his body is beaten downe, the more
His minde was raiſ'd with chaſter loue to ſoare:
And thought, if this *Chariclia* did but know,
It tooke away the paine of eu'rie blow;
And cri'd in torment either night or day,
My loue, my light, my life *Chariclia*:
When this the Gammer heard and ſaw, ſhe thought
This Virgin liuing all their plot was nought:
And now ſhe feares, if by *Achæmenes*
(As like it was) be told *Orondates*,
Leſt ſhe be ſoundly paid for all; and leſt
*Arſace* kill her ſelfe; wherefore the beaſt
Is all on killing ſet now, to remoue
What euer hinder'd her ſicke Ladies loue;
To bar intelligence, to ſaue her hide;
And one day to her Lady thus ſhe cri'de;
Madam, we worke in vaine as long as ſhe,
On whom builds all his hope this ſtubborne he
Is ſuffer'd ſtill to liue: but, were ſhe gone,
We ſhould doe well enough with him alone.
The loueſicke Lady on this laid preſent hold,
In ang'r and jealouſie for that was told;

You tell me true, quoth ſhe, and I ere night
Will order take ſhe ſtand not in my light.
But how (quoth *Cybel*)? *By the Perſian Lawes*
*You may not kill, but ſhew and proue the cauſe*;
Which asketh time to plot: but Ile to day,
If you thinke good, her rid quite out of way,
By draught of poyſn: it likes *Arſace* well;
About it goes this Chamberlaine of Hell.
She found *Chariclia* weeping bitterly,
And, more than ſo, deuiſing how to dye:
For now ſhe gan ſuſpect the cruell caſe
*Theagenes* was in; that all this ſpace
Came not at her: though *Cybel* fain'd excuſe,
And ſaid he was reſtrain'd for ſome abuſe,
Or little fault in ſeruice: but by my
Moſt earneſt ſuit was dealt with graciouſly,
And ſhall be ſtill, and out of doubt ere night
At libertie: therefore plucke-vp your ſprite,
And doe not thus with mourning pine away;
My Lady makes her marriage-feaſt to day.
Refreſh your ſelfe; that when your Louer comes,
You may with ioy receiue him and the Groomes.
Behold ſome dainties haue I brought you heere;
Come, let's fall-to, 'tis of my Ladies cheere.
You vſe (quoth ſhe) ſo much me to deceiue,
That, what you ſay, I hardly can beleiue.
Th'equiuocating witch deuoutly ſweares
She ſhould to day be rid of all her cares.
So downe they ſit and eat, and leſſe in feare
*Chariclia* now, for that ſhe heard her ſweare,
And hope of that ſhe promiſed. *What we wiſh*
*We ſoone beleeue.* Then ate they fleſh and fiſh,
And other dainties; *Aura* giues the cup,
Made ready for *Chariclia* to ſup,
To *Cybel*-ſelfe; ſhe drinkes it off miſtooke,
And felt it ſtraight, and caſt a cruell looke

Vpon her Maid. I wiſh there might vnt'all,
That goe about ſuch wickedneſſe, befall
The like miſtake! the poyſon was ſo ſtrong
Prepar'd for youth; that ſoone it laid along
That aged witch. Yet ſhe amids her maine
Convulſing, ſwelling, ſtaring, twitching paine,
While belly burſts, and ſinewes cracke, and ſhrinke,
Declares a minde more poyſnous than the drinke.
For ſigne ſhe made, to ſome then ſtanding-by,
As if *Chariclia* made her ſo to dye;
Poore innocent, amas'd at ſuch a ſtound,
And oft attempting her to raiſe from ground.
*But helpe of man or woman littl' auailes,*
*When poyſon ſtrong the vitall part aſſailes.*
Her skin was blacke, and out ſtart both her eyes,
And with her mouth awry there dead ſhe lyes.
The guiltleſſe Virgin, neuer vs'd to bands,
But ſilke, vnti'de and ti'de with ſofteſt hands,
In caſe ſhe was is rapt from off the ground,
And with rough cord t' *Arſace* carri'd bound.
The iealous Lady threatens with exceſſe
Of paine to force her, but ſhe would confeſſe
Her poyſning *Cybel.* (*Marke what innocence*
*Can make one doe, and guiltleſſe conſcience!*)
She came not drooping; but with cheerfull grace
Of Princely courage (*Feare attends the baſe*)
And, glad to ſee, that, where through griefe ſhe thought
To kill her ſelfe, it ſhould by them be wrought,
Said, goodly Princeſſe, if *Theagenes*
Be yet aliue, then (ſet your heart at eaſe)
I did it not: but, if by your deſigne
He's made away, the deed was only mine:
I ſlue your Nurſe, that hath ſo well you taught,
And in theſe honourable wayes vp-brought,
Come take reuenge, you cannot better pleaſe
Your refractorie man *Theagenes.*

O noble he, that could ſo well withſtand
So wicked purpoſe and ſo cruell hand!
With this enrag'd, the luſt-ſicke Lady ſpent
Some blowes on her, and preſently her ſent
Bound as ſhe was t'her chiefe Eunuch *Euphrate*;
There to behold her louers like eſtate;
And ſafe be kept, vntill the morning come,
When heare ſhe ſhould the Iudges deadly doome.
And as ſhe's led away that *Anna* came,
Dame *Cybels* Maid, and lowdly gan exclame;
Alas poore innocent! the ſtanders-by
Conſtraine her plainly ſpeake; ſhe ſaid, 'twas I
The poyſon'd cup miſtooke, and gaue the ſame,
Which vnto this I ſhould, vnto my Dame.
T'*Arſace* carri'd, there ſhe ſayes the like:
The raging Lady was about to ſtrike,
Yet held, and ſaid, this alſo had conſpir'd
My Nurſes death, thereto by th'other hir'd:
Away with her, away with her, and let her
Be ſafely kept in manacle and fetter
T'abide the doome. Then for the Iudges ſent,
And next day ſhew'd the cauſe of their conuent.
She cri'd my Nurſe, alas my Nurſe is gone;
Yea poyſon'd, poyſon'd, by this wretched one,
Whom I receiu'd with all humanitie;
(My Lords, you know) and yet this thanke haue I.
And ſobbing, ſighing, weeping, wringing hand,
(Such women haue their teares at their command)
She ſaid what could be ſaid in ſuch a mood;
And yet *Chariclia* made her ſaying good.
Nay more, confeſt ſhe would *Arſace* ſelfe,
That wicked wretch, that luſt-ſicke wanton Elfe
Haue made away; but that ſhe was preuented:
And that ſhe miſt her purpoſe much lamented.
Although, in truth, ſhe ne're had ſuch a thought,
*But, miſeriet'auoid, her death ſo ſought,*

As was in their conceit moſt like to ſpeed;
And ſo in priſon were they both agreed:
When hardeſt heart conſtraine it would to rue,
The lamentable ſight of their adiew.
Her Iewels all the Cradle-band wrapt-in,
Were ti'd about her twixt her ſmocke and skin:
That at her death pretended criminall,
They might ſupply the want of funerall.
But now the Iudges hearing her confeſſe
The crime at large, and rather more than leſſe;
According falſe *Arſaces* hearts deſire,
Condemne the guiltleſſe to be burnt with fire.
The crime proclaim'd nor better was nor worſe,
Then for the poyſning Lady *Arſaces* Nurſe.
Tormentors lead her forth without the walls;
And ſuch a ſight the people much appals.
*Arſace*, for ſucceſſe of her inuents,
Comes forth her ſelfe vpon the battlements:
And for ſhe would not loſe her pleaſant ſight,
Of louers torment ſtanding in her light.
But when the fire was ready and flam'd aloft,
*Chariclia* them that led her pray'd goe ſoft,
And giue her leaue to ſpeake; and loud ſhe cri'de,
O Sunne and Heauen! can any from you hide
This cruell fact? I ſuffer willingly,
But innocent, to put-off miſerie.
For this I pardon craue: but as for her,
This woman monſter, femall Gouerner,
That cares not what ſhe doth in luſts-exceſſe,
To take my husband, filthy Adultereſſe;
O pay her home! theſe words with reſolution,
Made ſome prepare to ſtay that execution.
But ſhe preuents them, mounting as to game,
And ſtraight way ſate as in a throne of flame:
For by degrees the pile about her ſtood
Of ſtraw, of ſedge, of reed and ſolid wood.

What need I names of ſundrie trees compute?
Of eu'rie kinde there was that bore no fruit.
*The bearing tree is priuiledg'd from fire,*
*Which vnto th'other payes deſerued hire.*
And now her beautie, by reſplendent ſhine
Of flaſhing light, appeares the more diuine;
Yet burnt ſhe not; although to ſpeed her death,
And rid her of this vndelightſome breath,
Faine would ſhe burne; and though from ſted to ſted
She follow'd ſtill the fire, the fire her fled.
Whereat ſhe wonders much and all that ſaw't:
*Arſace* ſees it from the murall vault,
And threatens her tormentors; they fling-on
More ſtraw, ſedge, reed and wood; fire all anon
And more deuoures; and yet no whit the more
Came nigh the Maid; nor heat vnto her bore.
The peopl' are mou'd, and twice or thrice they ſaid;
The Maid is guiltleſſe, guiltleſſe is the Maid;
And droue the Tortors off, by *Thyamis*
Stirr'd-vp thereto, that com'n was there by this.
And, though they could themſelues approach do nier,
They ſtood aloofe, and call'd her from the fire.
Which when ſhe heard and ſaw; the Gods ſhe thought
To ſhew her innocence that wonder wrought.
And, leſt ſhe ſhould vnthankfull ſeeme, ſhe came
Forth all vnhurt amid the yeelding flame.
The Towne for ioy and wonder gaue a ſhout,
Which made *Arſace* as mad come running out,
With all her Guard, and Noblemen of *Perſe*;
And on *Chariclia* ſhe, then looking fierce,
Laid hand her ſelfe, and ſaid with rage enflam'd;
What meane this peopl'? and are you not aſham'd
To hinder juſtice on this wicked wretch?
Whom more condemnes that you to wonder ſtretch.
*For poyſ'ners all, and witches are the ſame;*
And by her witchcraft hath ſhe ſcap't the flame.

Come

Come all to morrow to the Iudgement Hall,
And there you ſhall be ſatisfied all:
Then her by ſhoulder griping led away,
As cruell Faulcon ſeiſeth on her pray.
*Such as liue wicked, woman bee't or man,*
*The noting ſcape not; doe they what they can,*
*They ſhall be curſt aliue, and trod-on dead,*
*By all them knew: whereas the blameleſſe head,*
*Th'vntainted life, ſuch honours fame attaines,*
*As flies all ore the land-and-water Maines.*
No ſooner came they to the Palace gate,
But ſent againe the Virgin is t'*Euphrate*,
And harder bound; not ſo to keepe her in,
As purpoſely to fret her tender skin.
Yet all in good ſhe tooke, and more at eaſe,
As fellow-priſoner with *Theagenes*.
Although *Arſace* will'd it ſo for ſpight,
That one might grieue the more at others ſight;
*For Louers more at paine of their Beloued,*
*Than at their owne, are lamentably moued;*
But they to comfort turne it, while they ſtriue
To ſhew their loue in bearing well the guiue.
And now each oth'r exhorts they ſtoutly ſtand
T'endure the worſt *Arſace* could command,
Before they faile in faith ſo firmly plighted;
And ſo they talke-on till they were benighted.
Nor ſlept they then; becauſe they deemed, either,
This was the laſt that they ſhould talke together.
At length they minde the miracl' at the fire
And what might be the cauſe thereof enquire.
He ſaid it was the grace of Pow'r Diuine,
That caus'd the fire an Innocent decline.
Why then (quoth ſhe) abide we more and more,
Th'vniuſt commands of this vſurping whore?
But now I call to minde a dreame I had;
Thus *Calaſire* me thought in verſe it radde.

*Pantarbe wearing feare thou not the flame;*
*With such a vertue Nature did it frame.*
Therewith *Theagenes*, as much as guyues
Would suffer him, leaps, and his heart reuiues,
Remembring what he likewise dreampt last night:
That such a verse him *Calasiris* dight.
*To Blackmorland the Maid with thee shall come;*
*And scape to morrow fell Arsaces doome.*
I see (quoth he) whereto these verses tend;
*To Blackmorland*, that is vnto mine end,
The land of shaddowes, and *Proserpina*
The Maid is whom I must attend to day.
*And scape Arsaces doome*, that is, be free
From bodies bond, in Soules simplicitee.
And for your verse (sweet heart) what doth it say,
But may be turn'd or this, or th'other way?
*Pantarbe* signifies *of all thing feare.*
Yet *Feare not fire* (it saith) *yee that it weare.*
Then she, my heart, my deere *Theagenes*,
O be not led with such conceits as these!
*Whom Fortune much afflicts he cannot choose*
*But feare the worst, and still on ruine muse.*
Ye men will say that women passe for toung;
And I haue liu'd so much the Greekes among,
That well I know this *Tarbos* oft is read,
As well for *great amazement, as for dread:*
And, for a stone so much t'oppose the fire,
It may amaze and make men all admire.
Then heare me rather, this your Maid is I,
Whom you shall bring home vnt'Æthiopie,
(For is not that the proper Blackmans roome?)
And so escape this *fell Arsaces doome*;
But how 'twill be I know not, though I know
*The Power for showing can effect the show.*
And who would thinke that I should hitherto
Ha soaped death? and yet you see I doe.

And when I bore my helpe about me, (loe?)
That then I knew not, now I plainly know:
Among my mothers jewels there is one,
That bindes in gold a rare *Pantarbe* ſtone:
I had them all about me when I went
Condemn'd to fire: for if I ſcapt, I ment
They ſhould maintaine me; if I di'd withall;
Me ſtand in ſtead of ſolemne funerall.
And now I thinke that this ſo wondrous thing
Is only wrought by that *Pantarbe*-ring,
As pleaſ'd the Gods; And often *Calaſire*
Me told it was an Antidote to fire;
Though then I thought not on't, nor euer ſince;
Till now the triall did the truth euince.
Well haue you ſaid (quoth he) for that is paſt;
But what *Pantarbe* ſhall vs ſaue at laſt;
Or from to morrowes doome? Good hope, quoth ſhe,
And truſt in that to come, as that we ſee
Faln-out, according to the Pythian verſe;
You know't ſo well, I need it not rehearſe.
*Our fatall reſt we ſeeke through much anoy,*
*Whereon to thinke hereafter ſhall vs ioy.*
Thus were they talking till the night grew deepe,
And neuer minded any reſt or ſleepe:
Till *Bagoas* his troope with quicke diſpatch
To *Memphis* brought, and ſoftly raiſ'd the watch,
Well known at firſt; let-in, he caſt a liſt
About the Palace, leſt the Court reſiſt;
And, by a ſecret way he knew, forthright,
T'*Enphrates* came, the Moone affording light.
In bed aſleepe he was, and thus awak'd,
Began to raue, till *Bagoas* him ſlak'd,
And ſaid, 'tis I, and call'd t'a boy for light;
And when it came *Enphrates* ſaid; by night
Thus vnexpected (*Bago's*)? what's the cauſe?
He ſaid no more, but bid him read the clauſe
Of both thoſe letters, marking ſeale and hand,
How 'twas *Orondates* did this command,

That muſt be done: he readd, and ſaid, I dare not
Shew this t'*Arſace*; leſt her ſelfe ſhe ſpare not,
Nor any about her: leaue them with her will
I know ſhe cannot; rather kill, kill, kill
The firſt ſhe meets, and all that her oppoſe;
For now vniuſt and tyrannous ſhe growes;
To ſay no more. And you in time are come,
To ſaue theſe ſtrangers from a deadly doome.
Then doe them good; for they haue ſuffer'd much;
Not with my will: but her command was ſuch.
They are (no doubt) ſome Imps of noble blood;
So vertuouſly diſpos'd, ſo milde, ſo good,
I finde their nature: then th'row priſon led
His fellow Gelding to the manacled;
And hard it is to tell with what compaſſion,
The new-come Eunuch heard their lamentation;
Who ſigh'd to ſee, for beauties excellence,
Of either ſex, th'afflicted innocence.
But when they ſaw him come in ſo by night,
A man vnknown, at firſt they were affright:
But ſoone againe with liuely and cheerfull grace
Lift-vp their heads, and ſaid; Thus thinkes *Arſace*
To hide her wicked deeds, and deadly ſpight?
No, no; the Gods ſhall bring them all to light:
But doe as y'are enioyn'd, with ſword vs ſtrike,
Or burne, or drowne, ſo both togeth't alike.
To heare theſe words, it made thoſe Eunuchs weepe;
But forth they lead them while the Court's aſleepe.
*Euphrates* ſtaies, and *Bagoas* proceeds;
Who mounts the pris'ners on two goodly ſteeds;
And, but for ſafetie, not to hurt them, bound;
Then, (ring of horſemen caſt about them round)
With foure-foot hooſe they thund'r vpon the glebes,
And haſte away for hundred-gated *Thebes*.
So rid they till the Sun was three houres high,
And neuer litte; then, wexing hot and drie,
And nodding ſome on horſe for want of ſleepe;
But chiefly that they might refreſh, and keepe

In health the Maid, they turne aſide and ſtay,
Where *Nilus* winding made a graſſie Bay;
Almoſt an Iſland (that I may not faine)
With narrow land-necke joyned to the maine:
The place by nature was ſo fortifi'de,
That there they might all out of danger bide.
And there in ſhade of ſweet and fruitfull plants,
In ſtead of tent, thought good ſupply their wants:
Eu'n vnder th'Arbours bearing ſweeteſt gums,
Dates, berries, grapes, nuts, apples, peares and plums.
The Beame there burnes at quarter part of race;
So them to reſt inuites both time and place:
For trees not only of eu'rie kinde there grew;
But Meddow-ſtarres, white, yellow, red and blew.
The daintie Floriſt (ſaid bee't vnder pardon)
Hath not ſo faire, ſo diuers in her garden.
For there together dwell Pomone and Flore:
Betwixt the trees ſprung ſleepie Mandragore,
The Marigold, the Buls-eye, th'Æmonine,
The duoble King-cup, Daiſie, Sops-in-wine;
Cloue-Gilliuer, and Gilliuer of ſtocke,
Pinke, Vi'let, Cowſlip, Primroſe, Ladies-ſmocke;
And paſt them all for colour, ſent, and juyce,
The crimſon Roſe, and golden Flow'r-de-luce.
So many dainties neuer was their borne
by wanton Nymph in *Achelous* horne.
And there the ſweet and daintie plants among,
The winged Quirifters record their ſong.
There th'Eunuch broke his faſt, and offer'd meat
To thoſe young Greeks; they ſaid 'twas needleſſe t'eat,
For ſuch as were ſo ſoone to die; but he
Perſwaded them, and ſaid; that ſhould not be:
But ſtrangers cheere your ſelues, and take ſome eaſe;
To death you goe not, but t'*Orondates*.
The Sunne had left to ſhine right on their creſt,
And ſide-ward ſhot his darts from out the weſt.
Then th'Eunuch thought it time to reſet-on
And was preparing: but there comes anon

A running, panting, ſweating meſſenger,
Who ſtraight admitted rounded him i'th'eare.
He ſtood a while as in a muſe; at length
Said, Courage you my gueſts, and gather ſtrength:
Your enemie *Arſace* liues no more;
Sh'hath paid her debt ſo much ran on your ſcore.
For when ſhe heard that you were gone with mee,
She hung her ſelfe, preuenting Headmans fee.
This newes *Euphrates* ſent; then doe not feare,
Now ſhe is gone, by whom you wronged were,
That did no wrong. Thus (with ſome words to ſeeke)
He patcht them vp a ſpeech in broken Greeke.
And glad himſelfe t'eſcape the Tyranneſſe,
Yet this he ſpoke to make them grieue the leſſe;
And for he knew, his ſafe preſenting theſe,
Would well be taken of *Orondates:*
Her, now *Arſace*'s gone, to be his wife;
And him to wait, for neu'r in all his life
Had ſeene the like. And could the louing paire
But ioy thereat? Now pleaſant eu'ning aire
(While weſterne windes the Suns hot horſes coole,
At point to drinke of *Amphitrites* poole)
Inuites to trauell, th'Eunuch forward went,
And all that night and morne in iourney ſpent;
To finde his Lord among the Gypſie States,
Before they left that Towne of hundred gates.
But was deceiu'd: the King of *Blackmorland*,
Of late at *Phile* had got ſo great a hand;
That forc'd *Orondates Siene*-ward,
With all his pow'r, that other Towne to guard.
Th'intelligence had *Bagoas* that day;
So leauing *Thebes*, tooke *Siene*-way.
But comming neere the Towne, himſelfe hath loſt
Among fore-riders of the *Blackmor* Hoaſt;
And with his priſoners, priſoner is to thoſe,
Who friends to them were, and his mortall foes.
Oh, this the dreame was, then began to ſay
*Theagenes* to his *Chariclia*;

And theſe be they, by whom we muſt be led,
Though captiue, to that Land with ſhadowes ſpred.
*As faire to Sun-ſhine, blacke is like to ſhade,*
*And darke they ſeeme whoſe liuely colours fade.*
Vncertaine lucke 'tis better ſeeke with theſe,
Than certaine danger with *Orondates:*
To theſe then let vs yeeld. *Chariclia* knew
Now well enough what was thereon t'enſue;
Or, by inſtinct that Nature often ſends,
The blacke men thought not enemies but frends.
Yet told him not her thought; but was content
To yeeld with him, and to the blacke men went:
So forc'd was *Bagoas;* that with a fall
Had wrench'd his leg. The Moores then take them all;
And, wondring bid the two vnarm'd and bound,
In Gypſie or Perſie what they were expound.
*(For Spies are eu'r accompani'd with ſome*
*Who know the peoples languages, with whom*
*They haue to deale.) Theagenes* diſcern'd
What was their minde, and, hauing Gypſie learn'd,
This anſwer made; Our Chiefe then (by your leaue)
An Eunuch is (and that they did perceiue
Soone by his face) attendant principall
T'*Orondates* th'Ægyptian Coronall
For Perſian King: but as for her and me,
We Grecians are, and ſubiect (as you ſee)
To Perſian bonds: and now much better hopes
Conceiue, to fall among you Æthiopes.
They take them, mount them, compaſſe them with ring;
And meane preſent them to their *Blackmore* King:
*That now their caſe (to ſpeake alludingly)*
*Was like the Prologue of a Comedy:*
*Two ſtrangers young, that late before their eyes*
*Had nought but death, are here in captiue wiſe*
*Not led, but ſent; and with a conuoy ſtrong,*
*Of ſuch as ſhall their ſubiects be ere long.*

*Finis Libri octaui.*

# THE
# Faire AEthiopian.

ORondates, when th'Æthiopian Hoaſt
He ſaw, paſt *Cataracts*, begin to coaſt
*Siene*-ward, he wiſely them preuents,
By comming firſt, repairing bartlements,
Renforcing Garriſons on Towre and wall,
Preparing engines th'enemy to gaule,
And barricading gates. *Hydaſpes* thought
Be there before; and now his Armie brought,
And planted round about the wals; at leaſt,
Some three-ſcore hundred thouſand, man and beaſt;
As Hunter plants his toyle on eu'rie ſide
The thicket, where the Stag himſelfe doth hide;
So Blackmore King the Towne enuironed,
To take the Prince that Perſian Armie led.
And there, without aſſault or skirmiſh lay
As quietly, as ſitting at a play.
And when the ſpies their pris'ners him preſent,
He lookes vpon the Greekes with great content;
And as his children, knowing not their race,
Yet, for good liking, gaue them kinde embrace,
And for good lucke; for loe the Gods, he ſaid,
Before vs bound our enemies haue laid;
And theſe, becauſe the firſt, as is our guiſe,
We will be kept for humane ſacrifice:

So gaue commandment they ſhould take their reſt,
Be neatly kept, and fare ſtill of the beſt;
And leauing th'iron guiues be lockt in gold.
The man then ſmil'd, and ſaid; ſweet heart, behold
A braue exchange! we goe th'row diuers hands,
And captiue ſtill; yet richeſt now in bands.
O flatt'ring Fortune! O deceitfull ſhow!
*Chariclia* ſmil'd to; but ſoone made him know
Her better hopes: and what hath beene fore-told,
Of their far trauell to the land of gold;
Her natiue ſoile, as ſhe is borne in hand;
And gold for iron goes in *Blackmorland*.
Ere long the King in perſ'n aſſaults the Towne;
And thought their courage would at firſt come downe:
But they defend themſelues moſt valiantly,
With deed and word prouoking th'enemy.
At length, to make them ſoundly pay the price
Of that preſumption, ſeekes he new deuice;
That ſhall full ſoone their heat of courage quench,
He ſets his Hoaſt to caſt a banke and trench
About the wals: there were ſo many men
That ſoone 'tis done, by ten pole eu'rie ten.
*Orondates*, and *Sienaans* all
Were well content to ſee another wall
About their Towne, and let them worke their fill,
And them derided all the while, vntill
They ſaw at Circles ends a fearfull ſigne:
For why? they met not: either, ſtraight as line,
An hundred foot aſunder ran a file,
Vnto the neereſt banke of raging *Nile*,
And alway ſomewhat vp-hill: ſo the Towne,
Below the riuer, fit was made to drowne.
In riuers hether ſide they made a vent;
Then broader wat'r in narrow channell pent;
Ran downe amaine, and with ſo wrackfull ſtreame,
As if it would haue ouerflow'd the Realme.

With hideous noiſe at Goole, at new-cut throat,
And all the way it ſet the Towne afloat:
Which when the Towneſ-men heard, and ſaw, and waigh'd,
Their fearfull caſe; they labour all for aid.
And firſt with mucke and ſtraw they ſtop the chinkes
Of eu'rie gate, that new-come water drinkes.
Then make they butraſes and prop she wall
In many places, ſo preuent the fall.
Leſt by the waters vnderſoaking, ſtraight
The ſpongie ground refuſe to beare the wait.
Some wood, ſome ſtone, ſome clay, ſome lime and ſand;
And ſome bring thither what came firſt to hand.
Not one ſat idle, but in caſe of life
Will all take paines, old, young, man, maid, and wife;
They bend to worke their Sun-burnt hands and necks;
Not one deſires excuſe of ſtate or ſex.
The ſtronger men, and ſuch as might beare armes,
With littl' offence to put-off greater harmes,
Within and vnder wall are ſet to mine,
By light of torch, by leauell and by line,
A ten-foot deepe and broad trench that may reach
Their foes new banke, and therein make a breach
With in-let waters. But (alas) before
It halfe was done, the floud came with a roare
So downe the new-cut channell from the goole;
That all within the banke was made a poole.
And ſo *Sirene* quickly, that erewhile
A mid-land Citie was, is made an Iſle.
The wall endur'd, at firſt and for a day,
The waters force; and then began to ſway
By waight oppreſt of floud now round about;
That ſoaking th'row the yawning chaps of drought,
Foundation wets, and makes new ſprings ariſe
All o're the Towne in lamentable wiſe.
And part of wall betwixt two Tow'rs that night
Aboue the water broke, t'encreaſe th'affright.

For

For though the waters yet no breach doe win,
It made them ſee what danger they were in.
Whereat they raiſ'd ſo lamentabl'a crie,
As heard was to the Camp of th'Enemie.
And cry to Heau'n to haue the water ſtaid:
For out of hope they were of humane aide.
And yet to try, with much adoe, i'th'end
They ou'r-entreat *Orondates* to ſend
A yeelding meſſage to the *Blackmore* King:
And wanting boat were faine to vſe a ſling;
Whereout they ſent a letter ti'd t'a ſtone;
But ſhort it fell; then ſtriue they eu'richone,
That had the skill, with engine, bow, and ſtring,
Now 'tis for life; and yet they cannot bring
Th'intent to paſſe, they cannot reach the road,
Or foot-way land; the waters are ſo broad.
Then make they ſignes, at firſt with held-vp hands,
As ſupplicating: then (intending bands)
Behinde them put: *Hydaſpes* ſees they craue
But only life, and meanes they ſhall it haue,
Nor was it other like: *For graee t'impart,*
*The yeelding foe commands the gracious heart*
Of ſuch a King: yet wiſely thus he tries
The faithfull meaning of his enemies.
When firſt he cut the goole came many a boat
From maine of *Nilus* downe his trench afloat;
That landed all at th'inbent of the banke;
And ten of theſe with Archers all in ranke
To Towne he ſent, inſtructed what to ſay:
*Now ſtrange it was to ſee, in plow-mans way*
*An armed galley row'd; with men on land*
*A ſhip to fight: but this can war command.*
The *Sienaans* ſeeing them draw neare
Their broken wall; as *All thing puts in feare*
*Diſtreſſed men*; it thought for townes behoofe
To ſhoot at them, and make them keepe aloofe.

But ſhot or ſhort, or vp, or downe the winde;
As not to hurt, but make them know their minde.
For this declares of mans deſire the prime,
*Deſpairing life would gaine ſome little time.*
The blacke men ſhoot againe with farer aime,
And many Townef-men kill, and many maime.
Great had the ſlaughter beene, but that a wiſe
And ancient man the Towne did thus aduiſe:
What meane you Sirs? Hath this calamitie
So dull'd your ſenſe, that theſe you will put-by,
Who come to ſaue vs at our humble ſuit?
If ill they meanes vs, 'tis without diſpute,
They cannot hurt vs here, although they land:
Yet if we ſlay them, can we get by th'hand,
When cloud ſo backe hath round about beſet vs
At land and water? O then rather let vs
Them entertaine with ſpeeches faire and kinde;
And giue attentiue eares vnto their minde.
The Gouernour himſelfe and all the reſt
Commend his words: and ſtanding there abreſt
On either ſide the breach, lay downe their armes,
To heare the Blacke mans oratorie charmes;
From ſhip, as 'twere at hau'n, who thus began:
Of *Perſe* or *Sien* know you eu'rie man,
Both young and old, From meaneſt ſtate to beſt;
*Hydaſpes* King of *Indies Eaſt* and *Weſt*,
Yours alſo now, can tame his proudeſt foes,
And yet is gracious euermore to thoſe
That yeeld and mercie craue: on you therefore,
Whoſe life is in his hands, he layes no more,
Now after your ſo pitifull petitions,
Then turne to him and make your owne conditions.
No Tyrant is he gouerning by luſt;
But towards all his people kingly iuſt.
To this the *Sienaans* anſwer gaue;
That they, their wiues and children, all they haue,

Were

Were at his ſeruice; vſe them as he pleaſe:
As for the Gouernour *Orondates*,
He promiſeth to leaue the *Smaragd*-Mines,
With Towne of *Phile*, and all the next confines,
Which cauſ'd the warre; and only craues the grace,
That to his perſon nought be tender'd baſe:
And that they would two Perſian Souldiours take,
And beare, and let goe ſafe beyond the Lake
Vnt' *Elpentine*, pretending thither ſent,
To know if that Towne alſo were content,
To yeeld as doth *Siene*: they the two
Take to their King, and meſſage quickly doe.
He ſmiles to ſee the Perſian captiuate,
Now paſt all helpe of man, capitulate:
Yet, loth to ſtroy a multitude for one,
Forbeares him, yea and lets his ſpies alone;
As light-regarding, what they could in fine
Againſt his drift conſult at *Elpentine*:
But ſets his owne a worke with pin and planke
Of wood that grew on either ſide the banke;
And ſome whole trees, to make a ſtanke, and take
The goole of *Nile*, before they draine the Lake:
Then ſteele-ſhod piles are driu'n th'row channel-rocks,
With iron-bound commanders downe-right knocks.
And, for the draine, of trench they cut the band;
That inlet ſtopt, and outlet made, the land
About the Towne might ſooner drie and beare
An Armies waight: and, as they labour there
(Though night her darkneſſe did vpon them ſend,
Ere either could their purpoſe bring t'an end)
So in the Citie nothing is forgot
To ſaue their liues; and now their mining plot
Is follow'd hard; from wall to banke the ſcope
Aboue with eye, below they meat with rope.
By torch their wall, by torch they view their cell,
And finding all, as for the time, but well;

Had thought to reſt: yet were they ſore affright,
By ſudden fearfull ſound they heard that night.
Themſelues and enemies it thought a fall,
And of no leſſe than their whole Cirie-wall;
But was not ſo: part of that circle-bay
Relaps'd, the water made it ſelfe a way.
The morning light them put all out of doubt;
And ſhew'd the drained Lake all round about.
Aboue the mud are crawling ſeene by millions,
*Ichneumonets, Lagartos, Crocodillions*
New out of ſhell, and on the ſandie ſholts,
*Sirenets, Sea-calues, Hippopotam*-colts.
For th'elder monſters wont in channell deepe,
With ſeuen-head *Nilus*, or with *Neptune* keepe.
*So wont the Pow'rs Diuine (as well they can)*
*In ſauing life preuent the worke of man,*
Though firſt by diligence the goole was caught;
*The Gods will helpe ſuch as for helpe haue wrought.*
Though water's gone; yet neither t'other come,
Nor can; the ground o're-ſpred with muddy ſcum,
So ſoft as yet, will beare nor horſe, nor man:
Thus two or three dayes paſſe they, and for than
In ſigne of peace the Blackemoore diſarmates,
And they of *Sien* open wide their gates;
Nay celebrate a feaſt, that fell the while,
In honour of their mightie riuer *Nile*,
Whom they as God adore, and him to pray,
When Summer and Sunſted makes the longeſt day.
But, after feaſting, when the night grew deepe,
And all the *Sienæans* faſt aſleepe
Lay buried in their wines, *Orondates*
Occaſion tooke to croſſe thoſe muddy ſeas;
Commanding eu'rie Souldiour beare a planke,
And one at others heeles ſucceed in ranke;
So made a ſudden bridge, at hay now hay,
To liue or die; and cloſely ſtole away

With

With all his forces, leauing horſe behinde
For feare of noyſe and waking thoſe of Inde:
They ſoundly ſlept that night, and ſet no watch,
But ſuch as were to finiſh and diſpatch
That worke begun at *Nilus* broken flanke;
With ſtone and clay to ram the boorded ſtanke:
And earneſt theſe, and buſie about their charge
Perceiue them not: nor came they neere the marge
Of *Nilus* ſtreame. And by this ſleight ſo fine,
The Perſian brought his men int' *Elpentine*:
A Towne (he knew) that ſoone receiue them ment,
Prepar'd thereto by thoſe two men he ſent.
The *Sienaans* knew not they were fled,
Till ſuch, as had the Souldiours billetted,
Them miſt in houſe; and from the wall to banke,
At morning ſaw the ioyntleſſe bridge of planke.
For this the Towne perplexed was the more,
Their ſecond faults reuenge now fearing ſore;
That, after mercie ſhew'd them, trayterouſly
May ſeeme gaue way for Perſian force to fly.
To cleere themſelues, and get a ſecond grace,
Both old and young they come forth of their place;
And o're the planke-bridge toward th'Æthiopes,
In humble ſort goe to renew their hopes.
And all afar-off kneeling on their knees
Made lowly ſigne of ſuite. *Hydaſpes* ſees,
And ſends to know the cauſe, why came they then
Without the Perſian Leader and his men.
Their Prieſts that went before declare the caſe,
And how the Perſians, to their foule diſgrace,
Vnknown to *Sien*, ſtole away by night,
When all the Towne was doing *Nilus* right.
What further meant was could they not define,
But thought, to gather force at *Elpentine*:
And pray'd *Hydaſpes* ent'r and take the Towne,
And euermore command it as his owne.

He

He thought not meet himſelfe to goe, but ſent,
To ſound yet furrher th'enemies intent,
And keepe the Towne, a Garriſon of ſtrong
And well appointed men; and ſent along
The *Stenæans* with them, promiſing
Both life and freedome like a gracious King.
Then led his Armie forth in good array,
To giue or take encounter by the way.
And forthwith word was brought him by his Spies,
That faſt were comming-on his enemies.
And now began the Perſian pride appeare;
*Orondates*, and many in armour cleare
All double-guilt, againſt the riſing Lamp
Reflects a lightning on the *Blackmore* Camp.
His right wing holds the Perſian and the Mede;
Of them the ſtrongeſt-armed ſtill precede:
And vnder theſe, more ſafe to ſhoot and fight,
Their Archers follow nimbl' and armed light.
Vpon his left wing care was had to range,
Th'Ægyptians, Afers, and all people ſtrange:
And after them came other Bowes, and Slings,
To fight aflanke, and counterguard the wings.
Himſelfe betweene them rode in charr'ot bright,
With ſharp-edg'd hookes all round about bedight.
His ſtrong Phalanges march on either ſide;
And troopes of Cataphracts before him ride:
With whom he counts himſelfe moſt ſafe and ſure:
And this the guiſe is of that Armature.
Some choyce well-timber'd man of courage ſtout
An helmet cloſe puts-on, which round about
His head defends, and from the Crowne to necke;
His left hand holds the reine his horſe to checke,
His right a launce whereof butte-end is ſet
In horſes-armed flanke that will not let
It backward ſlide, but guided with a ſpan
Combines in thruſt the ſtrength of horſe and man;

Which armed both in ſteele wrought ſmooth by file,
And ioynted cloſe like ſcales of Crocodile,
When horſe hath reine on necke, and ſpur at flanks,
As iron Statue breakes the formoſt ranks;
And piercing th'armour firſt, then fleſh and bones,
Some two, or three, ſometime thruſts th'row at once.
Now Perſian Satrap, with ſuch men and horſes,
And as before had order'd all his forces;
He forward ſets. And ſo the *Blackmore* King;
Who ſets againſt the Mede-and-Perſian wing,
His *Meroans*, not men of armour light,
But well appointed for a ſtanding fight.
On th'other ſide his *Troglodytes* and thoſe
Who dwell where all the beſt *Amomy* growes;
All armed light, and verie ſwift of foot,
And cunning all to hit whereat they ſhoot.
And when he ſaw in middle battaile moſt
Conſiſt the ſtrength of all the Perſian Hoaſt;
Himſelfe in perſon leads againſt the ſame
His towred Elephants, with *Sere* and *Blame*;
A people ſtrong, who, fighting though on foot,
Such armour wore as none could thorow-ſhoot.
And theſe, although at firſt they meet at large,
Had, after battell ioyn'd, a ſpeciall charge;
To creepe aground, accuſtom'd to ſuch acts,
And gore th'vnarmed paunch of Cataphracts.
With trump the Perſian, th'Æthiope with drum,
Both ſtrike Alarm when they to th'Onſet come.
The Perſian came-on with a full careere
Of armed horſe-men, thunder-like to heare:
*Hydaſpes* ſoftly, that the Perſian horſe,
Before th'encounter, might abate his force:
And leſt he ſhould, by ſpeeding-on th'Auants,
Vngarded leaue his ſlow-pac'd Elephants:
But when they met, theſe hardy men of *Blame*
Creepe vnd'r vnarmed horſes, hoh them lame,

And

And wound th'vnarmed paunch with thrust and cuts,
So make the gored beast run-out his guts,
And cast the riders: who, for armours waight,
Now cannot stirre, and are dispatched straight,
By first-come enemie: me thinkes to fight
Were bett'r on foot, both for pursuit and flight.
A whizzing cloud of arrowes dimd the Sun,
And blowes are strooke as loud as moderne gun
To cut-off armed limbs; the field is spred
With legs, armes, heads, and bodies but halfe-dead:
At right wing and at left, areare, avant.
The neighing Horse, and roring Elephant,
With fall of beast and man, some o're, some vnder,
Made such a noyse they could not heare it thunder.
And now begin the nimble men of *Sere*,
Retire to guard their Elephants areare.
The Persian horse, as many as scapt the gore,
At *Seres* run: yet backward start, and shore
At sight of th'Elephant, that hill of beast;
That with his snout can take of graine the least;
And yet enroule an armed man and send him
Aloft int' aire, and by the downfall rend him,
As then were many seru'd: each Elephant
Had two men on each side, and two avant,
In foure-square armed towre; there was no faile,
But only that way which was next the taile.
And fed the beasts were, more to make them fight,
With grapes and mulberries, their chiefe delight.
The *Seres* were so skill'd in Archeries,
They made their arrowes sticke in Persian eyes;
That on their browes they seem'd haue growing hornes,
Or in mid-forhead like our Vnicornes:
Yea, some in mouth receiu'd a hidden stripe,
And 'twixt their lips hung th'arrow like a pipe.
So Persian Leaders, troubled in their face,
Fly backe themselues, and draw the rest apace.

*Orondates* on ſwifteſt horſe of *Nyze*,
His chariot leauing, with the formoſt flyes.
And this the wiſe and valiant King of *Blacke*,
From turret, ſet on talleſt Elpen backe,
Beholds, triumphing in his victorie;
And loth to ſhed much bloud of enemie,
Sends-out command to ſpare their liues, and bring
The Perſian Duke aliue vnto the King.
And ſo they did, while he the manner view'd.
The Perſian noting firſt the multitude
Of *Blacke mors* Armie, kept the *Nile* behinde him;
For feare they ſhould all round about enwinde him:
So barr'd himſelfe the flight, and now forſaken
Of all his men, on banke aliue is taken;
Though *Achæmen* repenting what he told,
And fearing th'end in flying was ſo bold
To ſtab his Lord: it was no deadly blow;
And yet reueng'd with Æthiopian bow,
That ſurer ſtrooke the Traytour; ſo with eaſe
Was into preſence brought *Orondates*.
To whom the King; I hold it moſt renowne
By weapon ſtanding, and by fauour downe,
To vanquiſh foe: and you doe freely giue
(Though euer falſe to me) this leaue to liue.
The Satrap anſwer'd; Falſe I was to you;
But thereby more vnto my Maſter true.
The King reply'd; Say truth and doe not ſwerue,
Y'are ouercome; what doe you now deſerue?
The ſame (quoth he) that would my King require
Of one of yours, that were to you entire.
But, O my friend, then quoth the King againe,
Although you truſtie were, it was in vaine,
And part vnwiſe for you to ſet vpon
My forces here, that are ten to your one.
I knew it well, quoth he; but euer finde,
How much my King miſlikes a fearfull minde.

And seeing plaine you meant to set on me,
Thought best begin. For oft a icoperdee
May fall out well; and many a chance in war
May bring th'vnlikely lucke, the likely bar.
So might befall me well; and *oft in doubt*
*Some friendly Fortune fauours courage stout*;
But if it fell out so, I did but liue;
I might the bett'r account my Sou'raigne giue.
The King his answer lik'd, and straight him sent
To *Sien* Towne, and after softly went:
And, leauing th'armies in Lieutenants charge,
In royall state vpon his Elpen large
Enters the gate; that strange it was to see,
On monster blacke so blacke a King as hee.
Then forth to meet him all the Citie went
Man, woman, childe, of high and low descent;
And cast him garlands, coronets, and posies
Of all the faires lillies, pinks, and roses,
That grew on banke of *Nile*, congratulating
His victories, and him-to them prostrating.
He first of all vnto the Temple goes,
Pesents the Gods with sundrie solemne showes
For victorie: then lookes vpon the Well,
That wont with *Nilus* floud to sinke and swell:
The polisht stone within it hauing lines,
To count how much it rises or declines:
And Dials saw (though they no newes to him,
Because they had the like at *Meroim*
Both Citie and Isle) with Gnomons bolt-vpright,
That gaue no shade at noone, but round had light:
There also puits, that nere so deepe were sunke,
Had Sun at noone that of their water drunke:
For North and South on each side equall lay,
And *Nadir* mid-night, *Zenith* made mid-day:
For either Pole respectiue seene was there,
At landskop-end, South Crosse and Northerne Beare.

Then

Then ſuch as came from North-ſide of the Line,
To South-ward of *Sieue* and *Elpentine*,
With much amazement ſaw, where now they ſtood,
To left-hand run the ſhadowes of the wood.
Of Vnicornes ſome to the King relate,
And ſhew them richly wrought on cloth of ſtate;
Like cloue-foot horſe (if wrought it were not wrong)
With horne in forhead ſtraight ſome ſeu'n foot long.
There alſo painted ſhew they him the Rucke,
So huge a bird, as ſtrong enough to tucke,
Or truſſe (as Faulk'ners ſpeake) an Elpen fierce,
With ell-long tallons) tougheſt hide to pierce:
Yea foure-foot winged Dragons wrought he ſaw,
And Gryffins alſo, contrarie to Law,
That Nature keepes in other creatures all,
Affording them but foure limbs principall;
Not mingling kindes; as this to ramp and fly-on,
Before an Eagl'is, and behinde a Lyon;
As here ſet-out by cunning workmans hand:
But, that there were ſuch liuing in that land,
On furth'r enquirie made the truth to touch,
An old-man called *Heare-ſay* did auouch.
Then ſet they forth the praiſes of their *Nile*,
And in their praiſing giue him ſuch a ſtile,
As if the Sun and Moone were leſſe than hee
The cauſes of their Lands fertilitee,
With yeerely ſlime there filling eu'rie creeke;
Whereof that ſtreame firſt got that name in Greeke.
They further ſay their Riuer was the Yeare,
And with ſome reaſons make it thus appeare:
What other floud hath flowers like the *Nile*
To ſhew the Spring? and there the Crocodile
In winter-quarter breeds; by waters heape
The Summer's known; and Autumne time by Neape.
Beſides, the letters of that name amount
To ſumme of dayes i'th' yeare by iuſt account.

For *N* his fiftie, and *E* his fiue commands,
And *I* for ten, and *L* for thirtie ſtands,
And *O* for ſeuentie, for two hundred Σ,
To tell in Greeke; and theſe all make no leſſe,
(By rule of *Adding* if you them contriue)
Than dayes i'th' yeare three hundred ſixtie fiue.
Then ſaid the King, ſith you this way haue trod,
And ſith you worſhip *Nilus* for a God;
And him we ſend you downe from *Blackmorland*;
For this, me thinkes, we ſhould your loue command.
You ſhall, repli'd the Prieſts; and much the more
For ſuch a gracious King; whom we adore
For ſauing vs more like a God than King,
And this his victorie ſtill ſhall we ſing.
With moderance (quoth he) your praiſes ſcan,
And ſtill remeb'r, a King is but a man.
So part of day he ſpent in talke, the reſt
With Negroes and Sienians in feaſt.
Then ſent his Armie Goats, Sheepe, Oxen, Swine,
Whole Herds at once, and many Butts of wine.
The next day ſeated on a loftie throne,
His well-deſeruing men cals eu'rychone:
And with the ſpoyle, before he thence depart,
Will ſee them all rewarded by deſert.
To him that tooke *Orondates*, he ſaid;
Aske what thou wilt: he ſaith, I'm well appaid
With that I haue, if pleaſe your Maieſtee,
With your moſt royall word confirme it mee:
And ſhew'd the ponyard of that Perſian Earle,
Moſt richly ſet with precious ſtone and pearle,
That many a million coſt: the ſtanders-by,
*Too much for priuate man*, began to cry,
*More fit to make a treaſure for a King.*
*Hydaſpes* ſmiling ſaid; is any thing
More Kingly, than to caſt-off couetiſe,
And that, which common men admire, deſpiſe?

Beſides now, bee't a thing of worth or trifle,
The man that takes a priſ'ner, may him rifle
By Law of Armes; we grant him then his right,
Which he might well haue kept out of our ſight.
And, after this man, call'd-for next are they
Who tooke *Theagen* and *Chariclia*,
And ſay (O King) nor gold, nor precious ſtone,
But faireſt two we bring of fleſh and bone:
To ſerue your Highneſſe and your gracious Queene.
Well put in minde (quoth he) I haue them ſeene,
But did not marke them well; now then againe
Them bring before me: then one ran amaine
To Camp, and will'd the keepers quickly bring
That faire young man and maid before the King.
They asking whither now, and why they went,
Are told *Hydaſpes* King hath for them ſent.
O Gods, quoth they, at King *Hydaſpes* name,
Till then not knowing ſtill had raign'd the ſame.
Then he to her, ſweet heart (in whiſper-vaine)
Tell you our caſe; *Hydaſpes* ſtill doth raigne,
Your fath'r, as oft you told me. Whereto ſhee,
Haue patience a while (ſweet heart) and ſee
Yet more; *A matt'r of ſuch a conſequence*
*Muſt not be dealt-in raſhly, for offence.*
And things, that haue beginnings intricate,
Are brought t'an end with ſome more ſolemne ſtate.
Beſides, my mother (though we heare ſhe liues)
Of our eſtate moſt pregnant witneſſe giues;
And is not here. *Theagenes* replies;
But, if we offer'd be for ſacrifice,
Or giu'n to ſome as Captiues in reward;
Too late we make you known, I am afeard.
O feare it not, quoth ſhe; we muſt be ſeene
At *Meroë*, and there ſhall meet the Queene
Ere ſacrifice. Our ouer-haſtie ioy
In matt'r unripe may breed vs much anoy.

To ſhew our caſe in abſence of our proofe,
I thinke can no wayes make for our behoofe;
But rath'r offend the King, when ſuch as we,
In ſeruile ſtate, his heires ſhall claime to be.
But you haue euidence (quoth he) and ſhow it:
'Tis euidence (quoth ſhe) to them that know it,
And know the paſſage; otherwiſe, althow
The King himſelfe ſome of theſe jewels know,
In ſuch a caſe as this, he may deny them,
Or elſe ſuſpect we came not truly by them.
Who knowes the Queene this writing e're compil'de,
Or as a mother left it with her childe?
It may be ſaid that ſome confederate
This wrought, to raiſe a tumult in the ſtate.
*Inſtinct of Nature is a wondrous ſigne,*
*That at the firſt encounter will encline*
*The mother to the childe.* Then is't not beſt
This ſigne to looſe that makes good all the reſt.
The Fable ſaith, one had a bird did lay
Him egges of gold; who, thinking long to ſtay
Till lay-day came (becauſe he kept no meaſure)
Did kill his bird, for in-her-hidden treaſure:
But true that ſaying is (thinke on't my Deare)
*He haſteth well that wiſely can forbeare.*
And now they two, with Eunuch *Bagoas*,
Th'row all the *Blackmore* Guard haue way to paſſe,
And come before the King: he ey'd them well;
But how affected hard it is to tell:
He roſe a littl' and ſaid; me Heau'n excuſe!
And ſate him downe againe as in a muſe.
The Peeres about him askt him what he ment.
He ſaid, I dempt the Gods this night had ſent
Me ſuch a daught'r, and ſuddenly ſo grown;
I little thought theron, nor would it owne;
Till now is come before my waking ſight
The verie ſame (me thinkes) I ſaw by night.

They

They told him, dreames ſometime will let one ſee
A thing before-hand that will ſhortly bee.
Then ſetting light thereby, he askt them, what
And whence they were? *Theagenes* to that
Repli'd, we broth'r and ſiſter be, and come
Late out of Greece. But is that Maiden dombe
(Repli'd the King)? *Chariclia* ſaid, we heare,
We muſt to th' Altar; and my Parents there
Will ſoone be known. But heare (O King) the troth;
That one is here, and there they will be both.
To that *Hydaſpes* ſaid, and ſaying ſmil'de,
Me thinkes now dreameth this my dreame-borne childe;
Imagining her Parents, ſwift as thought,
Shall out of Greece to Meroë be brought:
Well, take and vſe theſe two with all the grace
They had before: but what's that Eunuchs face?
The ſame, ſay they. The King then, let him paſſe
Along with them, to keepe vntaint the Laſſe:
For Eunuch is a kinde of jealous Elfe,
Enuying others that he lacks himſelfe.
Thus hauing ſaid, all other Captiues there
He call'd, and view'd them well; and all that were,
As borne to ſerue, of fath'r and mother ſlaue,
Amonghis well-deſeruing Souldiours gaue.
The reſt, that ſeem'd of better birth to bee,
Without impoſed ranſome let goe free,
And whither ſo they liſt; ſaue only ten
The faireſt younger maids, and younger men,
T'encreaſe the Sacrifice: then Iuſtice found
All ſuch as did their caſes there propound.
And ſome there were who though they fought not hard,
For good intelligence obtain'd reward;
And ſome for counſaile, ſome for Engin-Art;
*For victorie depends not all on Mart.*
At laſt *Orondates* he cals him nigh,
And bids him hold his former Satrapie.

Thus

Thus further saying; When you come before
My broth'r of *Babel*, tell him I full sore
Against my will to bloudy war am forc'd,
Albee't as any King well mann'd and hors'd.
And yet, in bloud-shed though I not delight,
Must take vp arms and will to keepe my right;
Which now I haue recouer'd, strike no drum
T'enlarge my Territorie, as would doe some:
But am content with share on Nature grounded,
Which Ægypt hath from Æthiopie bounded
By Cataracts: so, if he will, let cease
This war betwixt vs for a friendly peace.
As for the *Sienæans*, I release them
A ten yeares tribute; doe not you oppresse them.
But wish your Master grant that libertee,
I know he will, commended so by mee.
No wicked man I praise, although my friend;
Nor good man enemy will discommend.
The Persian hearing this, with hands before
His brest athwart, bow'd downe his head t'adore;
And prayd the Gods his royall dayes encrease,
That *Perse* and *Indies* euer keepe in peace.
Then all gaue thanks, deuoutly promising
Their loyaltie to such a gracious King.

*Finis Libri Noni.*

THE

# THE Faire AEthiopian.

THe King then ſent his Army part before,
And followes with the reſt a long the ſhore
Of flowrie *Nile*, vntill he came beyond
The Cataracts; he there forſooke the ſtrond,
And drew to Midland-ward as far as *Phile*,
From *Sien* (as I ſaid) ſome thirteene mile.
And thence he ſent another multitude,
Led well as need was (for they were but rude)
Of common Souldiours marching merrily
Before the King, who ſtaid to fortifie.
When that was done, he ſent two horſe-men poſt,
To ſignifie, the King with all his Hoaſt
Is comming home, and means to gratifie
The Gods with Sacrifice for victorie:
As by his letters more at large is ſeene,
Both vnt' his ſacred Councell and the Queene:
To Councell thus; *Theſe are to let you know*
*My conqueſt of the Perſian forces; though*
*I vaunt not of it: Fortune is vnſtable;*
*And all her turnings hold I venerable:*
*But you, that alwayes heretofore and now*
*Foretold me truth, I cannot but allow*
*This teſtimony for your Prieſthoods ſake;*
*And pray, and charge you further paines to take;*
*And come in perſon, anſwering our hopes,*
*At full Aſſembly of our Æthiopes,*

*To grace the buſineſſe with your grauitie,*
*While we doe ſacrifice for victorie:*
And thus to Queene; *We haue quite ouerthrown*
*Our enemies, and herewithall be known*
*(That moſt concerneth you) in health we are:*
*A ſolemne ſacrifice therefore prepare,*
*And call our Wiſemen to the ſacred field,*
*And meet vs there your ſelfe, due thanks to yeeld*
*Vnto the Gods protectors of our Land,*
*The Sun and Moone, and all that for vs ſtand.*
I haue my dreame, quoth ſhe; laſt night me thought,
A goodly daught'r into the world I brought,
Of marriageable ſtate. The Warre my throwes,
And Victorie my goodly daughter ſhowes.
Then to the Citie meſſengers ſhe ſent:
That *Loto*-garlands had for ornament;
A flowre (not much vnlike the flowre of *Franks*)
With growing gold that crowneth *Nilus* banks;
And ſhaking Palmes in hand on horſe they road
Th'rowout the Citie and Suburbs all abroad.
The people know the ſigne without the voyce
Of *Victorie*, and greatly gan reioyce:
Yet more for ſafetie of that their gracious King,
Than for the Perſian Army conquering.
They thicke and three-fold to the Temples crowd;
And offer ſacrifice, and ſing alowd
In Citie, Pariſh, Ward, and Family;
They him ſo loue, for right and clemencie;
For ruling them with tender pietie,
And neuer ſhewing point of tyrannie.
The Queene then ſent into the ſacred fields,
All manner beaſts and fowle the Countrey yeelds;
Enough to ſacrifice with foule and beaſt,
And furniſh-out a ſolemne publike feaſt.
Then goes ſhe to the wiſe *Gymnoſophers*,
Acquaints them with the Kings deſire and hers.

But ſtayes a while till they their Gods demand,
What ſhould be done; and loe in turne of hand
*Siſimithres* comes forth, their chiefe Anoint,
And ſaith they come; for ſo the Gods appoint;
But ſome great tumult, by their propheſies,
It ſeemes there will be made a ſacrifice;
Yet well ſhall end: as though part of your ground,
Or of your ſelfe, were loſt, and ſhall be found.
I doe not feare (quoth ſhe) thoſe fearfull ſignes,
In preſence of ſuch reuerend Diuines:
But when I heare the King is come I ſhall
You certifie. That need you not at all,
*Siſimithres* reparted, I know't well;
And ere't be long a letter ſhall you tell.
And as they ſpoke came letters from the King
Vnto the Queene faire-ſealed with his ring.
Then ſtraight an Herauld ſent is to proclame
Th'effect thereof; in Queene and Councels name;
Commanding there ſhould be no woman ſeene,
But ſhe, that was *Diana's* Prieſt, the Queene,
And ſuch as muſt be ſacrificed there,
As was the cuſtome, then from eu'rywhere
The men come flocking; and, a day before
The time appointed, ſome croſſe *Aſtabore*,
Some *Arſaſoba*, ſome the broader *Nile*
In Reeden boats; for *Meroë* was an Iſle
With theſe three riuers compaſſed for ſtrength;
An hundred broad, three hundred mile in length:
A faire and fruitfull ſoyle; it bore a reed
That made a boat, would carrie three with ſpeed,
All wer't but ſlit, at leaſt ell line and poynt,
No more than Nature gaue twixt joynt and joynt,
It bore ſome wheat ſo high, would hide a packe,
Or man that ſate on talleſt horſes backe:
And for the ſeed (ſo mellow was the mold)
It paid the husband-man three hundred-fold:

Nor only rich in theſe and other plants,
But yearely brought the hugeſt Elephants;
Whoſe ell-long tuskes (beleeue yee them that ſaw)
Grow not in the vnder, but in th'vpper jaw;
Nor were the lower jaw-bone deepe and ſtrong
Enough, to beare a tooth ſo large and long.
And there *Rhinocerots*, right Vnicornes,
With all beaſts elſe that haue, or haue not hornes,
This Iſland bred, of greateſt height and ſize,
Whereof they brought for ſolemne Sacrifice,
And for the feaſt, a wondrous multitude
To ſatisfie both ciuill men and rude.
Some meet the King a great way off for ioy,
Some neare, and all cry-out *Vive le Roy.*
The graue *Gymnoſophists* maintaine their ſtate,
And meet the King not much beyond the gate
Of ſacred field; and there they kiſſe his hands.
The Queene within the porch of Temple ſtands;
Receiues him there with anen of noble ranks,
And all for victorie the Gods giue thanks.
Then out of Cloyſter to the place they went
Of Sacrifice, and ſet them in their Tent:
Foure-ſquare it was, and (pillarets in ſteed)
At eu'rie corner born-vp with a reed.
As big as trunke of Oake; in Canopee
Met cloſe aboue with boughs of Phœnix tree.
Another Tent there was two ſtories high;
Wherein, aboue, the pictures ſet are by
Of *Memnon*, *Perſeus*, and *Andromeda*:
Of whom the Blackmore Kings (I cannot ſay
How true it is, but as it is pretended)
From time to time are lineally deſcended.
Hereunder ſit the graue *Gymnoſophists*,
Round about the Souldiours keepe the liſts;
That force of people breake not vpon thoſe,
Who ſhould doe Sacrifice amid the cloſe.

The King them told, what for the Common-wealth
Was lately done, and all pray for his health:
He then commands, according t'ancient guiſe,
Whom-to it long'd, proceed to Sacrifice;
For now the time of day grew toward Noone.
Three Altars were there, two for Sun and Moone
Together ſet, the third for *Bacchus* was
By't ſelfe alone; and this for offring has
All ſorts of creatures: to the God of wine
Th'vncleane and cleane, th'impure and pure encline.
But th'other two, for either heau'nly light
That all the world about doe ſhine ſo bright,
The Sun white horſes had, for ſwifteſt flight;
The Moone, for helping tillage, oxen white.
And, while men buſie be preparing thoſe,
Confuſed cries among the peopl' aroſe
For humane Sacrifice of ſtrangers tane,
That, after cuſtome, firſt ſhould there be ſlaine.
The King them all appeaſ'd with beck'ning hand,
And for the ſtrangers bringing gaue command.
They brought are looſe; the reſt all heauie and ſad;
The Greekes vndaunted; rather ſeeming glad;
And cheerfully *Chariclia* caſt her eyes
Vpon *Perſina*, which the Queene eſpies;
And marking was affected much, and ſaid
With deep-fet ſigh, O husband what a Maid
Haue you pickt-out to kill? ſo ſweet a face
I neuer ſaw. With what a cheerfull grace,
And haughtie courage comes ſhe to her death?
The daught'r I brought you, had ſhe drawn her breath
Till now, I thinke ſhould beare the ſelfe-ſame age.
What pitie it is, that on this bloudy ſtage
The flowre of Maids is brought! I ſhould delight
In ſuch a waiter, if I ſaue her might.
A Greeke I thinke, the more I pitie her caſe;
For, if you marke it, ſh'hath no Gypſie face.

A Greeke indeed, quoth he, and though ſhe ſaid
Here parents will be here, it cannot aid.
I pittie her my ſelfe; but cannot ſtead,
Except it proue ſh'hath loſt her Maiden-head;
Which muſt be tri'd by fire. And, if't be ſo,
For you to take her, were it fit or no?
No matter, quoth the Queene, or maid, or wife,
Or otherwiſe; ſo I but ſaue her life.
*Captiuitie, and warre, and baniſhment,*
*Though fault committed were, excuſe intent.*
So ſaid ſh'and hardly could her ſwelling eye
Conceale th'affection from the ſtanders-by.
Then call'd the King for th'artificiall fire,
That wont diſcerne the broken from th'entire:
For, though it were with burning gold made hot,
Yet man or woman virgin burnt it not.
*That gold by fire, and woman's tri'd by gold,*
*And men by women, cannot be control'd:*
*Though Maid to try, by ſcaping thus enſir'd,*
*It cannot be but from aboue inſpir'd.*
*Theagenes* is call'd, and all admire
So young, ſo goodly a man, t'endure the fire.
To ſee him tri'd ſo, was *Chariclia* glad,
Though no ſuſpition of his loue ſhe had.
And grieu'd againe (when triall was ſo done)
He ſhould be ſacrifis'd vnto the Sunne,
As ſaid the King. To her *Theagenes*
Then ſoftly ſaid; among ſuch peopl'as theſe
Is Sacrifice reward of chaſtity?
And death of honeſt life? Sweet heart, but why
Reueale you not your ſelfe, to ſaue our life?
You ſee me neere the Sacrificers knife.
Or will you ſtay vntill you ſee me dead?
Or till your mothers ſword ſtrike off your head?
I prethee ſaue me! yet I care not, I,
So thou be ſure to liue, although I die.

The time's at hand, quoth ſhe; what ſhall I ſay?
Our fortunes now are all at *Hay now hay:*
Then op't her fardell, quickly dreſt her ſelfe
In ſacred mantle that ſhe brought from *Delph*,
Diſpred her golden haire about her ſhoulders,
And, to th'amazement there of all beholders,
On fire ſhe leapt in furie as 'twere diuine;
That made her beautie more and more to ſhine,
And hurt her not. All wonder, many weepe,
That ſhe her maiden-head ſo well ſhould keepe,
To make her die; *Perſina* moſt of all
Affected is, and (riſing from her ſtall)
Entreats the King. In vaine you ſpeake, quoth he,
And troubl' vs all, for that which cannot be.
The Gods (you ſee) doe chooſe her, ſince ſhe leapt
Vpon the fire, and therefore haue her kept
Vntainted hitherto: but, O yee *Wiſe*,
Wherefore begin you not the Sacrifice?
*Siſimithres* replies then out of hand,
In Greeke, that all there might not vnderſtand;
Far bee't, O King! with Sacrifices ſuch
Polluted are w'already too too much.
But wee'll aſide into the Temple draw,
And not aſſiſt man-ſacrifiſing Law;
Wherewith the Gods offended are we know;
Yet, ſith the people needs will haue it ſo,
'Tis meet the King doe ſtay and ſee it done;
For feare the vulgar to diſorder run.
And after ſhall your Maieſtie haue need
Be cleanſed, for aſſiſting ſuch a deed.
And yet not ſo, for done it ſhall not bee;
A beame about the ſtrangers heads I ſee,
Which plainly tels me that ſome Pow'r Diuine,
In tok'n of aid hath caſt on them this ſhine.
So ſaying roſe, and all his company
So parting were. *Charielia* preſently

From fire downe running fell before his way,
And ſaid, O reu'rend Sire, beſeek you ſtay:
I haue to plead againſt his royall grace;
And you are only iudge in ſuch a caſe;
As I am told: then heare and quickly know
That ſuch a death I ought not vndergoe.
The ſtranger then (quoth he) O King, appeales:
Now doe her right, as father of Common-weales.
*Hydaſpes* ſmil'd, and ſaid, how can it be,
Or what hath ſuch an one to doe with me?
That ſhall you know (quoth he) if ſhe declare.
But (Sir) repli'd the King) you muſt beware
You giue not way for iudgement or Appeale,
To wrong a King and Fath'r of Common-weale
(As you me terme) and doe me this diſgrace,
Againſt a Captiue ſo to plead my caſe.
*Siſimithres* reparted: *Equitie*
*Reſpects not high Degrees, or Maieſtie;*
*But he that right with reaſon beſt maintaines*
*At Iuſtice bar, is only man that raignes.*
But with mine owne (repli'd the King) and not
With ſtrangers ought I thus to try my lot.
O Sir, a thing to ſubiect equitable
(Repli'd the Iudge) to ſtranger's honourable.
Then ſaith the King, 'tis plaine ſh'hath nought to ſay,
But only ſeekes to trifle time away,
As loth to die: but let her ſpeake, becauſe
*Siſimithres* ſo forward that-way drawes.
*Chariclia* courage had enough before
And hope of ſafetie; that name gaue her more.
For ſhe had heard that one *Siſimithres*
Was he that gaue her firſt to *Charicles*;
And then but ſeu'n yeeres old, ten yeeres agoe;
No maruell now that him ſhe did not know;
Nor yet her he; who, then *Gymnoſophiſt*
But one of common ſort, now led the liſt,

And

And Primate was of all. That made her raiſe
Her hands and voyce to Heau'n; and thus ſhe prayes;
O *Sun*, the Founder of my Pedegree,
And Gods, and Demi-Gods, mine Anceſtree!
Me heare and helpe! To witneſſe call I you,
That nothing ſhall I here alleage, but true.
And thus begin; O King, are they your owne
That thus mun die, or ſtrangers and vnknowne?
And ſtrangers only ſaid the King: Then ſhe;
Then muſt you ſeeke ſome other here for me.
For I ſhall eaſly proue and make it knowne,
That I no ſtranger am; but eu'n your owne.
He maruell'd much, and call'd her Counterfetter:
Small things are theſe (quoth he) now heare you greater:
For I ſhall proue me not borne only here,
But of Bloud royall, to your ſelfe full neere.
The King it ſcorn'd, and her, for words ſo vaine
And new deuiſed; ſhe reparts againe,
With ſober count'nance and behauiour milde;
Moſt royall father ſcorne not ſo your childe!
The King was wroth, and ſaid, *Siſimithres*,
And you the reſt, how long thus will it pleaſe
Your ſacred Wiſdome, that I this endure?
Away with her: I haue no childe I'm ſure:
Though once I had a guirle that quickly di'de,
As all you know; and I had none beſide;
Away with her. Not till the Iudge ſo ſay,
Quoth ſhe; you iudge not, but are iudg'd to day.
Your Law perhaps you ſuffers ſtranger kill;
That childe you ſlay, nor Law, nor Nature will:
And that your childe I am, though you ſay no,
The Gods themſelues this day will plainly ſhow.
Two kindes of Arguments, as I am tould,
Are chiefly vſ'd in proofe: the firſt enroul'd
By writing are, the ſecond firmly ſtand
On witneſſe vnexcept on either hand.

I bring them both; and offer'd to be ſeene
Her cradle-band diſplaid before the Queene:
She lookt thereon amaz'd at caſe ſo ſtrange,
And at her guerle, with many a counter-charge.
Now it, now her ſhe view'd, then her, then it;
And fell a ſweating with a ſhaking fit,
For ioy, and feare, and doubt what might befall;
And what the King would thinke, and what they all,
That ſhe with honour could a daughter bring
So much vnlike her ſelfe, vnlike the King.
The King perceiu'd her paſſion, and, what ill,
(Sweet heart, quoth he) hath done thee that ſame Bill?
What ailes my Loue? ſhe not a word, but O
King, Lord, and Husband, read it you and know:
Then ſad and ſilent gaue it him; and hee
The *Wiſemen* cali'd, with him to read and ſee.
They looke well on it all, and, as they looke,
With much amaze *Siſimithres* was ſtrooke;
And now the writing, then the Princeſſe ey'd:
And when the King was partly ſatisfi'd
About the Babe, and putting forth, and cauſe
That mou'd the Queene thereto; with little pauſe
He ſaid, I know a guerle I had; but told
Was by *Perſina* dead and laid in mold;
Put-out now firſt I heare: but where's the man
That tooke, brought-vp, and kept her? ſhew who can.
How came ſh'int' Ægypt? wherefore was not he,
That brought her thither, tak'n as well as ſhe?
How are we ſure that this is ſhe, and not
One foyſted-in by politike complot
Of ſuch as my true babe extinguiſhed,
Or got theſe tokens after ſhe was dead,
Abuſing them and my well-known deſire
Of childe, me to ſucceed in this Empire?
To that *Siſimithres*; Your Maieſtie
Well knowes I may not, nor haue cauſe to lye.

What

What ſince became of her I little weene,
But I am he that tooke her from the Queene,
And ſeu'n yeeres kept her cloſe, till you in fine
Me ſent int'Ægypt for the Smaragd-mine.
Then thith'r I take her with me; there I ſeeke
To place her ſafe, and with an honeſt Greeke.
And this no doubt is her owne ſwadling-band,
A th'inſide writ with Queene *Perſina's* hand.
But heare (young Lady) ſaid he more, and ſmil'de,
I other things then left him with the childe.
Loe here, quoth ſhe, and jewels ſhew'd, whereon
The Queene well looking, ſtood as ſtill as ſtone.
How now (then quoth the King) what finde you more?
Something (quoth ſhe) that Ile not ſpeake before
So many men, but I ſhall be your debtor
To tell you all, albeit in priuate better.
*Chariclia* ſaw the King yet full of doubt,
And ſimilingly theſe words-into burſt-out.
Sir, theſe my mothers tokens are, but (ſee)
This one is yours, and ſhew'd the *Pantarbee*.
The King it knew full fell, and ſaid at ſight,
This was mine owne indeed; how came you by't?
For why? your colour, here ſo peregrine,
Doth plainly ſhew you can be none of mine.
Then ſaid *Siſimithres*, the childe was white
That I ſo tooke; and time accordeth right
With age of this young Damſell; yea methinks
Her face the ſame, both when ſhe lookes and winks:
And ſuch a beautie neuer haue I ſeene
Before, nor ſince, and this had of the Queene.
More like a Patron than a Iudge you ſay,
Repli'd the King: but yet take heed, I pray,
Left one doubt clearing, you a greater bring,
And moue ſuſpect betwixt the Queene and King:
For how can we, that are a Blackmore paire,
Beget a childe ſo beautifull and faire?

The *Wiſeman* lookt on King with twiring eyes,
And ſaid, a Iudge muſt juſtice parronize.
Yet ſtill (my Liege) I thinke I ſpeake for you,
As well as her, and helpe you to your due.
And what if I for her, now growne, doe ſtriue,
For whom, a childe, I ſtroue, to keepe aliue?
That of your body you might leaue an heire;
And will you caſt her off, becauſe ſo faire?
For that, the roule, of Queene *Perſina's* hand,
Will ſatisfie you, if it well be ſcand.
To cleere the caſe yet further, call I pray
(At hand it is) for your *Andromeda:*
The picture's brought and ſet hard by the Maid,
And all that lookt on them admiring ſaid;
O father know your childe, miſtruſt not mother,
For, but by life, we know not t'one from t'other.
*Hydaſpes* doubts no more, but of his dreame
Then ſpoke againe, to ratifie the theame:
So did the Queene, and both the Parents gaze
On daughters face, and on *Andromeda's.*
Yet ſaid *Siſimithres*; Royall Deſcent,
And Crowne, and Scept'r is waightie conſequent:
And truth moſt waightie of all: another ſigne
I knew, may beſt th'Imperiall cauſe define.
Your left arme (Lady) ſhew; 'tis no diſgrace
To ſhew a naked arme in ſuch a caſe.
If you be that ſame royall childe I knew,
Aboue your elbow a marke there is of blue.
She ſhew'd, and ſo it was; like azure ring
On polliſht Iu'rie; this when ſaw the King,
He was perſwaded; and *Perſina* then,
Forgetting ſtate among ſo many men;
Ran from her Throne as if ſh'had beene halfe wilde,
Embraſ'd, and kiſt, and hugg'd ſo faſt her childe;
That, through ſo ſudden ioyes extremitie
With mourning mixt, ſhe fell int' extaſie.

*Hydaſpes* pittied her, yet like affect
He felt in minde with manly courage checkt.
But, when he ſaw them both together fall,
He raiſ'd them vp, and kiſt them both withall.
And on his daughter wept, to make amends
For hard beleefe: Yet thus ſaid; You my frends,
And loyall people ſee this ſtrange euent,
And will (I thinke) if I deſire, conſent
To ſaue the life of this vnhoped Heire
Apparent to my Crowne, although ſo faire:
But for your ſake and ſafetie, for the Law,
I may not ſpare her; ſo began to draw
Her toward th'Altar; All cry-out on high,
The Gods haue well declar'd ſhe ſhould not die
This cruell death; O ſaue the Royall Bloud!
And ſtept betwixt, and crowding ſtiffly ſtood
To ſtay his paſſage; and yet further cry,
You fath'r of people fath'r a family!
I thanke you for your loue, quoth he, and ſtaid,
And turn'd about, and to the Princeſſe ſaid;
That you, ſo faire one, yet my daughter are,
Howeuer call'd, the Gods and theſe declare.
But what is he, that was with you ſurpriſ'd,
And ſtands at th'Altar to be ſacrifiz'd?
How hapt you call'd him brother heretofore?
For, but your ſelfe, I children had no more.
*Chariclia* bent her eyes downe to the ground,
And bluſhing ſaid; it was that fearfull ſtound
Conſtrain'd me ſo; but what he is indeed
(Pleaſe you him aske) himſelfe can beſt arreed.
I crie you mercie (ſmiling quoth he than)
That bluſh I made you, ſpeaking of the man.
But ſtay and keepe your mother companie,
And of your fortunes tell her th'hiſtorie;
So may you bring her now more ioy and mirth,
Than at the day of your admired birth.

Of ſolemne Sacrifice I muſt haue care,
And in your ſtead another Maid prepare
To die with him. The Princeſſe at that word
Was like to skreame, yet held, and ſaid; my Lord
And royall father, ſith the peoples minde
Is, for my ſake, to ſpare the femall kinde;
They looke not for another, or if need
Require a paire muſt on your Altar bleed;
'Twere good you had another man; for he
Cannot be ſacrificed, but with me.
The Gods forbid, quoth he; why ſay you ſo?
Becauſe with him (quoth ſhe) I ſtay, or goe;
I liue, or die, as Deſtin hath defin'd.
I like (quoth he) your charitable minde
To ſaue your fellow-priſner; but in truth
It cannot be: to th' Altar muſt this Youth:
And that the people were content to ſpare
Mine only thee, was heau'nly Powers care.
O King (quoth ſhe) the Gods that had the care
This body of mine, ſo little worth, to ſpare;
Will ſpare my ſoule; and what that is they know,
That haue ordain'd (before) it ſhould be ſo.
If otherwiſe, and that this man muſt dye;
This one thing grant m'I pray, that none but I
Him ſacrifiſe, to ſhew theſe all about
Your daughters heart, like true bloud-royall ſtout.
The King was vext, and ſaid; of this your minde,
So contrarie, no reaſon can I finde.
At firſt this ſtranger ſought you to defend,
And now, as if he neuer were your frend,
But vtter foe, you would your ſelfe him kill:
I ſee no good can thence ariſe, but ill:
Nor can it with our reputation ſtand,
For you to take that office now in hand.
For none weilds here the ſacrificing knife,
But Prieſt of Sun and Moone, the man and wife.

That hinders not, quoth ſhe at mothers eare;
For I haue one that may that title beare.
You ſhall, repli'd the Queene in ſoftly voyce,
When for your good and ours we make the choyce.
There need no chooſing one already had,
Quoth ſhe. Alas (quoth he) my daughter's mad;
Or, ouerjoy'd with ſudden change, in chat,
As in a dreame, ſhe ſpeakes ſhe knowes not what;
Him brother cals, that is not; ſaue him would
At firſt, and kill him now: She thinkes ſhe could
Be maid and wife at once: Deere wife her take
Into your Tent, and ſee what you can make
Of theſe her words; or labour to recall
Her wits againe before ſhe loſe them all;
I muſt ſend-out to ſeeke ſome other Maid,
For her to die; and meane time ſhall be ſtaid
To giue Embaſſadours their audience,
That late are come (I know not yet from whence)
I thinke our conqueſt to congratulate:
Soone after ſet himſelfe in chaire of State,
And orderly them call'd *Harmonias*;
That for the time thereto appointed was.
*Merabus* firſt, the Kings owne brothers ſon,
Comes-in, and with his preſent thus begun;
My Sou'raigne Lord and Father, (for entail'd
The Crowne was on him, if Kings Iſſue fail'd)
For ſafe returne of your high Maieſtie,
And for our gladneſſe of your victorie,
We all bring preſents; and my ſelfe this man,
That oft hath plaid his prize, and euer wan;
At running, wreſtling, cudgelling, and cuffes,
Can none come neere him. Then the fellow-puffes,
And makes a preſent challenge; *Come who dare*;
And naked gan there round about him ſtare.
The King makes proclamation; *Come who would*:
But not a man in all his Camp ſo bould.

So

So great his bulke was, poſt-like his vpholders,
And taller he than all by head and ſhoulders.
I thanke you ſonne *Merœbus*, quoth the King;
And I will giue him ſuch another thing.
So did; and Elephant ſo growne with yeares,
That all the reſt about him ſeem'd but Steares.
The beaſt was brought, and like the man did ſtare;
And all the people laught at that compare.
Now next to theſe came in the men of *Sere*,
Who brought the King two ſilken robes to weare,
Of daintie ſleaue drawne from their wormie trees;
And aske a boone vpon their naked knees.
And, what it was, is vtter'd be their Prime;
A pard'n of all their priſ'ners for the time.
The King it grants: then came-in th'Embaſſie
Of ſuch as dwelt in Happie *Arabie*.
Vnhappie ſince, for bringing forth the ſword
Of Prophet falſe, that fights againſt the Word.
They brought a preſent did ſuch odours yeeld,
As ſweetly ſoone perfumed all the field,
With *Aloës*, *Amomum*, *Caſſia*,
*Canella*, *Stacte*, *Nardus Piſtica*,
*Mirrh*, *Ambergris*, *Mahaca*, *Labdanum*,
*Keranna*, *Stor*, and eu'rie precious gum;
Worth many tallents. Then brought they that haue
None other houſe, but eu'rie man his Caue;
The *Troglodytes*, of Countrey no where cold,
A yoke of Gryphons chain'd with that fine gold;
Which *Emmots* nigh as big as Norfolke ſheepe,
At ſand-hill-ſide are ſaid to gath'r and keepe.
Then came that wore, for Turban, ſtraw in net
With arrowes round about the brim beſet,
Point vpward, feathers downe; a radiant ſhow
They made, and ſtucke ſtill ready for the bow:
And bow, with ſhafts of hurtfull Dragons bone,
Theſe men of *Blemmy* brought, and thus ſaith one;

In all our Countrey (high and mightie King)
We haue no better preſent now to bring,
Than theſe; but hope your Maieſtie will ſay
They did good ſeruice on the battaile-day.
They did indeed (repli'd the King) and were
The chiefeſt cauſe of other preſents here:
Then aske what will you. They beſeeke his Grace
T'abate their tribute. He for ten yeeres ſpace
Remits it all. At laſt come th' *Axumates*,
No Tributaries, but Aſſociates;
And they reioycing at this his victorie,
Preſent him with a Camelpardalie:
So ſtrange a beaſt, as neuer there was ſeene;
With Beuer-colour'd haire all dappled greene.
As Camell high before, but low behinde,
Doth eu'rie way his ſmall head nimbly winde;
With necke vpright, and long and ſlender throte,
And great and rowling eyes, that ſtare and glote,
As if he cruell were; yet is, to keepe,
As debonaire and tame as oxe or ſheepe.
But ſith his legs behinde both equall-ſhort,
Both equall-long before, could not conſort
With ambl' or trot, in pace his feet he ſets
Iuſt as an horſe doth when he well curuets;
Hath higher bounds and turnings vp and downe;
And but a cord, made faſt vnto his Crowne,
To guide him by. When this ſtrange beaſt appeer'd,
And with his eyes ſo goggle-gloting leer'd
At Horſe and Bull, that ti'd were faſt to th' Altars,
They, ſcar'd therewith, broke ſuddenly their halters;
And ſnorting Horſe, and roaring Bull amaine
Ran vp and downe that Army-cloſed plaine.
The people gaue a ſhout thereat; and ſome
For feare of harme, the beaſts ſo nigh them come:
And ſome cry-out and laugh, for game and ſport;
Not ſo to ſee their trod-downe fellowes hurt;

As more to thinke in accident ſo rare
Of others harme, how ſafe themſelues yet are.
The noyſe ſo great, prouokt the Queene to draw
Her curtaine, ſo ſhe and her daughter ſaw.
*Theagenes* at Altar kneel'd, expecting
The ſtroke of ſword; yet herewithall erecting
Himſelfe to ſee, and, ſeeing keepers gone,
That other horſe, which left was, leapt vpon;
With faggot-ſticke in hand from Altar tane,
And for a bridle holding faſt the mane,
And kicking hard, him ſet to run ſo faſt,
That Bull they chaſe, and ouertake at laſt.
At firſt attempt the ſtanders-by ſurmiſe
The priſoner fled to ſcape the ſacrifice:
But when they ſee him touch the beaſt behinde,
And courſe him round, they ſudden change their minde;
Yea take delight, to ſee the Bull in drift,
And held by taile, and yet the man him ſhift
So nimble at euʼrie turne; and tame him ſo,
That cloſe together ſide by ſide they goe,
As well acquainted now. And all admire
The man that made ſo Horſe and Bull conſpire;
And, that which many there admiring ſpoke,
As 'twere to draw, had joyn'd them without yoke.
But other thoughts had then the royall Maid;
She of his hurt, or fall, was ſore afraid:
And that perceiu'd the Queene, and ſaid; my childe,
You ſeeme t'affect the ſtranger now ſo wilde:
My ſelfe doe wiſh him ſcape theſe jeoperdies,
To keepe him ſound and fit for ſacrifice.
Good mother wiſh the man more graciouſly,
(Quoth ſhe) than that he ſcape this death to dye;
Sith of your fauour this ſmall ſigne you gaue him,
Doe ſomewhat more for my ſake now, and ſaue him.
*Perſina* thought it ſauour'd of ſome loue,
But knew not all; and ſaid, what ſhould you moue

T'affect him ſo? for ſure you make me muſe;
Then tell me plaine: a mother can excuſe
Her daughters weakneſſe, and well with it beare.
*Chariclia* then, downe dropping many a teare,
And ſighing ſaid; I ſpeake before the wiſe;
Yet am not vnderſtood, and then ſhe cries,
And ſpeakes againe; I cannot ſo abuſe
My ſelfe, to tell that ſhall my ſelfe accuſe.
And as ſhe thought t'haue vtter'd ſomewhat more,
They interrupted were with great vprore,
And ſhout the people made: For at the laſt
*Theagenes* that horſe let goe, and caſt
Himſelfe vpon the Bull; and laid his head
Betwixt the roarers hornes, and roundly ſpred
His armes about them, claſping faſt his hands
Before the front; and neither ſits nor ſtands,
But on the beaſts right ſhoulder hangs downe right,
And tires him ſo: at length by daintie ſleight,
When he had run him thrice about the ring,
And came to place now iuſt before the King,
In courſe him tript, and on his backe with bound
He laid him flat, and pight his hornes aground;
They ſtucke ſo faſt, he could not wag his head;
But kicking lay with all foure quarters ſpred.
The man with left hand held him downe (his right
Held vp to Heau'n) and made a cheerfull ſight
To King and people: ſo much eke the more
For that, as trump, the Bull began to rore
And ſound the praiſe of him that ouercame;
The roring multitude then did the ſame;
And cri'd, now let him trie his skill at full,
Th'old-Elpen-man, with him that caſt the Bull:
*Mœrebus* man they meane, and for him call;
That this young Greeke and he may try a fall.
Then at their inſtance was the King content;
And for the Champion a Waiter ſent.

Full ſoone came in the gyant *Æthiops*,
On tip-toe ſtrutting without coat or ſlops,
And eu'rie way began to goggl' and ſtare,
To ſee the man that with him wreſtle dare.
To th'other then in Greeke thus ſaid the King;
You ſtranger, 'tis the will of all this ring,
To ſee a combat 'twixt this man and you.
I am content, quoth he; what ſhall we doe?
No more then wreſtle, quoth the King. Nay, nay,
Lets fight at ſharpe (quoth he) that I to day
May doe ſome famous deed, or with my death
Content *Chariclia*, that ſtill holds her breath,
And all this while our caſes would not tell;
Or hath alreadie bid me quite farewell.
I know not what you meane by that ſame word,
*Chariclia* (quoth the King) but fight with ſword
You may not: 'tis againſt the Law and guiſe,
That bloud ſhe ſhed before the Sacrifice.
*Theagenes*, perceiuing King affraid
He ſhould be ſlaine before his offring, ſaid,
'Tis well you keepe me for the Gods, and they
I truſt will thinke vpon my right to day.
But let him come: then ſtrid, and ſtrongly pight
His feet on choſen ground, with armes out-right,
Backe, necke, and ſhoulders bent; as I ſuppoſe,
To take the beſt aduantage at the cloſe.
The Gyant comes, as 'twere at catch where can,
But playes at firſt the Boobie more than man:
For catch he meant not, though he made a ſhow;
But gaue *Theagenes* a waightie blow
With arme on necke, and laughing ſtarted backe,
And came againe to ſet his limbs in racke:
Then both together grappling, tugging, ſpringing,
Aduancing, crouching, heauing, ſhouing, ſwinging,
Retiring, ſpurning, locking, looſing, make
Both aire aboue, and earth beneath them ſhake.

*Theagenes*, that from a childe had ben
Inſtructed well by cunning wreſtle-men,
Not only in *Greece* among the *Mercurites*,
But in *Great Britain* with the *Cornwallites*,
Got-vp this heauie Slouch at laſt on hip;
And all-aſudden gaue him ſuch a trip;
(His owne wait helping) by a Corniſh knacke;
That fetcht him o're, and laid him flat on's backe.
And as he fell, was ecchoed equall ſound,
To lump of fleſh ſo thraſht againſt the ground.
As dead he lay at firſt, ſtretcht out at full,
Then facing Heau'n ſhooke heeles as did the Bull.
Whereat *Meræbus* anger'd gaue a ſtamp;
Though greatly pleaſ'd therewith was all the Camp.
*Chariclia's* colour went and came the while;
But at the fall ſhe laught beyong a ſmile.
This Queene of *Di'monds*, faireſt of the packe,
Was ſhe that holpe the red ſuit win the blacke.
But ſoone was dampt her victorie; for loe,
The King ariſing from his Throne, ſaid O
What pittie 'tis that ſuch a man ſhould die
Vntimely death! but helpe it cannot I.
Come young man now remaines that you be crown'd
For Sacrifice; and yet this deed renown'd
Deſerues no leſſe: then ſet a golden ſtem
Vpon his head, beſet with pearle and Gem:
And weeping ſaid, triumph; though, by our Lay,
The ioy thereof will haue an end to day.
But, ſith I cannot free you, though I ſtrivve,
Aske what I may doe for you, whilſt you liue,
And I ſhall grant it. Then *Theagenes*,
If ſacrific'd I muſt be, let it pleaſe
Your Maieſtie, that your ſo new-found heire
May vſe the ſword vpon me, and Ile obey her.
The King was ſtrook, remembring how that clauſe
Agreed with hers: yet would not ſearch the cauſe;

But ſaid, I promiſ'd what I might, but this
I may not doe; againſt the Law it is;
That ſaith the Sacrifice ſtill out be laid
By one that is a wife; not by a Maid.
She hath an husband, quoth the Knight. To that
Repli'd the King; you ſpeake you know not what,
And like a man to die: the fire hath cleane
Refuted that conceit; except you meane
*Meræbus* here, whom I intend t'aduance
By marrying her, as you haue heard perchance.
You neuer ſhall effect it, quoth the Knight,
If I conceiue *Chariclia's* minde aright;
And you may truſt me as a Sacrifice,
That of the truth diuinely propheſies.
To that *Meræbus*, Sacrifices ſlaine
Doe propheſie; not while they liue remaine.
And (father) well you ſaid, and hit him pat;
At point of death he ſpeakes he knowes not what.
'Twere good you ſent him vnto th'Alt'r againe,
And at your leiſure put him out of paine.
So ſent he was. The Princeſſe that before
Had ſome ſmall ioy receiu'd, with hope of more,
For game at wreſtling won; now gan to droope,
When vnto death againe ſhe ſaw him ſtoope.
Her mother comforts her, and ſaith; full well
He might be ſau'd, if ſhe would further tell
What was betwixt them. When ſhe ſaw no way,
But plainly muſt a Maidens loue bewray,
And ſith it was but to the Queene that bore her,
She pluckt-vp heart, and laid the caſe before her.
Meanewhile the King, Embaſſadours if moe
Yet were to come, a Sergeant ſent to know.
The ſame brings word againe that from *Sieen*
Are letters come with gifts to King and Queene.
A graue old man comes in, as one elect
To bring the letters, and to this effect:

THy daſpe

T' *Hydaſpes* King of Indies Weſt and Eaſt,
*Orondates*, of all his Traine the leaſt.
*By Deeds of Armes your valour all men ſee,*
*And bounteouſneſſe by fauour ſhew'd to mee.*
*And, ſith your all-admired Maieſtie,*
*Me gaue ſo ſoone th' Ægyptian Satrapie,*
*It makes me thinke, this little ſuit that I*
*Haue now to make, you will me not deny.*
*A certaine Maid to me from* Memphis *ſent*
*(As I am told by ſome that with her went*
*And are eſcapt) is by your high command,*
*With others captiue brought to* Meroland.
*I pray, me ſend her; this I vndertake,*
*Both for her owne and for her fathers ſake,*
*Who ſeeking her was tooke by ſome of mine*
*Before the peace, and left at Elpemine.*
*Now prayest' appeare before your Maieſtie,*
*In hope to taſte herein your clemencie.*
*O King, returne him not with heauie thought;*
*But glad to finde the grace we both haue ſought.*
When this was read, the King ſaid, where is he
That ſeekes a daughter captiue? let me ſee.
Th'old man, who brought the letters ſaid, 'tis I.
Then ſaid the King, I will you not deny
A fathers ſuit; and well it ſhall me pleaſe,
To grant this firſt requeſt t'*Orondates.*
There are but ten, and one hath Parents knowne;
Goe view the reſt, and finding take your owne.
The man for verie ioy began to greet,
And fell before the King, and kiſt his feet;
Then view'd them all, but his there could not finde,
And told the King; you ſe (quoth he) my minde;
Th'old man hung downe his head and ſorely wept,
Yet looking vp againe, to th'Altar ſtept,
And as in ſudden furie faſt he goes,
And on *Theagenes*, as 'twere a nooſe,

His twiſted tippet caſts. The Knight gaue way
And let th'old man alone to doe or ſay
What ere he liſt : for, though by ſuch a ſwing,
Content he was to come before the King,
And looke againe vpon *Chariclia*,
Deiected ſince he laſt was ſent away.
The Dotard puls, and cries, I haue, I haue
That falſe *Æacide*, maiden-ſtealing Slaue;
And drawes him, willing to be drawne, before
The King and State, and thus begins to rore.
O King behold! this is that wicked wight
Who ſtole my daught'r, and now, like hypocrite,
At Altar kneeles: they could not well arreed,
What 'twas he meant; but wonder'd at the deed.
And ſome it pitied, ſome it mou'd to laughter,
To heare him cry; My daughter, O my daughter!
My daughter thus far haue I ſought in vaine?
O Templ' at *Delph!* O *Phœbus!* O *Diane!*
The King commands him tell his caſe more plaine;
'Twas *Charicles*, who thus began againe,
The maine truth hiding; Sire, I had a childe,
A guirle, although I ſay't, both faire and milde,
As any could be ſeene of fleſh and blood;
Who ſeru'd *Diana* vowing maiden-hood,
In famous Templ' at *Delph:* this Theſſalite,
Himſelfe pretending *Achillæan* Knight,
From *Phœbus* Templ', and from within the gate,
Her ſtole away, and left me deſolate;
Wrong is't to you, that place if one profane;
Your Sun is *Phœbus*, and your Moone *Diane*.
When I had ſought all ouer *Theſſalie*,
*Pelaſgiot*, *Eſtæon*, *Phthiotie*,
And found them not, I had intelligence,
The Prieſt of *Memphis* had them guided thence:
And him then ſeeke I, but I found him dead;
A ſonne of his then prieſting in his ſtead;

Who

Who told me all; how that my guirle was ſent
T'*Orondates*: then to *Siene* I went,
And taken was, and ſtaid at *Elpentine*;
Untill the Satrap hither ſent m'in fine;
And here I find, yet her I cannot ſay,
But this the man that tooke her firſt away
So held his peace, and many brackiſh teares
Fell downe his cheekes upon his ſilver haires.
Then King to Knight, to this (Sir) what ſay you?
*Theagenes* repli'd; Sir, all is true,
Me thiefe and raviſher confeſſe I muſt,
As unto him; but unto you am juſt,
Reſtore him then the Damſell, quoth the King.
Not he that ſtole, but he that hath the thing
(Repli'd the Knight) reſtore it ought; your ſelfe
the Damſell have, the Prieſteſſe was at *Delph*:
'Tis ev'n your daughter faire *Chariclia*;
And, if he ſee her, ſo the man will ſay.
They all are mou'd; and then *Siſimithres*,
Who knew it true, embraced *Charicles*,
And ſaid, your nurſling whom I once you gave,
Is well, and her now her right parents have.
With that *Chariclia*, this old man to meet,
Ran from the Queene, and fell downe at his feet;
And ſaid, O father, deere to me as they
Who me begot; becauſe I went away
So rudely leaving you and holy *Delph*,
Take what revenge you will, I yeeld my ſelfe.
With that *Perſina* kiſt the King, and ſaid,
Beleeve, my Lord, of this our daughter maid
This all is true; and no man elſe but he,
That noble Grecian, muſt her husband be.
And now by many ſignes all underſtood
The Gods would have no more of humane blood;
The King agreed, and glad was of ſuch heires,
To beare with him the burd'n of Kings affaires.

Then on her head he set in full renowne,
The white silke Turban with the Blackmore Crowne:
And two by two to *Meroe* they ride;
*Persina* with her new-come daughter Bride;
*Hydaspes* with his sonne *Theagenes*;
And Priest of *Delphos* with *Sisimithres*:
There many dayes together, and many nights,
They celebrate with joy the nuptiall rites.
And as they sate at boord with royall cheere,
What ere was daintie, were it ne're so deere,
A curle-head black-boy (taught by *Zanzibar*,
Who, th'Art to learne, had travelled as far
As th'Isle of *Britain*) sung to th'Irish harp
How Sun and Moone about the Center warp,
And, passing thr'ow the signes of heavenly Ring,
Make Summer first, then Autumne, Winter, Spring;
How Greeke *Achilles* Trojan *Hector* slew,
And thrice about the Citie-wall him drew;
How mightie *Memnon*, faire *Aurora's* son,
Before he fell, had many a battell won;
How *Perseus* came int' *Æthiopia*,
And from Sea-monster freed *Andromeda*;
Whose picture faire, in Black Kings chamber seene,
That Faire-one made beborne of Blackmore Queene.
This have I wrought with day-and-nightly swinke,
To file our tongue so rough: let no man thinke
It was for wealth, or any vaine desire
(As of a mind that aimes at nothing higher)
T'enable me to till, or let more land;
T'have men and women-servants at command;
To stretch my selfe on costly bed of state,
In faire-hung chamber furnished with plate;
Or in Caroch to whirle the Towne about,
With humble suitors follow'd home and out;
To quaffe in chrystall glasse the deerest grapes,
And make my guests therewith as merrie as Apes;

To

To weare the linnen fine, and white as milke,
And purpl'engrain'd of ſofter wooll and ſilke;
With mule in ſtreet to ſee my foot-cloth fould;
In field on horſe to ſtamp the graſſie mould
At wilde-gooſe-chaſe; or after hawke, or hound;
Or run for ſilver bell, and hundred pound:
For none of theſe: what then? that abl'I bee
Without debt, or reſtraint of libertee,
At land and ſea, peace and war, booke and ſword,
With more effect to ſerve my Sov'raigne Lord;
To write, reade, give, keepe hoſpitalitee,
As heretofore have done mine Anceſtree:
That after-commers know, when I am dead.
I ſome good thing in life endevoured:
I cannot much bequeath to pious uſe;
Make cauſey, draine, bridge, common banke, or ſluce:
Poore boyes binde Prentice, marrie undowred maids,
When Common-wealth requires ſuch kind of aids:
Nor purchaſe and reſtore unto the Church
Th'improved Tythes that Avarice did lurch:
Nor yet build wall, fort, hoſpitall, or ſchoole,
To keepe my name undrown'd in *Lethe* Poole:
Yet will I labour what I can with pen
To profit my ſucceeding Countrey-men:
*In vaine (may ſeeme) is wealth or learning lent*
*To man that leaves thereof no monument.*

# FINIS.

*Imprimatur.*

*January* 30. 1637.

SA. BAKER.